This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

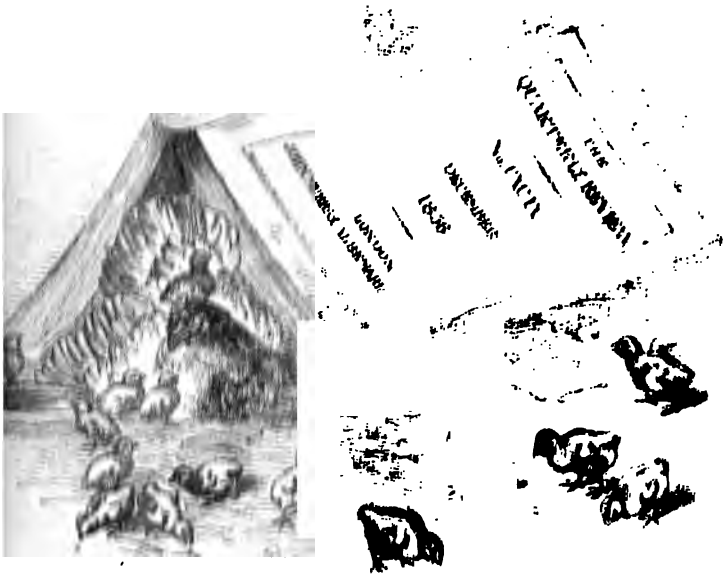
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 06730499 2

DESCRIPTIVE ESSAYS.

DESCRIPTIVE ESSAYS

CONTRIBUTED TO THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

By SIR FRANCIS B. HEAD, BART.



IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1857.

[The right of Translation is reserved.]

PRINTED BY
JOHN BERTRAM TAYLOR, SITTER QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I

CONTENTS.

CORNISH MINERS IN AMERICA
ENGLISH CHARITY.
LOCOMOTION BY STEAM.
BRITISH POLICY.
THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.
THE RED MAN.
THE AIR WE LIVE IN
MEMORANDUM ON THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO
THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY
THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH
THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE
THE LONDON POST-OFFICE

PREFACE.

This brood of Literary Chickens, all of which, save one, have been hatched in the 'Quarterly Review,' now migrate from their coop, to fare, in the wide world, for themselves.

The Proverb says, *Birds of a feather flock together*, but in this motley group the Reader will find that, in size, in substance, and in colour, there are no two of them alike.

DESCRIPTIVE ESSAYS.

*

CORNISH MINERS IN AMERICA.

We do not profess to cure insanity, and have therefore no ambition to persuade those who still rave about the riches they are to extract from the American mines, that their speculations are as visionary as Daniel O'Rourke's visit to the moon. Deeply as we lament their situation, we offer no remedy to constitutions which require rather blisters, bleeding, and water-gruel, than any treatment which it is our province to administer.

The rational part of our community have now, we believe, come to the general conclusion, that these mining speculations are absurd; yet, as the foundation of this opinion is not clearly defined, or, in other words, as the question has not as yet been considered with the requisite calmness and minuteness, we think we may do some service by laying before our readers, 1st, a short descriptive sketch of the Cornish system of mining, with the character of the Cornish miner; 2dly, a similar out-

line of the American mines and miners; and, 3dly, a brief review of the progress which our City Mining Companies have made, and of the experience they have gained. From these data we conceive that every candid person may collect ample reasons for adhering to the opinion now generally prevalent on this subject.

I. THE CORNISH SYSTEM.

The largest mines in Cornwall are the Consolidated Mines, the United Mines, the Poldice Mine, the Dalcoath Mine; all of which are in hills of clay-slate or killas, three or four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and in the neighbourhood of the town of Redruth. These mines run east and west; and they are about half-way between the two shores of the British and Bristol Channels.

To one unaccustomed to a mining country, the view from Cairn Marth, which is a rocky eminence of seven hundred and fifty-seven feet, is full of novelty. Over a surface neither mountainous nor flat, but diversified from sea to sea by a constant series of low undulating hills and vales, the farmer and the miner seem to be occupying the country in something like the confusion of warfare. The situations of the Consolidated Mines, the United Mines, the Poldice Mine, etc. etc., are marked out by spots a mile in length by half a mile in breadth, covered with what are termed 'the deads' of the mine; *i. e.* slaty poisonous rubbish, thrown up in rugged heaps, which, at a distance, give the place the appearance of an encampment of soldiers' tents. This lifeless mass follows

the course of the main lode (which, as has been said, generally runs east and west); and from it, in different directions, minor branches of the same barren rubbish diverge through the fertile country, like the streams of lava from a volcano. The miner being obliged to have a shaft for air at every hundred yards, and the Stannary Laws allowing him freely to pursue his game, his hidden path is commonly to be traced by a series of heaps of 'deads,' which rise up among the green fields, and among the grazing cattle, like the workings of a mole. Steam-engines, and *whims* (large capstans worked by two or four horses), are scattered about; and in the neighbourhood of the old, as well as of the new workings, are sprinkled, one by one, a number of small whitewashed miners' cottages, which, being neither on a road nor near a road, wear, to the eye of the stranger, the appearance of having been dropped down *à-propos* to nothing.—Such, or not very dissimilar, is in most cases the superficial view of a country the chief wealth of which is subterraneous.

Early in the morning the scene becomes animated. From the scattered cottages, as far as the eye can reach, men, women, and children of all ages begin to creep out; and it is curious to observe them all converging, like bees, towards the small hole at which they are to enter their mine. On their arrival, the women and children, whose duty it is to dress or clean the ore, repair to the rough sheds under which they work; while the men, having stripped and put on their *underground* clothes (which are coarse flannel dresses), one after another descend the

several shafts of the mine, by perpendicular ladders, to their respective levels or galleries—one of which is nine hundred and ninety feet below the level of the ocean. As soon as they have all disappeared, a most remarkable stillness prevails—scarcely a human being is to be seen. The tall chimneys of the steam-engines emit no smoke; and nothing is in motion but the great 'bobs' or levers of these gigantic machines, which, slowly rising and falling, exert their power, either to lift the water or produce from the mine, or to stamp the ores; and in the tranquillity of such a scene, it is curious to call to mind the busy occupations of the hidden thousands who are at work; to contrast the natural verdure of the country with the dead product of the mines, and to observe a few cattle ruminating on the surface of green sunny fields, while man is buried and toiling beneath them in darkness and seclusion.—But it is necessary that we should now descend from the heights of Cairn Marth, to take a nearer view of the mode of working the mine, and to give a skeleton plan of that simple operation.

A *lode* is a crack in the rock, bearing, in shape and dimensions, the character of the convulsion that formed it; and it is in this irregular crevice that Nature has, most irregularly, deposited her mineral wealth; for the crack, or lode, is never filled with ore, which is distributed and scattered in veins and bunches, the rest of the lode being made up of quartz, mundic, and 'deads.' Under such circumstances, it is impossible to say beforehand, where the riches of the lode exist; and therefore, if its general character and appearance seem to authorize

the expense, the following is the simple, and, indeed, the natural plan of working it usually resorted to.

A perpendicular pit, or *shaft*, is sunk, and at a depth of about sixty feet a horizontal gallery, or *level*, is cut in the lode, say both towards the east and towards the west —the ore and materials being raised at first by a common windlass. As soon as the two sets of miners have each cut or driven the level about a hundred yards, they find it impossible to proceed for want of air; this being anticipated, two other sets of miners have been sinking from the surface two other perpendicular shafts, to meet them; from these the ores and materials may also be raised; and it is evident that, by thus sinking perpendicular shafts a hundred yards from each other, the first gallery, or level, may be prolonged *ad libitum*. But while this horizontal work is carrying on, the original, or, as it is termed, the *engine*-shaft, is sunk deeper; and at a second depth of sixty feet, a second horizontal gallery, or level, is driven towards the east and towards the west, receiving air from the various perpendicular shafts which are all successively sunk down so as to meet it. The main, or engine-shaft, is then carried deeper still; and at the same distance—sixty feet, or ten fathoms—is driven a third, and then a fourth gallery;—and so on to any depth.

The object of these perpendicular shafts, and horizontal galleries, is not so much to get at the ores which are directly procured from them, as to put the lode into a state capable of being worked by a number of men,—in short, to convert it into what may now be termed a *mine;* for it will be evident that the shafts and galleries divide

the lode into solid rectangular masses, or compartments, each three hundred feet in length, by sixty feet in height. These masses of three hundred feet are again subdivided, by small perpendicular shafts, into three parts; and by this arrangement, the lode is finally divided into masses called *pitches*, each sixty feet in height, by about thirty-three feet in length. In the Cornish mines, the sinking of the shafts, and the driving of the levels, is paid by what is termed *tut-work*, or task-work, that is, so much per fathom; and, in addition to this, the miners receive a small percentage of the ores, in order to induce them to keep these as separate as possible from the *deads*, which they would not do, unless it were thus made their interest.

The lode, when divided as above described, is open to the inspection of all the labouring miners in the country; and by a most admirable system, each mass or compartment is let by public competition, for two months, to two or four miners, who may work it as they choose. These men undertake to break the ores, wheel them, raise them to the surface, or, as it is termed, '*to grass*,' and pay for the whole process of dressing the ores—which is bringing them to a state fit for market. The ores are sold every week by public auction, and the miner receives immediately the *tribute* or percentage for which he agreed to work,—which varies from sixpence to thirteen shillings in the pound, according to the richness or poverty of the ores produced. The owners of the mine, or, as they are termed, the *adventurers*, thus avoid the necessity of overlooking the detail of so many operations, and it is evidently the interest of the miner to make them gain as

much as possible. Should the *pitch*, or compartment, turn out bad, the miner has a right at any time to abandon his bargain, by paying a fine of twenty shillings. At the expiration of the lease, or whenever they may be abandoned, the *pitches* are anew put up for auction, and let for two months more. Some may be getting richer, others poorer, as the work proceeds; and thus public competition practically determines, from time to time, the proper proportion of produce which the miner should receive. The different rectangular masses, or *pitches*, into which the lode is divided by the galleries and shafts, very seldom turn out to be of similar value; and they are of course worked exactly in proportion to their produce. In one compartment the whole of the ore is worked out; in another only a proportion will pay for working; while not a few turn out so poor, that no one will undertake to work them at all. The *pitches* are in most cases taken by two miners, who relieve each other; and one often sees a father and son, who are in partnership, gradually find the lode turn out poorer and poorer, until they are at last compelled to pay their fine, and quit the ungrateful spot. The lottery in which the *tributers* engage abounds in blanks and prizes. Sometimes the lode gets suddenly rich, sometimes as suddenly poor, and occasionally a productive lode altogether vanishes, or, as the miners say, has '*taken a heave*;' by which they mean, that some convulsion of nature has broken the lode, and removed it off sometimes two or three hundred feet to the right or left. In order to determine where to find it, those well acquainted with the subject carefully observe the fracture

or broken extremity of the lode, and from its appearance they can determine on which side, and in what direction, to search for the lost prize. Sometimes, again, a lode which is paying very well, is all of a sudden found 'to have *taken horse*,' which means, that it has split into two lodes, separated from each other by an unproductive mass, which the miners term a '*horse*;' and although the aggregate of the two lodes frequently contains the same quantity of ore as the original single lode, yet as the expense of working is doubled, it often will not pay to work them; for in all mining operations it must be constantly remembered, that it is not the quantity, or even quality of the ores, that can induce a prudent man to work them, if the *expenses*, from any circumstances, should exceed the *returns*.

In explaining the above operations, we have delayed to describe the draining of the mine, which, in a humid climate like Cornwall, calls for very early attention. The method, however, would suggest itself to any one on very little reflection: for it is evident that, if in the mine there be water which impedes operations, there can be only two ways to get rid of it,—either to lift it out, or to tap the hill. The latter is sometimes impossible, and it then becomes necessary to employ pumps, which are worked first by hand, then by horses, and finally, if the mine will pay for the expense, by steam.

Without entering into further details, it will be evident that the system of *tributers*, in the Cornish mines, encourages the miners to live by their wits. Great practice and experience alone can teach them to calculate the

value of the ores, and to speculate with tolerable accuracy on the capabilities of the lode which they are about to work for a definite percentage of its produce; and each miner thus finds it advisable not to undertake too much, but, by a very natural division of labour, to confine his sole attention either to tin or to copper. These ores are completely different; the individual labourer studies either the one or the other, not both. In the proverbial language of the district, *a copperer is not a tinner*; and those who fancy that any Cornish miner is able to work any lode, in any country, under any circumstances, will be surprised to hear that at the Poldice mine, where a lode of copper runs absolutely touching a lode of tin, no man who could venture to take a *pitch* of the former on tribute, would ever pretend to have the smallest notion of the value of the latter. Generally speaking, the copper-man would no more think of undertaking to work tin, or *vice versâ*, than a London plumber would undertake to do the task of a London blacksmith.

In working by tribute, the miner naturally does all he can to enrich himself; but the system is so admirably balanced and arranged by long practice and experience, that it is very difficult for him to enrich himself without also enriching the owners or *adventurers*. Still, however, there are modes by which he occasionally endeavours to defraud his employer. The miners will sometimes steal each other's ores. If they come to a very good lode, they will occasionally hide their ore under the rubbish, or *deads*, with the view of making the profit

they are getting appear to be inconsiderable, and, of course, being able, at the end of their contract, to take on their *pitch*, for another two months, at an easy rate. They perhaps succeed in this; but when they go to reap the benefit of their fraud, they sometimes find that a brother miner, still more cunning than themselves, has discovered their hidden treasure, and has carried it off. The most usual mode of fraud, however, is a combination between two *tributers*, one of whom is working very rich, and the other very poor, ores. The tributer who is working poor ores has, perhaps, bargained that he is to receive thirteen shillings out of every twenty shillings' worth of ore; while his friend, who is working the rich ores, is to get only one shilling out of twenty. In the dark chambers of the mine these two men secretly agree to exchange some of their ores, and then to divide the gross profits, which are, of course, very large; for, by this arrangement, instead of one shilling they get thirteen shillings out of twenty for a portion of the rich ores, while they lose but a trifle on a corresponding portion of the poor ores. There are a few other methods of defrauding the adventurers; but in the diamond-cut-diamond system of the Cornish mines, a severe check upon all such tricks is established by the appointment of a number of excellent men, who are selected from among the working miners, to superintend all their operations. These men, having been brought up in the mines, are, of course, acquainted with the whole system. They have fixed salaries of about eighty or ninety pounds a year, and are termed *captains of the mines*. Each dis-

trict of mines has three captains; the senior of whom is very properly entitled a *grass captain*, because his duty is on the surface, while his brethren, who overlook what goes on within the mine, are styled *underground captains*:—and underground we now beg to leave them, while we say a few words on the mode of dressing the ores, or preparing them for market.

These ores, or, as the miners term them, '*hures*,' are all dressed by women and boys, who cob them, pick them, jig them, buck them, buddle them, and splay them, as they may require;—but as these terms of art may not be altogether intelligible to some of our readers, we shall describe the process in humbler words. In order to prepare *copper* ores for market, the first process is, of course, to throw aside the deads, or rubbish, with which they are unavoidably mixed; and this operation is very cleverly performed by little girls of seven or eight years of age, who receive threepence or fourpence a day. The largest fragments of ore are then *cobbed*, or broken into smaller pieces, by women; and after being again picked, they are given to what the Cornish miners term *maidens*, —that is, to girls from sixteen to nineteen years of age. These maidens *buck* the ores,—that is, with a bucking iron, or flat hammer, they bruise them down to a size not exceeding the top of the finger; and the *hures* are then given to boys, who *jig* them, or shake them in a sieve under water, by which means the ore, or heavy part, keeps at the bottom, while the spar, or refuse, is scraped from the top. The part which passes through the sieve is also stirred about in water, the lighter portion

is thrown from the surface, and the ores, thus dressed, being put into large heaps of about a hundred tons each, are ready for the market. They then are forthwith shipped for *Wales* (it being much cheaper to carry the ores to the coals than the coals to the ores); and in Wales, after undergoing another trifling operation, they are ready to be smelted—a process of which no Cornish copper-miner of any order has the slightest notion.

The dressing of *tin* ores is altogether a different process, because not only are the ores perfectly different, but the method of smelting them is also so different, that it is necessary the tin should be reduced to the finest powder, while copper ore is smelted in small lumps. The tin ore, after being picked or separated from the *deads*, is thrown into a stamping mill, where it gradually falls under a number of piles or beams of wood, shod with iron, which are worked vertically up or down,—generally by a water-wheel, though at the Poldice Mine thirty-six of them are at once worked by steam. As it is necessary that the ore should be bruised to a very fine powder, the bottom of the stamp is surrounded by a very fine copper sieve, and water being made constantly to flow through this, the ore can only escape when it is fine enough to pass with the water through the interstices of the sieve. It then settles into a fine mud, which is composed of metallic particles and powdered quartz-rocks, etc. This mud undergoes a very ingenious process, which the miners term *buddling*. The metallic and other particles are all of different specific gravities, and the dresser, being aware of this, places the mud at

the top of an inclined plane, and, gently working it about, allows a small stream of water to run over it. In a short time the inclined plane is all equally covered with the mud, and although, to any person who has not been brought up to the business, the whole mass has the same appearance, yet the dresser is able to distinguish, and to draw a line between, the heavy metallic particles, which have remained at the top of the inclined plane, and the worthless ones, which, from being lighter, have been washed towards the bottom. After separating the one from the other, the worthless part is thrown away, and the metallic part buddled again; and the process is repeated until the mass retained consists almost entirely of metallic particles. But these particles, which are as fine as flour, are not all tin; generally many of them are composed of mundic (the sulphuret of arsenic); others are copper; and as the difference between the specific gravities of these three metals is not sufficient to separate them by buddling, or washing, it becomes necessary to roast the mass, an operation which the dresser does not himself perform. As soon as the mass is placed in a furnace, and subjected to a proper degree of heat, the sulphuret of arsenic goes off in white poisonous fumes or smoke, and the specific gravities of the different particles of copper and tin are so altered by the action of the fire, that, upon being taken out of the furnace, and again delivered to the dresser, he finds that, in the course of carefully buddling the mass on the inclined plane before described, the particles separate,—the tin, which is the heaviest, being left upon the

upper part, while the copper is at the bottom. The tin is then packed in bags and sold; and, being nearly pure metal, it requires, in comparison to copper ore, so little fuel, that it is all smelted *in Cornwall.*

Whoever compares together the two processes of dressing copper and tin ores, must be satisfied that they are completely different affairs; and accordingly in Cornwall it is perfectly well understood that they form different trades. The ores are so dissimilar, and require such different modes of treatment, that the experience which the labourer gains in dressing the one, is of no possible use to him who dresses the other. It is true that both sets of people are called *dressers,* but it does not follow that, for that reason, they can all dress *anything*; and to desire a copper-dresser to dress tin ores would, in Cornwall, be considered as preposterous as if one were to send him to Aldersgate Street to dress a turtle, or to St. James's Square to dress a duchess. All this is perfectly well known, and has been so for ages. How strange then was the conduct of our City Mining Companies, in sending out to America, at the enormous salaries of fifteen guineas a month, so many Cornish tin-dressers and copper-dressers, to instruct the native miners in dressing *silver ores,* of the composition, character, qualities, and treatment of which they were totally ignorant!

But it is time that the *underground captains* should come *to grass,* and that the whole body of subterraneous labourers should be released; and those who have attended to their labours through the day will scarcely

regret to see them rising out of the earth, and issuing in crowds from the different holes or shafts around, hot, dirty, and jaded; each with the remainder of his bunch of candles hanging at the bottom of his flannel garb. As soon as the men come *to grass* they repair to the engine-house, where they generally leave their *underground clothes* to dry, wash themselves in the warm water of the engine-pool, and put on their clothes, which are always exceedingly decent. By this time the *maidens* and little boys have also washed their faces, and the whole party (sixteen hundred persons are employed in the Consolidated Mines) migrate across the fields, in groups, and in different directions, to their respective homes. Generally speaking, they now look so clean and fresh, and seem so happy, that one would scarcely fancy they had worked all day in darkness and confinement. The old men, however, tired with their work, and sick of the follies and vagaries of the outside and the inside of this mining world, plod their way in sober silence, probably thinking of their supper. The young men proceed talking and laughing, and, where the grass is good, they will sometimes stop and wrestle. The big boys generally advance by playing at leap-frog; little urchins run on before to gain time to stand upon their heads; while the '*maidens*,' sometimes pleased and sometimes offended with what happens, smile or scream as circumstances may require. As the different members of the group approach their respective cottages, their numbers of course diminish, and the individual who lives furthest from the mines, like the solitary survivor of a

large family, performs the last few yards of his journey by himself. On arriving at home, the first employment is to wheel a small cask in a light barrow for water, and as the cottages are built to follow the fortunes and progress of the mine, it often happens that the miner has three miles to go ere he can fill his cask. As soon as the young men have supped, they generally dress themselves in their *Sunday clothes*, a suit better than the *working clothes*, in which they walk to the mines, but not so good as their *Sunday clothes*. In fact, the *Sunday clothes* are the *Sunday clothes* of last year; and thus, including his *working* and *Sunday clothes*, every Cornish miner generally possesses four suits of clothes.

The Sunday is kept with great attention. The mining community, male and female, are remarkably well dressed; and as they come from the church or meetings, there is certainly no labouring class in England at all equal to them in appearance, for they are usually good looking. Working away from sun and wind, their complexions are never weather beaten, and often ruddy; they are naturally a cheerful people, and indeed, when one considers how many hours they pass in subterraneous darkness, it is not surprising that they should look upon the sunshine of the Sabbath as the signal, not only of rest, but of high and active natural enjoyment.

The '*tributers*,' or weekly sale of the ores, forms a curious feature of the system of mining in Cornwall. The ores, as before stated, are generally made up by the tributers into heaps of about a hundred tons each; and samples, or little bags, from each heap are sent to the

agents for the different copper companies. The agents take these to the Cornish assayers,—a set of men who (strange to relate) are destitute of the most distant notion of the theories of chemistry or metallurgy, but who nevertheless can practically determine, with great accuracy, the value of each sample of ore. As soon as the agents have been informed of the assay, they determine what sum per ton they will offer in the names of their respective companies for each heap of ores at the weekly meeting or ticketing. At this meeting (held for the sale of tin ores every Tuesday, and for copper ores every Thursday) all the mine-agents, as well as the agents for the several copper companies, attend; and it is singular to see the whole of the ores, amounting to several thousand tons, sold without the utterance of one single word. The agents for the copper companies, seated at a long table, hand up individually to the chairman a ticket or tender, stating what sum per ton they offer for each heap. As soon as every man has delivered his ticket, they are all ordered to be printed together in a tabular form. The largest sum offered for each heap is distinguished by a line drawn under it in the table; and the agent who has made this offer is the purchaser.

II. THE SOUTH AMERICAN SYSTEM.

Having endeavoured to introduce to the acquaintance of our reader the Cornish miner, and the system of mining established in his country, we shall now proceed

to a general but faithful sketch of the miners and mining of the Spanish colonies across the Atlantic.

It is certainly the case that nature has formed the vast continent of America on a scale very different from that of the Old World. In point of grandeur and magnificence the outline of the Western world is far superior to that in which it is our fortune to live. We cannot boast of rivers one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles in breadth; nevertheless we have streams of much narrower dimensions, free from the rapids of the St. Lawrence, from the pamperos and sandbanks of the Rio Plata, and broad enough for every purpose for which we can require their aid. We have not, it is true, a range of mountains to equal, in sullen magnificence, the stupendous Andes; but Mont Blanc is quite high enough for the scientific portion of our community, and Greenwich hill quite steep enough for those who feel anxious to roll down it. We have neither the dark impenetrable forests of North America, nor the vast interminable plains of the Pampas; but we possess, in their stead, the snugger regions of civilized life, and we have beef somewhat tenderer than that of the wild bull, with plenty of good coal to cook it. In like manner, we do not possess mines of gold and silver to equal those which are said to be deposited in the lofty Cordilleras of the American mountains; but we have in our own country, in great abundance, humbler metals, which possess the inestimable value of being within our reach, and under the protection of our own laws.

With respect to the value of the American mines

hitherto discovered, there is now but too much reason to believe that the popular estimate has been, all along, greatly exaggerated. The unprecedented mass of precious metals poured into Europe after the discovery of America, naturally led men to conceive that the ores must have been obtained with great facility, and that, consequently, they existed in great abundance in America; but it was not remembered that, for a large proportion of these metals, the Spaniards, who dazzled us with the display of them, had never paid the labour of extraction; in short, that they were gained at first by open plunder, and long afterwards by dooming the Indians to a life of forced labour and misery, which caused, in many places, all but the extinction of that unfortunate race. There can however be no doubt that, for a considerable time previous to the Revolution, some of the mines in Mexico did produce very large profits; but here again we quite forget that these profits proceeded not from the whole of the mines, but from a very small number.

During the Revolution, many of the richest mines were burnt and ruined; being, therefore, deserted, they gradually became filled with water, and, because the natives of America, under such circumstances, hesitated to undertake the expense of re-working them, English Companies were formed for the purpose of doing so, - the singular foundation on which all these Companies principally rested being a notion that the natives of America were *ignorant* of the proper mode of working their own mines.

This notion was radically absurd, and it has been acted

upon with miserable consequences. It now turns out that the American system was not only the result of intelligence, trial, and experience, but was adapted to the character, habits, and state of civilization of the country, and of this the mode in which many of the poor mines were worked gives, perhaps, the fairest example. A small party of miners were engaged, who, with their tools in their hands, and with a supply for some months of *charqui*, or hung beef, at their backs, ascended forthwith the mountain, until they reached the lode, and there, without hut or shelter of any sort, at once commenced their operations, by sinking small shafts on the most promising points, and following the veins wherever they were found to be richest. By these means they often contrived to extract a small profit from the little lode, and certainly their mode of operations, under the circumstances, was the best they could adopt, for the locality of the lode was such, that it could not bear the expense of being worked on a more extended plan, and besides, the lode, after all, was so poor that it was only the irregular system of taking its best parts that could at all pay the miner for his labour. The native miner therefore worked his lode after his own way, and he certainly managed to extract from it a profit which no foreigner could hope for. Any one who has travelled among the mountains of America, will admit that there are hundreds of spots from which silver has been extracted, which would not pay *us* for working, even if they were in England, and it seems to follow that the same credit is, in these cases, justly due to the native

miner, which no man in England would refuse to the local farmer who should extract a profit from land for which no stranger would undertake to give any rent.

The plan adopted in the great mines of America was not less suited—we speak from personal observation and deliberate reflection—to the localities of the lodes, the character of the country, and the habits of the population. In Cornwall, as we have stated, neither miners nor captains of mines, nor assayers, nor *adventurers*, pretend to work upon scientific principles, or to possess any but practical knowledge; they have no books upon mining, and, until the present day, mining has never occupied public attention in this country. But in Mexico the Court of Spain, far from neglecting the mines, looked towards them for its greatest revenue, and cared for them accordingly. Besides many intelligent individuals who went to the mines from Spain, German miners were sent thither by the Court, to introduce, as far as possible, their knowledge and experience; and a college, or "Tribunal de Mineria," was founded in Mexico, the professor of mineralogy in which establishment (M. Del Rio) had visited the most celebrated mines in Europe, and made himself acquainted with all that they could show. The working of the mines was also the natural, indeed almost the sole object, to which the most intelligent persons resident in Mexico had earnestly directed their attention. They had more people at work in some of their establishments than any of our mining companies in England ever employed; they had worked some mines to greater depths than have ever been explored,

down to the present hour, in Cornwall; and, as their profits before the Revolution were very great, they not only possessed capital enough to enable them to introduce whatever improvements they conceived necessary, but they were quite liberal enough to exert it. To take an example, we are assured that the works on Count Regla's mine cost him £100,000. But although the proprietors of the Mexican mines were naturally anxious to avail themselves of any improvements, which might increase their profits or diminish their expenses, it was impossible for them blindly to adopt the customs of the mines in Europe, which all differed from each other, exactly in proportion to the differences of locality, resources, etc. etc. in the states where they were worked. To any one who has for a moment considered the subject of mining, it must be evident that no one general system can be pursued, even within the limits of one country. In America, for instance, even supposing that two lodes quite similar to each other existed on two mountains, of the same altitude, dimensions, and geological construction, *but* widely separated from each other, it would by no means follow that the same system could be adopted in both of them. The one mine might be drained by means of simple machinery, to be worked by water which might exist near the spot, or by mules which might be supported in its neighbourhood; while, from want of roads, pasture, water, and so forth, it might be absolutely necessary to drain the other by means of an expensive adit. And again, supposing the ores extracted from the two mines to be of the very same class, yet

they might probably require to be treated in a different way; those near water and wood could be easily dressed and smelted, while the dressing of the others might entail not only great trouble and cost, but also the process of amalgamation; and, under these circumstances, the ores would weekly increase or diminish in value, according to the fluctuating prices of quicksilver, conveyance, and the like. On the other hand, it is natural and probable to conceive that there *were* some improvements in mining which the Mexican proprietor might have overlooked, and which he might have introduced with advantage; yet the Mexican system, upon the whole, was far from bad. Every one who has visited those mines must admit, that the masonry in the shafts is admirably performed; that the woodwork, though not so neatly done as in England, is strong and sufficient; that the *arastras*, or mills for the trituration of the ores, have been brought to great perfection, and that the native miner possesses prodigious physical strength.

A great deal has been said against the system of carrying out the ore on the backs of men; yet it must be recollected that, where the population is so small, and the lodes are so large, as in Mexico, the proprietors of the mines are naturally in the habit of searching after the best ores only, instead of regularly working out the lode, as is customary in England. Now, under this mode of operations, it is often unavoidably necessary to bring the ore through irregular serpentine galleries, for which the American method of carrying the ores is peculiarly adapted, as it saves the expense of sinking shafts;

and, upon the whole, when it is considered that the Indian Tenateros carry upwards of three hundred pounds, which is a fair burden for a mule, it is easy to conceive that the Mexican proprietor had deliberately calculated the cost and produce of their services, and that, under the circumstances of the case, he had found human beings the cheapest machines he could use. In fact, it was by hard labour and rigid economy alone that the Mexican proprietor ever dreamt of reaping a harvest from his mine.

When the Revolution took place the mines were burnt, and, the timbers being destroyed, the principal workings and galleries fell in: on this the positive value of the mines instantly sank, because the expense necessary for working them was of course considerably increased. The intelligent Mexican miner, living on the spot, conversant with the subject of mining, possessing many data for calculating with considerable accuracy what average wealth the lodes about him probably contained, and what it would probably cost to extract that wealth, did not think it worth his while to work the mines.

III. THE LONDON SYSTEM.

The mines, thus lying idle, happened to attract the notice of some individuals in London; and an idea, which, if it had been calmly taken up, might have proved not altogether unworthy of attention, suddenly burst into hasty plans and greedy speculations, which were carried on in a manner little creditable to the prudence or character of this country.

It was resolved at once to despatch Cornish miners, machinery, and money, to mines whose situation was scarcely known: indeed, several Companies sent their miners from Falmouth before they had secured even the frailest title to the mines in which the men were to be employed. The subject of working *silver* mines was one to which very few people in England had ever directed their attention; and nothing can prove the profound ignorance which prevailed among us, more than the assortment of commissioners and miners that were now embarked for America. To command the Cornish miners, and to conduct the whole speculation, one or two commissioners were appointed by each of the new Companies; and as there was no class of people in this country who could boast of any experience in working silver-mines, the directors, who knew no more of the business than the shareholders, were rather puzzled to determine from what profession these commissioners ought to be selected. One of the Companies considered that, in order to *guard* their property, no person could be better than an officer of the Guards; other directors resolved that, as *engines* were to be sent out, it would be well to procure officers from the Engineers. Many selected officers from the Artillery, because they heard that *gunpowder* was to be required for the mines. Several determined that, for hauling up ores, water, etc. from the depths of transatlantic mountains, officers of his Majesty's navy would be singularly serviceable; and one Company, whose mines were filled with water and widely separated one from another, concluded that to

encounter difficulties both on land and on water was incontestably the province of an officer of Marines; and therefore, from every one of the above callings one or more persons received the invitation to direct the operations of some mining company in America. The honourable professions to which these gentlemen belonged afforded satisfactory pledges, that they would severally conduct their undertakings with zeal and integrity; but perhaps none will now be more ready than themselves to admit, that their education had in no way fitted them for expounding the systems of mining, smelting, amalgamation, etc.; and few of them can hesitate to confess that, far from being acquainted with the nature of the country in which their administrations were to be carried on, they were quite unable even to speak its language. However, although they knew nothing, the shareholders, if possible, knew less, and the whole system being that of the blind leading the blind, these forlorn-hope commissioners took their leave and started for the New World.

The Cornishmen who accompanied them consisted of copper miners, miners, copper-ore dressers, and tin-ore dressers; and if these men had only been questioned, as they ought to have been, they would all have said at once that they did not profess to know anything either about searching for silver ores, or about dressing them. The copper-miner would have said, "If you will send me to a copper-mine, and if the copper ores in that mine are similar to the particular description of copper ores which are to be met with in the neighbourhood of the

Dalcoath mine, where I have worked all my life, I will undertake to tell you which are good ores, and which are bad; I will tell you whether the lode is *kindly* or not,—that is, whether it promises to improve. *If* you will put me among people who speak English, I will teach them all this,—*if* you can prevail on them to learn it; and *if* you wish me to work upon *tribute*, I tell you fairly, I will make the best bargain with you I can." The copper-ore dresser would have said with equal frankness, "I know nothing at all about dressing *tin-hures*, because that is a trade by itself; and I come from a part of Cornwall where there are no tin-mines; but if you will give me *copper-hures*, I will undertake to buck them, and jig them, and dress them, and make them in every way fit to be smelted in Wales. I know nothing about silvery 'hures,' or about smelting any sort of 'hures;' and I don't know what amalgamation means: however, as you offer me fifteen guineas a month to go to America, and as I now can scarcely get three, I am very willing to engage."

The captain of the Cornish mines would have said, "I will engage to work your mines in America exactly on the plan they are worked in Cornwall. I know all the tricks of the Cornish miners, for I was brought up among them; and if there are the same tricks in America, I will do my utmost to put a stop to them: but as I cannot understand what it is foreigners say when they speak to each other, I will not answer to find out anything beyond what I can see; and with respect to the foreign miners swallowing pieces of gold, and concealing

pieces of rich ore in their hair, arms, thighs, etc.,—which I hear they do, to the amount of four thousand pounds a year in one mine,—these are tricks our miners never practise, and I should not know how to prevent them: however, as you offer me one thousand pounds a year, and as my present pay is ninety-six pounds, I shall be exceedingly happy to go."

If any man of common sense, practically acquainted with the character of the Cornish miners, had been consulted, he would have said, "It is useless to make bargains with these men, which are inconsistent with their habits and experience; their signatures can be no security to you that they will perform more than their nature can permit. They are ignorant of the work you are about to require from them; they are unable to stand against a climate so uncongenial to their constitution. Consider moreover that in Cornwall, not only do the laws of the country ensure protection to your undertaking, but every branch of trade offers its support. Fuel, candles, rope, iron, woodwork, machinery, tools, provisions, everything that the miner can possibly require, is furnished him, and, like a spoiled child, he has never known want. Accustomed to follow his own judgment, you will find him obstinately bigoted to Cornish customs and modes of working, which must be totally inapplicable to the mountains of America. His experience has made him intelligent in Cornwall, and his own interests have taught him to be cunning: but the latter characteristic is the only one that will bear exportation; the former, like witchcraft, will vanish in crossing the

moving waters of the Atlantic. In England, your miner must work or starve; but you have yourselves annihilated in him all inducement to labour, by the enormous salary at which you have engaged him. By virtue of your contract you may insist upon his going down to the mine, but you cannot make him labour when he is there; for, raised above his work by the independent salary of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, which you have been so inconsiderate as to ensure to him, he will do little more than look about him and drink to your health." Indeed, one of the Cornish miners *did* write to his brother in Cornwall, "You have no idea, Bill, how thirsty this here hot, dry country do make us!"

The opinion of the native miners of America was unfortunately never asked; and assuredly the first rencontres that took place between them and their new rivals were strange scenes. On one of these occasions (we write as an eye-witness) a small party of our *tinners* and *copperers* had at last, with great difficulty, succeeded in climbing to the summit of one of the lofty ranges of the Andes. The Cornish men, dressed in their *holiday clothes*, were flushed with the fatigue of riding to such a height, and their healthy, florid cheeks seemed ready to burst with the blood dancing within them. They rode on their mules to the mouth of a small mine, and had scarcely arrived there, when an old Indian gradually rose from the earth beneath them. Excepting a small piece of cloth round his middle, he was naked, and a fragment of rock, weighing more than two hundredweight, rested upon his bare back. His red frame was sinewy rather

than muscular, and there was not a line in his withered countenance which did not seem to tell its own tale of suffering. He looked as if he had long wanted food, yet betrayed no symptom of exhaustion. Standing firmly under his gigantic load, the poor man gazed wildly through the lank black hair that streamed and dangled before his face, as if utterly surprised at the appearance of the strangers,—to whom, could they have understood him, he might justly have said: "For what purpose have the inhabitants of the Old World come again among us? Is it to relieve our wants, or to add to our misfortunes? You have driven us from our plains; our ancient empires are in your hands; we have been, and we are, unable to stand against you; but do you still seriously believe that our whole race has neither judgment nor strength? Do you conceive that we could have procured you the precious metals in such abundance without gaining experience in the arts of searching for them? Do you fancy that they are here in profusion? Enter the mine beneath us, and you will perceive how trifling is its value if you abstract from it our labour. In what do you pretend to instruct *us?* Are you better acquainted with our mountains than we ourselves? Or, are you prepared to bear the sudden changes and rigour of this climate with more firmness? How can you expect to work cheaper than we do? Will you live in a more humble hovel than that before you, or will you subsist on coarser food than it contains? Look around at the cheerless snowy mountains by which we are imprisoned! Is it in your power to fertilize or to enliven them? Do you

fancy that you are stronger than an Indian? If so, use those weighty tools, or carry this rock which I support; if you admit that you would sink under the fatigue of doing either, you can be superior to us in nothing but the faculties of your minds; and if you be really miners, you must know but too well that intellect need not be very rapid, or bright, to keep pace with, or to enlighten him who passes his dreary life in the rocky bowels of these wild mountains; that to force one's way through them is a much greater exertion of the muscles than the brain. Finally, though you be children of the civilised world, deign to profit by the experience of an old Indian, when he assures you that the mine in which he has worn out *his* life is incapable of giving any labourer clothes such as *you* wear, or food such as it has apparently been *your* good fortune to subsist upon!"

Besides the instruction which the City Mining Companies expected that their commissioners and Cornish men were to impart to the Indian miner, they had also calculated on great advantages which they were to receive, by introducing into America machinery and capital; and upon these two points it is therefore necessary that we should make a very few observations. Machinery is the representative of labour, and it is applied in England generally, and in our Cornish mines in particular, because, upon calculation, it is found to be an economical substitute for labour. The great ninety-inch steam-engine on the Consolidated Mines in Cornwall, for instance, cost at the foundry two thousand pounds; the expense of putting it up was four thousand

pounds, and the pit-work two thousand more. In twenty-four hours it consumes about one hundred and eighty bushels of coals, which are delivered at one shilling a bushel. In return for this calculable expense, the engine lifts sixty-four gallons of water per stroke, and it can work twelve strokes in a minute. It is, we take it, evident that the advantages of such an engine are scrupulously to be weighed against its expenses, and that it can only be introduced with prudence when the former exceed the latter. Now the engines sent to Mexico were of seventy-inch cylinder, and being similar to those used in Cornwall, their advantages, or rather powers, are everywhere the same;—that is to say, they are capable of lifting a certain number of gallons per stroke, and of working so many strokes in a minute; but in America what is to be the expense of this? Even at the first glance it must appear that the cost of transporting a seventy-inch engine to the mines even of Mexico must be something quite enormous. There is not only the unhealthy climate of Vera Cruz to contend with, but the whole country is one continued obstacle to the undertaking. It is necessary to make roads, to construct bridges; and such unnatural efforts are, and must be, attended by unnatural expenses. Supposing, however, that all these difficulties are, by dint of money, surmounted, and that this unwieldy labourer does get to the mines,—at what expense is he to be supported there? What is to be the price of his fuel? and what are to be the salaries of the artisans who must unavoidably be maintained for the purpose of repairing every sort of accident that may

happen to this many-limbed and most delicate colossus, in his unnatural exile? Without attempting to calculate the expenses of all these contingencies, we do not hesitate to assert, that if the same, or similar, difficulties could exist in Cornwall, there would not be at this hour one steam-engine in that country.

Again, with respect to the benefit which the City Mining Companies expected to derive from introducing capital into America, it may justly be said that the advantage here was more evidently in favour of America than of the English shareholder. It was asserted in London, first, that the American mines were exceedingly rich; and secondly, that they were lying idle for want of capital; but it was rather singular that the facts offered in support of the first assertion contradicted the second. To establish the riches of the Mexican mines, for example, we are told how Joseph Laborde, a Frenchman, who came into Mexico very poor, suddenly acquired immense wealth, by working one of the mines of Tlapujahua; and how, having dissipated this money, the same Joseph again realized one hundred and twenty thousand pounds by working a mine in the Intendencia of Zacatecas. The fortunes acquired by M. Obregon, created Count Valenciana—by Don Pedro Tereros, created Count Regla—by the Marquis del Apartado, etc. etc., are also quoted as tests of the riches of the Mexican mines. But as these immense fortunes were all made by persons who commenced with little or no capital, it seems to follow as the proper conclusion, from the very showing of the case, that if these mines are now as they were then, it is not

necessary to have large capitals to work them; that if they are *not* as they were, the same profits cannot be expected from them; and, upon the whole, that if the Mexican adventurers consider the mines, under existing circumstances, not worth *their* attention, they ought not in prudence to engage *ours*.

In England, the advantages of great capital are evident. In all our large undertakings, money is as powerful as steam, because, like that power, we are enabled to confine it, and to apply its force on the particular point, and in the particular direction, which is required. But take from us the laws of our country, and the advantages of public competition, which bind and protect our capital, and money, like steam, becomes as impotent as moke. It required, surely, no extraordinary sagacity to foresee that a large capital suddenly appearing in Mexico, Chili, Buenos Ayres, etc., before we were acquainted with the characters of those countries,—before our titles to the mines were secured,—before the laws of these young States were even strong enough to secure our titles,—before we had taken any precautions to prevent the monopoly of the numerous articles we should require,—would only operate as a temptation to the Governments, and to every class of society, to tax and plunder us; in short, would attract obstacles instead of removing them.

IV. RUINOUS RESULTS.

We have now endeavoured to show what, in theory, might have been expected from the scheme of forwarding

English commissioners, miners, machinery, and capital to the American mines; and it only remains for us to record a few of the events which have already attended the actual execution of the project.

The confusion and hurry in which miners and miners' wives, machinery, and commissioners were huddled on board, can hardly be forgotten. It may also be remembered that these Companies were of such hasty growth, that they were scarcely considered to exist at all, until it could be reported "that the miners and machinery had been (the phrase was ominous) *despatched*." As soon as this was made known, the value of the shares rose rapidly, though no rise, however unexampled, could keep pace with the expectations of the people, who fancied that the gold and silver was (as the secretary of one of these companies admirably expressed himself) "glaring and glistening, and jumping into their pockets."

However, when the Cornish miners, assayers, doctors, surveyors, etc. etc., had been confined on board ship a few days, the mixture began to ferment. In a short time two of the ships returned to Falmouth, the miners having taken possession of the vessels, because the captain would not give them fresh beef; and if these City Companies had reflected for one moment—*si mens non læva fuisset*—they would have learnt, from this trifling incident, the folly of sending out, on such an errand, men who had never known restraint, and who were evidently unprepared to submit to the privations which *must* be required of them amidst scenes and labours so entirely new. However, the captains were changed, the vessels were filled

with better provisions, off again they sailed, and, when well away from land, their murmurs were soon hushed by the wild winds that howled around them. One vessel had weathered Cape Horn, when the commissioner, resolving to save the French brandy, delivered to each of the miners, per day, a quart of light claret, which had been purchased on the voyage. The Cornish men, for some days, were pleased with the change; but they soon declared that it was cold—that there was no warmth in it—that it was poor stuff—finally, that it was sour. After some days, the miners, in a body, all came aft. The spokesman who was to address the Commissioner held in one hand a quart mug of claret, and in the other a basin, which had evidently contained brown sugar, and, with an unusual acidity of countenance, he said to the Commissioner, "Sir, I will drink no more of this clarety wine! I have put all this here sugar into this here stuff, and it is sour yet!" By degrees however these little gripings and fermentations subsided, and the different vessels at last landed their passengers and cargoes at their respective destinations.

The fate of most of the *South American* Companies was very rapidly decided. On the arrival of the Cornish miners, headed by their military, naval, or marine commissioner, etc., it was, in most cases, found that the mines which the shareholders expected to have had for nothing, were in the hands of persons who had exceedingly well calculated on the distress in which these Companies were about to be involved. Enormous sums were accordingly asked for mines which, upon inspection,

proved to be poor, without resources, and adapted only to operations upon a very small scale. Many of the commissioners, at exorbitant prices, purchased such mines, at distances of seven hundred or eight hundred miles from each other; and, while the natives were smiling at the Cornish *tinners*, who were standing on the sunny sides of the streets, devoured by mosquitoes, and cutting water-melons the wrong way—the Governments began to ask for *loans!* Although the object of these Companies was to make money, and not to spend it, yet one hundred thousand dollars were lent to one Government, and smaller sums to others, until the capitals were expended. In short, one plethoric London hobby after another was bled to death; and, after agents and governors had, like vampires, sucked its vitals, the hide and carcase, being of no value in South America, were, with due form, delivered over to the shareholders, who, gazing in groups at the melancholy spectacle before them, and comparing their defunct favourite with his cock-tailed picture, taken as he trotted out of Cornhill but a year before, mentally exclaimed, "*Heu! quantum mutatus!*"

On the arrival of the different mining parties *in Mexico*, they too, with all diligence, prepared to carry into execution their respective plans. The miners and machinery were landed, but of one company of forty-four individuals, almost the first act which twenty-six of them performed was—to die. They were buried chiefly on Mullan beach, at Vera Cruz, eight of them in one grave. We possess an elegy, written at Vera Cruz, by one of

the survivors of the party; but the subject is too serious to admit of its publication. However, as the reader may be curious to see a specimen of a Cornish miner's poetry, we submit a few verses of a ballad, written by William Simmons, of Redruth Highway, one of the individuals in the service of the Famatina Mining Company.—

"Come all my friends and neighbours round, give ear, while I disclose
The dangers of a foreign voyage, in which we was exposed.

"Its of a mining company, who left their native shore,
And sail'd for South America, in search of mineral ore.

"We all embark'd at falmouth port, our voyage for to proceed,
In the good ship Marquis of anglesea, a handsome ship indeed.

"The thirteenth of September, when our colors was for sea,
We hauled up our topsails, and we soon got under way.

"Our friends they stood upon the hills, while they could have a view;
We gave a cheer of three times three, and bade our late adieu.

"We had not left our island long, before we was surprised
To see our bark so toss about, upon the swelling seas.

"The twenty-first of November a gale of wind came on;
We lost one of our companions here, he from the deck was blown.

"We saw our friend toss'd on the swells, that rose like mountains high;
Sailors and men was active then, and every means did try

"The *where* then was hatchen sails, we for a while lay to,
And after using every means, we bid our friend adieu.

"He sunk beneath the heavy swells, near the Brazilian shore;
The greedy sea ingulf'd him in, we never send him more.

"He left a wife and child on board, to share their love apart;
The cry that echo'd through the ship should rend the hardest heart.

* * * * * * *

"Then on our voyage we did proceed, I'm sorry to relate,
We was drove on a bank of sand, that's in the River Plate.

"Sea after sea did drive us forth, all hands was call'd on deck,
For to consult the best methods to save us from a wreck.

"When much exertion here was used to get her off again;
But after toiling all the day, we soon our work was vain.

"To throw the cargo overboard; our lives was valued then,
And try to save our shatter'd hulk, to bear us safe to land.

"When many thousands pounds value, was thrown into the sea,
We had no hopes of gitting off, our ship so heavy lay.

"Expecting of a gale of wind to blow from the south-west;
The only means we had to try, was to cut down our mast.

"But while we held a council here, our look-out did express
'A sail in sight! a sail in sight! and standing towards us.'

* * * * * * *

"Just at this time a schooner came, our wants for to relieve,
Part of our cargo for to save, though they was Portuguese;" etc. etc.

Attempts were made by the different companies to transport their machinery to their respective mines. One Company, at an enormous expense of money and *life*, succeeded in dragging their engines to their nearest mines; a second managed to transport the boiler in separate plates, but the bobs were left on one part of the road, and the cylinder on another. Others were obliged to abandon altogether so ruinous an undertaking; and their Birmingham steam-engines, and other ponderous pieces of machinery, are now lying on the beach at Vera Cruz, and, on different parts of the road, miserable monuments of the reign of this unexampled *gullibility*.

Instead of feeling their way, and confining their operations each to a single mine, these companies, as soon as they broke loose from their dead weight of machinery, ran riot over the country. Careless of the distances which separated one mine from another, and led by the nose by the crafty, intelligent natives, they travelled about, and made such numerous purchases of mines, that it was morally impossible even a small proportion of them ever could be worked. For instance, one single

Company engaged the whole or parts of *thirty-five* large mines, besides smaller ones, nine haciendas, and *three hundred* mills, which last they took on leases for nine or twelve years; and this same Company, after expending about eight hundred thousand pounds, have now just determined to abandon all their mines together, excepting *four*. Of the Cornish miners who went to Mexico, a considerable proportion have been fortunate enough to find their way back, and these men, who are now at their old work in Cornwall, openly say that the native miners, could labour harder and longer than they could; that they found them cunning and pilfering; that they were once seen driving off twenty mule-loads of ore, but in such numbers that the Cornish guard did not dare to interfere; that many people were imposing on the English Companies; and that, after all, the mines, in their opinion, were poor. These statements are corroborated by many recent letters from Cornish miners, who are still in Mexico, and of which the following literal extract may serve as a specimen:—

"The mines is very poor. The engine is working at —— Mine, and nearly in fork (*i. e.* dry), but for my part I believe it would be so well if the water was running out to adit."

Having now laid before the reader data which, we conceive, may enable him to form for himself some opinion on the subject of Cornish mining in America, we have but a few general observations to offer. In all countries the fascinating speculation of mining is a lottery, composed of more blanks than prizes. In fact, in Cornwall, as elsewhere, it is perfectly well known that

mines, in the aggregate, are a losing concern; that the quantity of copper, for instance, annually extracted in Cornwall, is not worth the money annually spent in Cornwall in copper mining. A number of people therefore lose money by mining in Cornwall, and a few gain very large profits. Now such being the case, no prudent man, surely, would recommend a stranger to invest money in mining generally, although, under certain circumstances, he might speculate in it to a very large amount himself. Many of the proprietors, or, as they are termed, the *adventurers*, of the Cornish mines, supply the mine with coals, candles, rope, iron, or other materials, and the profit which they thus gain collaterally, supports them in case the main speculation should fail. Indeed, if a man has but a small share in a mine, and furnishes it with a large quantity of materials, it may be his clear interest to vote that operations should continue, even though the mine itself be a losing concern.—Again, if the mine is turning out badly, and if the adventurers are privately desirous of getting rid of their shares, it is not impossible to give the mine a momentary appearance of doing well; and lastly, if it *is* doing well, it is sometimes for the interest of the adventurers to conceal that fact. From these and many other circumstances, all people who are well acquainted with the subject concur in advising a stranger to have nothing to do with mining in Cornwall, unless he is himself to be resident in that country, or unless he can implicitly depend upon the judgment of some friend who is a resident; for, as some one must have the blanks, it requires

considerable intelligence and cunning to avoid them. It is from a practical knowledge of these facts, that the Cornish speculators have all a very bad opinion of the South American mining companies. Without entering into any long-winded argument on the subject, these people (we have had occasion to talk with not a few of them) very significantly say, "Do you think *we* would have anything to do with a mine, if we could not look *into* it?" And the same general argument equally applies to Mexico; for it is well known that the wealth which was extracted from the Mexican mines, even before they were destroyed, burnt, and inundated, and when provisions and labour were infinitely cheaper than they are at present, proceeded from a very few mines; that, although there were many speculations, yet, comparatively, only a very few *adventurers* were enriched.

The great question therefore is,—admitting that mining in America is a lottery in which prizes are again to be gained, who are the individuals most likely to obtain them? Without hesitation we reply, *the natives of the country*. They have already shown their superior intelligence and ability, by inducing us to make expensive purchases, which we have since found it necessary to abandon. They possess great practical experience and local knowledge, and they can themselves supply their mines with materials at a cheap rate. They understand the mode of governing, rewarding, punishing, and watching the Indian labourers. They are acquainted with the laws, good and bad, of their own country; and have probably influence enough to get the duty on one article

increased, and on another diminished, as their interests may require. They have the natural goodwill of the Government and of the country in their favour. And yet if a company of the wealthiest of these foreigners, ignorant or not, were to land in England, with men and machinery, to possess themselves of our Cornish mines, and set about working them, would *they* succeed?—would *they* carry off the prizes?

In the expectations which *our* Companies have formed, in the arrangements they have made, and in the failures which they have encountered, they have already exposed a measure of ignorance and absurdity which will surely satisfy every reflecting mind, that we are the last people who are capable of carrying off the mining prizes of America,—that our share in that lottery are the *blanks*.

We have possession of some mines, it is true, and it is reported that we are gradually succeeding in draining the water from a few of them, and in obtaining ores; but at what price are the ores rising, and at what expense is the water sinking?

Supposing, even for a moment, that, after paying all our expenses, we should succeed in procuring silver at less per ounce than we can here purchase it at our markets, is there no chance that we *might*, by so doing, excite the jealousy of the natives or the avarice of the Government? *Might* not the open enmity of the one, or the secret impositions of the other, rob us of our profits? If property could possibly exist in England under circumstances at all similar, would it not, by every prudent man, be considered in fearful jeopardy?

Ought we to be satisfied with the mere countenance and professions of any Government, or any people, unless they could offer us security which neither could dare to attack?

But it is argued that our City Mining Companies have gone too far to retract; that several of them have already spent from eight hundred thousand to a million of sterling money; that they therefore must proceed; and the shareholders are generally not unwilling to cling to a doctrine which tends to save their shares from annihilation—for we all know *now* that *shares* may flutter about the Stock Exchange, though the speculation to which they belong has been long defunct. In reply, we must humbly remind these shareholders that the subject is one which cannot much longer be veiled in ignorance; that, if they have no rational hope of succeeding, they may increase their loss,—they cannot hope to retrieve it; that to retire from a bad undertaking is one of the first axioms among miners; and that when the simplest Cornishman has taken a '*pitch*' which ceases to be 'kindly,' he abandons his work, and pays his forfeit.

To conclude: we have avoided, as much as possible, alluding to any particular Company or to any set of speculators; and we withhold from publication many curious enough facts which we possess, solely because they might tend to injure the interests, or hurt the feelings, of particular individuals. Whether the directors of one or two of these Companies have acted honourably or not,—whether they have given to their shareholders correct or incorrect pictures of the reports actually trans-

mitted to them by their commissioners,—these are matters which we have no desire to discuss. We have levelled our observations at the system in general; and we have done so, because we believe it to be one which is bringing not only great loss, but very serious discredit, upon this country.

ENGLISH CHARITY.

On the day the Poor-Law Amendment Act passed into a law, it occurred to us, that were we to go personally to any spot where it might be determined to bring the new code at once into operation, we should be enabled calmly to review the old condemned law in its full operation, as well as the first strife, struggle, or conflict between it and its infant antagonist; and as the practical working of the Act might possibly prove very different from the theoretical intentions of its framers, on a point of vital importance to all classes of our society, but especially to the poor, we resolved to judge for ourselves, and gravely to form our opinion on a strict, impartial analysis of facts.

With this serious object in view, we accordingly accompanied the Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner,* who first sallied forth on his official errantry into one of the most troublesome districts in the country. For four months we never left him for a moment,—in fact, we were his shadow. We inspected every poorhouse in

* Sir Francis B. Head.

East Kent,—attended all his public meetings of magistrates, parish officers, and ratepayers; observed how and why he divided the whole of East Kent into Unions, —remarked by what assistance he succeeded in effecting this object, as well as obtaining the consent in writing of the Guardians for the dissolution of all the old existing Unions. We pored over his calculations, sifted his data, studied his reports: we listened to the sturdy arguments raised against him,—and, with equal impartiality, we listened to his replies. By conversing with the magistrates, yeomen, parish officers, peasantry, and paupers, we made ourselves acquainted with public opinion as well as private interests, and it will now be our endeavour to lay before the public, in the unpretending form of a few unconnected notes, a short review of these proceedings.

THE OLD SYSTEM.

To give our readers a full and correct notion of the poorhouses in East Kent would be almost as difficult as to sketch him a picture of the variegated surface of this globe. We will however endeavour to commence the task by describing, first, the buildings, and then their inmates. The River workhouse, on the great Dover road, about three miles from the town, is a splendid mansion, which Mr. Robins would designate as "delightfully situate," and fit for the residence of a "county member" or "NOBLEMAN OF RANK." Modestly retired from the road, it yet proudly overlooks a meandering stream;

and the dignity of its elevation, the elegant chastenness of its architecture, the massive structure of its walls, its broad double staircase, its spacious halls, its lofty bedrooms, and its large windows, form altogether "a delightful retreat," splendidly contrasted with the mean little rate paying hovels at its feet, which, like a group of wheelbarrows round the Lord Mayor's coach, are lost in the splendour of the gilded spectacle. And though, to be sure, it is not yet paid for; though many of its aged paupers, unable to reach its summit, naturally enough prefer to live "cheap and nasty" in a clinker-built shed which adjoins it; yet not a bit the less on that account does it stand a monument of our inexplicable wealth, a top heavy symbol of our prosperity, a picture of English policy; it is, in short, the same sort of reward for the pauper that Greenwich Hospital is for the sailor.

Many of the Kentish poorhouses, which about forty years ago were simultaneously begotten by Gilbert's Act, bear a strong family resemblance to the proud hero we have just described. Some are lofty, some low, but all are massive and costly; indeed, it would seem that, provided the plan was sufficiently expensive, no questions were asked. A considerable number of poorhouses, again, are composed of old farmhouses, more or less out of repair. Some are supported by props, many are really unsafe, several, living alone in a field, seem deserted by all but their own paupers, some stand tottering in a boggy lane, two miles from any dwelling, and in many cases they are so dilapidated, so bent by the prevailing wind, that it seems a problem whether the

worn-out aged inmate will survive his wretched hovel, or it him! Now, without attempting to argue which of all these buildings is the most sensibly adapted to its object, we will only humbly observe, that all cannot be right. We might even say, that, as they are different, if one should happen to be right, it would follow that all the rest must be wrong. However, bidding adieu to brick walls and mud ones, broad staircases and ladders, slated roofs and thatch, we will proceed to enter these various dwellings.

In some of the largest of these habitations an attempt has evidently been made to classify and arrange the inmates, and, generally speaking, every apartment is exceedingly clean. In one large room are found sitting in silence a group of motionless, worn out men "with age grown double," but neither "picking dry sticks" nor "mumbling to themselves." With nothing to do with nothing to cheer them with nothing in this world to hope for with nothing to fear gnarled into all sorts of attitudes, they look more like pieces of ship timber than men. In another room are seen huddled together, in similar attitudes, a number of old, exhausted women, clean, tidy, but speechless and deserted. Many, we learned, had seen brighter days; and in several instances we were informed that their relations (we will not insult them by calling them *friends*) were "well off in the world;" but whenever we asked whether they were often visited, we invariably received the same reply, "*Oh, no! people seldom takes any notice of 'em after they once gets here.*"

In large, airy bedrooms (separate of course) were found

men and women all bedridden. As we passed between two ranges of trestles almost touching each other, nothing was to be seen but a set of wrinkled faces, which seemed more dead than alive. Many had been lying there for years; many had been inmates of the poorhouse for fourteen, fifteen, and eighteen years; few seemed to have any disorder: they were wanting nothing, asking for nothing, waiting for nothing, but their death. As we passed one poor man, he said he knew he was dying, and, raising his head from his pillow, he begged hard that "little George" might be sent for; but the master, accustomed to such scenes, would have considered the request inadmissible, had not the Assistant Commissioner ventured rather strongly to enforce it.

The only instance, in all the poorhouses we visited, of any stranger attending upon its inmates, was in a large room containing about thirty bedridden old females. On a trestle there was lying a woman who was not well; she was ill—very ill; in fact, she was dying. Her face was much flushed, she kept pulling at her bedclothes, and, excepting in one direction, turn which way she would, she seemed restless. The only attitude that appeared for a moment to suit her was when she cast her eyes upon a fine healthy peasant lad, dressed in a smock frock saturated with brown clay, who sat by her bedside. It was her son. Syllable by syllable, and with his finger helping as he proceeded, he was attempting to read to her the Bible. The job was almost more than he could perform; his eyes, however, never left his book for a moment, but hers occasionally turned upon

his face, and then upon the sacred volume in his hand, the sight of both united seeming always to afford her a momentary ease amounting almost to pleasure.

In the Coxheath United Workhouse we found the following group seated round a small fire:

David Kettle	aged 90
William Pinson	,, 90
John Hollands	,, 90
Edward Baldwin	,, 76
John Latherby	,, 75

They were all leaning towards the lad Latherby, who, in a monotonous tone of voice, was very slowly reading the following prayer to them, out of a tract published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge:

"O Lord Almighty, who givest to thy creatures health and strength, and when Thou seest fit visitest them with sickness and infirmity, be pleased to hear the prayers of those who are now afflicted by Thy hand. Look down from heaven, behold, visit, and in Thine own good time relieve them, and dispose them to place all their trust and confidence in Thee, not in the help of man!"

On our taking the pamphlet from his hands, to copy the words into our note-book, the five men never altered their attitudes, but during the whole operation sat like the frozen corpses which, in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, were found still in the attitude of warming their hands round the white dead embers of their departed fire!

From these sad pictures of decrepitude we were generally conducted into the apartment belonging to the

able-bodied women, who were ordered to rise from their chairs in honour of the entrance of strangers. In *their* robust outlines certainly no *wrinkles* were to be seen; whatever was their complaint they equally laboured under it all,—Nature's simplest hieroglyphic sufficiently denoted their state,

"And coming events cast their shadows before."

Adjoining this room there was always a den of convalescents,—a little land flowing with milk and honey, easier imagined than described.

On descending the staircase, the next scene was a room full of sturdy labourers out of work. In hob-nailed half-boots and dirty smock-frocks, they were generally sitting round a stove, with their faces scorched and half-roasted; as we passed them they never rose from their seats, and had generally an over-fed, a mutinous, and an insubordinate appearance. A room full of girls from five to sixteen, and another of boys about the same age, completed the arrangement. In some cases they were said to be "completely separated;" that is to say, they could not possibly meet without going up stairs, which "was forbidden." In other cases, they were, strange to say, separated only "till dusk;" and in many instances, although their rooms were "divided," they met together, whenever it so pleased them, in the yards. Such, prior to the passing of the New Poor Law Act, was the general state of the *large* poorhouses ing East Kent.

than the smaller ones, the minute classification we have book formed has been found impossible: all that is

effected, is to put the males of all ages into one room, and all the females into another. In these cases, the old are teased by the children, who are growled at when they talk, and scolded when they play, until they become cowed into silence. The able-bodied men are the noisy orators of the room; the children listen to their oaths, and, what is often much worse, to the substance of their conversation; while a poor idiot or two, hideously twisted, stands grinning at the scene, or, in spite of remonstrances, incessantly chattering to himself. In the women's hall, which is generally separated only by a passage from the men's, females of all characters and of all shapes live with infants, children, and young girls of all ages. We could carry the description of these two rooms much further, but it would be painful to do so.

We forgot to mention that we often found a large attic in the roof, used as a dormitory for "*able-bodied labourers and their wives*." Each bed was separated from its neighbour by an old blanket. In this society of "low life above stairs,"—in this chance-medley of "les frères et les sœurs de la charité,"—it must be supposed that the ladies first modestly retired to their nests; yet we could not help fancying that if husband A should happen unintentionally to make a mistake, the position of his shoes might perchance throw B, C, D, and the rest of the connubial alphabet, all wrong. Whether such a higgledy-piggledy arrangement be creditable or not to a civilized country, it is not our present intention to inquire; suffice it to say, that it only formed part and parcel of the Old System.

In the small, tottering hovels we have mentioned, we generally found seven or eight aged people at the point of death, an able-bodied labourer or two, with a boy or a young girl, who, in answer to our inquiries, was generally, before its innocent face, said to be "only a love-child." Sometimes we discovered but two or three inmates: in these diminutive poor-huts, however, there was always a being termed "The Governor;" although in one case we found only two paupers, one being "His Excellency" and the other his guest:—

> "And so his man Friday kept his house neat and tidy,
> For you know 'twas his duty to do so;
> Like brother and brother, who live one with another,
> So lived Friday and Robinson Crusoe."

In these poorhouses, so falsely called *work*houses, we found that the cost of keeping the paupers varied as widely as the character of the dwellings. As there at present exist in England about 500,000 in-door poor, the reader can calculate for himself that a single farthing per day, profusely expended upon each, amounts to rather more than £520 a year: one would conceive therefore that something like a fixed sum would have been determined upon; but from the reports of two hundred and eighty parishes, which are now lying before us, it appears that the cost of maintaining a pauper in Kent varies from 2*s.* 2*d.* a week to 4*s.* 0*d.*; and, strange to add, these sums are, in general, granted equally for all inmates,—men, women, children, and even infants a month old; sucking-babies being, by pauper law, as costly and as consumptive as full-grown ploughmen.

By this arrangement it is evident that it is made the interest of the governor, who is generally the contractor, that there should exist as many babies in his dominion as can conveniently be produced.

However, although there is this wide difference in the cost of the various poorhouses, yet throughout these receptacles the diet differs but little. While the independent labourer is subsisting, in many localities, on little more than bread and water, almost everywhere the Kentish pauper has what are called three meat-days a week, in many cases four meat-days, and in some cases five; his bread is many degrees better than that given to our soldiers; he has vegetables at discretion; and, especially in the large workhouses, it is declared with great pride that "there is no stinting," but that "*we gives 'em as much victuals as ever they can eat.*" It should however be observed that we detected a clause in this Act which it is only fair should be explained. It is very true that the ploughman in the workhouse receives as much as ever he can eat, "*provided always*," says the unwritten code, "that he clears his plate before he asks for more." In order therefore to obtain a third edition of meat, he must previously manage to swallow greens and potatoes enough to choke a pig; and as he is confined to the stye, with no other work to perform, our reader will not perhaps be surprised at our previous statement, that the able-bodied pauper in the poorhouse has the tight appearance of being over-fed.

But casting the ledger aside, admitting that poorhouses of all shapes are equally good,—that it is beneath

the dignity of a wealthy nation to care whether the nation pays 2*s.* 2*d.* or 4*s.* 6*d.* for a pauper's fare, or whether such a being bursts himself or not,—supposing even that the poor-rates of this country were to be paid by our satellite the Man in the Moon,—let us for a moment consider what is the effect of this system of stall-fed charity, and what truth there is in those lines which pathetically declare

> "How wide the limits stand
> Between a splendid and a happy land."

We have stated that, in viewing with considerable attention some hundred workhouses, we found aged people of all descriptions,—those who had basked in prosperity as well as those who had known of this world nothing but its adversity,—alike deserted; and while they stood or rather lay before our eyes, we could not help feeling at each spot how mistaken had been the kindness which, by the smell of hot joints, had attracted so many poor helpless parents to enter the gates of their parish poor-house, over which might too justly be inscribed, "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' intrate." As we gazed upon the poor dying pauper, lying deserted on his trestle, always (with the solitary exception we have mentioned) had we thought—

> "Had he no friend, no daughter dear,
> His trembling voice to soothe and cheer?
> Had he no son?"

We wished we could have added—

> "Ay, once he had,
> But he was dead!"

The coarse fact, however, was, that the fellow, far from being dead, was in a beer-shop, pointed out to him by a board which very imperfectly explains to us whether it is the beer or the *peasant* which is required by Act of Parliament "TO BE DRUNK ON THE PREMISES."

The infant, we all know, must be weaned from its mother, the apron-string that tethers the boy to her side must be cut, but that filial band by which nature binds a man to his aged parent should only be severed by her death: like the white wand of Garter King-at-Arms, it should never be broken until it is dropped into the grave, upon the hollow-sounding coffin-lid of its monarch. It seems, however, consistent with that stall-fed system of English charity, which, as shall soon be shown, possesses fifty-four governors for encouraging women to desert their infant offspring, that there should also exist in the country a premium on the opposite vice, namely, for every ploughman who will consent to desert his aged mother. Were it not for this application of our poor-rates, there can be no doubt that the English peasant, and above all, the Kentish peasant, would feel an honest pride in labouring for the support of his parents, and that, instead of expending his sturdy powers in himself digesting meat, cabbage, and potatoes in a poorhouse, he would most willingly wear himself down in the noble duty of providing for his mother's comfort, by repaying to her in decrepitude the sustenance which in his infancy he had borrowed of her; for, can Government beer-shops offer him enjoyment superior to this, which Nature has implanted in his heart? But to give her five meat-days

a week, to maintain her in the style in which the parish trough feeds its guests, is totally beyond his humble powers, and thus he is actually encouraged to leave her to her fate. When once the filial tie is broken,—when once, emigrating from her chimney-corner, she has entered that painted sepulchre the parish poorhouse, filial duties appear to her son to be at an end. She has a better dwelling, better clothes, better food, better fires, than he could possibly provide for her; and little does he or she think of that horrid chasm, of those countless hours which, with no ostensible cause of complaint, must intervene between her first parish *meat-day* and her death.

Those who weigh moral happiness against food,—who measure intellectual enjoyment by the imperial gallon,—who consider that misfortune means a half-empty stomach, and that perfect contentment is feeling "chock full,"—will deny the force of the foregoing arguments; but we hope there are still many who will keenly feel that to end one's career by fourteen or eighteen years' neglected banishment in a poorhouse;—to close a morning's activity by a long dreary evening of woe;—for the mind to be buried alive so long before the body be interred;—to be degraded in a parish in which it was once one's pride to be distinguished; to be abandoned by those whose helpless infancy one had laboured to support, is not only to be an English "pauper," but to be "poor indeed!"

The misfortune to the parent and son is mutual,—both sink; the beer-shop and the poorhouse are alike destructive, they play into each other's hands;—the one

entices the lad to desert his mother, the other fatally induces the mother to leave her son: absolved from the duty of providing for his parent, *he* tries, encouraged by Parliament, to distil "on the premises;"—happiness from strong beer; *she*, equally encouraged by the parish, expects in the workhouse to extract filial consolation from hot meat. Both are deceived: he becomes brutal, mutinous, demoralized,—she lingers without happiness, and dies deserted. We have painfully witnessed and deeply reflected on the scenes just described; and we have no hesitation in declaring that, in our humble opinion, the late pauper system of in-door relief (totally regardless of its enormous expense) has, in the case of our aged poor, created infinitely more misery than it has alleviated.

Firmly believing that there exists on the surface of this earth no soil more congenial to the growth of every domestic virtue than the breast of the English peasant, it is but too true, that if thorns be found growing there instead of fruit,—if the crop be poisonous instead of being nutritive,—our political labourers, not the land, must be cursed. The ancient Greeks revered even the bones of *their* ancestors; we have taught our peasantry to bequeath their parents, blood, body, and bones, to the workhouse!

With respect to the manner in which *children* have been systematically demoralized in many of our small poorhouses, the error, we conceive, speaks so clearly for itself, that we need not offer to be its advocate. A mixture, in about equal parts (never mind a scruple or two), of boys and girls, idle men, and abandoned women can

only by a miracle be unproductive of evil to society; we will therefore content ourselves with repeating a practical opinion which was thus expressed to us by a governor of twenty years' experience:—"*When children,*" said Mr. Cadell, "*have been brought up in a workus, they have never no disposition to shun a workus.*" It appears, therefore, that in all cases where children might have been made to provide for themselves, or might have been thrown on their relations for support, the parish has culpably attracted them to their ruin.

Having now treated of those two extremes—the aged pauper and the children of the poorhouse,—we will offer a few remarks on the mode by which the Kentish poorhouses cunningly manage to get possession also of their able-bodied inmates.

To induce a fine athletic fellow to barter independence for dependence, to exchange voluntarily liberty for confinement, and honest work for idleness, was not only the last, but the hardest job which stall-fed Charity had to perform; and her exertions to gain this darling object have been proportionally great. To have persuaded the Kentish ploughman to become a pauper, by appealing to his brains, would, she knew, have been hopeless, but his stomach was a house of easier access:—"*La barriga,*" she exultingly exclaimed, "*lleva los pies! tripas llevan pies!*" She accordingly, in Kent, in order to bait the workhouse trap, arranged, printed, and published a bribe, which we consider as one of the most astonishing documents in the pig-stye history of our poor-laws.

Before we submit a few extracts from this ludicrous

proclamation, we should mention that, having entered within the last few months a vast number of cottages, having quietly conversed with the inhabitants, and seen and sat down with them at their meals, we are enabled to assure our readers, that we have met with many instances of labourers' families (we do not allude to those who steal corn for their pigs) subsisting a whole week without meat,—nay, of there often being scarcely food enough *of any sort* for the children. In one instance, wishing to have a model of a workhouse executed, we called upon an artist of considerable merit. Although he was preparing some works for a public exhibition, it was evident, from his look, as well as from the sunken features of his family, that they not only were, but long had been, badly fed. The man of genius, however, was soaring high above his stomach; in fact, his outline, like our own, showed scarcely any stomach at all. We found it impossible, in fact, to divert his conversation from his favourite subject. But while he mounted for a moment into his attic, in search of a new specimen of his art, we quietly observed to his wife, who sat surrounded by four children, that we feared they were badly off. The woman, with tears in her eyes, pointing to a basket of potatoes in the corner of the room, assured us, that excepting a sheep's-head among them all, they had tasted since Sunday week nothing but potatoes and bread.

We admit this sad picture to be an extreme case; yet, in every country it is unavoidably necessary that the independent (and honest) labourer, who, besides himself, has a large family to support, must, to a certain degree,

be poorly fed; but, on that account, he need not sink in his own estimation, he ought not to be allowed to sink in the estimation of the world. If, however, the pauper be unjustly elevated many degrees above this man, the latter becomes in fact relatively degraded; and he will not feel this the less, although it may be declared by all the political economists in Europe that he has been left untouched and absolutely at rest.

Now, supposing a large body of labourers, subsisting principally on bread, potatoes, and water, should, in going to their work, stop for a moment to read the following proclamation, which we lately tore from the walls of one of the Kentish workhouses, we only ask, what effect would it naturally produce?—

"*Conditions of Contracts.*

"1. The contractors to furnish *warm*, *wholesome*, *sweet*, *clean*, *comfortable* beds, bedding, blankets, and sheets, and *good*, sufficient shoes, hats, bonnets, caps, and wearing apparel of all kinds, as well linen as woollen; two things of each sort for every poor person admitted into the workhouse, suitable to their age and sex.

"2. The contractors to provide as many *servants* as shall be necessary for cooking and *serving* up the victuals; for washing, cleaning, and keeping in order the workhouses and premises, and the poor therein, and *attending on them* when necessary.

"3. The contractors to provide and supply *good*, *sweet*, *wholesome*, *fat* meat, and other articles of diet, in sufficient quantities for the consumption of the poor. The meat to consist of *good fat* beef, leg-of-mutton pieces, and chucks of *good* ox-beef, and *good* wether mutton.

"4. The beer to be *good sound* small beer.

"5. The flour to be the *best* household flour.

"6. The bread to be the *best* second wheaten bread.

"7. The cheese to be *good* Gloucester cheese.

"8. The butter to be *good* and *clean*.

"9. All the other articles to be *good* in their respective kinds.

"10. No pork is to be given to the paupers (!), and no salt meat, only such as shall have been salted to preserve it from spoiling, and which shall be dressed within four days from the time of salting."

But lest the pauper, becoming tired of this homely fare, should threaten to quit the poorhouse, the contractor is occasionally to furnish a nice little variety for him, as follows:—

"For every poor person, the following, instead of the usual dinner allowance, shall be provided, viz.:—

"11. On Christmas-day, fourteen ounces, before cooked, of *good* baked beef with vegetables, one pint of *strong* beer, and one pound of plum-pudding.

"12. On two days, in the summer, six ounces of bacon with green peas.

"15. On two other days, six ounces of bacon with beans.

"16. On four other days, *good* mackerel.

"17. On four other days, *good* fresh herrings.

"18. On six other days, *good* salt-fish instead of meat.

"19. The pea-soup to be made according to the following receipt; and the Assistant Overseer to see that the stipulated ingredients are all put in."

Here follow the weights of the ingredients of this national *soupe maigre*, which is to be made merely of "beef, peas, potatoes, leeks, onions, and *Scotch* barley."

"19. The contractors to provide firing for warming, and candles for lighting the rooms of the workhouse, and *good* coal fires in the general room, from the 1st of October until the 1st of May; and during the time when fires are not stipulated, to keep *good* coal fires in fourteen rooms, at the usual hour, in the morning and evening, for the paupers to boil the water in their tea-kettles."

There are about fourteen or fifteen other clauses in this curious contract, which relate to minor luxuries scarcely worth attention, such as—"22. The contractors to have the paupers' hair cut once in six weeks;" and "23. The contractors to PROVIDE WIGS for such as wear them or require them." ! ! !

A desire to pull down the *aristocracy* of a country proceeds only from jealousy ignorant of human nature; for almost every one who has ever lived among republics (particularly among those of the New World) has been sufficiently convinced that a spit-on-the-carpet equality is very far from desirable; still many may honestly fancy that it might be a blessing; but to disorganize society by reversing our system—by elevating the pauper above the labourer, is a pot-bellied philanthropy which one cannot sufficiently despise. Of all seductions it is the nastiest, for it is the swinish government of the belly. We read of luxury and effeminacy having created national imbecility and premature decay; but there is no other instance on record of a wealthy country, in rude health, bursting its social band by such false principles of arrant gluttony.

How can we possibly conceive that the lower orders of

this country will stand against the storm? How can we expect that they will be foolish enough, *mad enough*, to gain their bread by the sweat of their brow, so long as we publicly notify to them, that there is roast-beef and plum-pudding, bacon and beans, green peas and mackerel, strong beer, fresh herrings, and warm wigs, for those who will cowardly fly from their work? What authority can a parochial officer, the Assistant Overseer, have in their eyes, when they find that he is ordered to mix their soup, and to take special care that the Scotch barley, the leeks, the beef, and the onions, are duly congregated?

It happened that when we visited the poorhouse of Canterbury, which is conducted under a proclamation very similar to that we have just quoted, we witnessed a scene worth relating. The city is composed of fourteen united parishes, each of which furnishes two citizen-Guardians. The government of the poor belongs also to the mayor and corporation, who are, generally speaking, liberal, well-educated men; but as the citizen Guardians outvote them, they have long agreed to absent themselves from the workhouse court. The vulgar pride of this "court" is to stuff the lusty pauper at the expense of the lean ratepayer; and on the day of our visiting their workhouse we found that little puddle in a storm. The contractor had happened to furnish a batch of bread, nutritive, wholesome, and, to any hungry man, most excellent, but a shade darker than was deemed fit for a pauper. We will not say how much softer it was than ship-biscuit, or how very many degrees whiter it was than the bread we have eaten with the Russian and Prussian

armies; we will merely observe, it was considerably whiter than the "*brown tommy*" of our own soldiers, or than that species of luxury known in our fashionable world by the enticing appellation of brown bread. The Canterbury Guardians, however, had declared it to be unfit for *paupers*, and the Governor had consequently been obliged to furnish them with white bread from one of the bakers of the town. The Assistant Commissioner, happening to be hungry, not only greedily ate of this rejected bread, but respectfully forwarded a loaf of it to the Poor-Law Board, who probably requested Mr. Chadwick to digest it and report thereon. The contractor, however, having the whole batch on his hands, and from pride not choosing publicly to dispose of it, ordered it to be given to his pigs. On proceeding to the styes, we found these sensible animals literally gorged with it. All but one were lying on their sides in the straw, grunting in dreams of plethoric ecstasy: a large, hungry, piebald hog had just received his share, and as, looking at the Poor-Law Commissioner, he stood crunching and munching this nice bread, there was something so irresistibly comic in his eye, something so sarcastic and satirical, something in its twinkle that seemed to say, *De gustibus non est disputandum!*—"*Citizen Guardians for ever, and down with the New Poor-Law Amendment Act!*"—that the contractor himself was seen to smile,—

> "And the Devil he smiled, for it put him in mind
> Of England's commercial prosperity!"

The general effects produced by this ignorant system may be sufficiently explained by a very few instances.

Mr. Curling, the governor of Margate workhouse, declared in our hearing,—

"I am an eye-witness that, by over-feeding the pauper, we have made the labouring classes discontented."

He added,—

"During the fashionable season at Margate, the donkey-drivers, the fly drivers, and hundreds who are employed by the London ladies, generally receive 24*s.* a week, but it is all spent in beer, there is no prudence, nothing saved; for the cant phrase among them is, *We have always the Mansion house to go to.*"

We may observe that the cost of 204 in-door paupers at Margate has amounted to about £2000 a year. An overseer near Canterbury told us that a young man had for nearly a year been receiving 1*s.* 6*d.* a week from the parish, every Friday;—that he always spent this money in hiring a gun to shoot with on Sunday; and that, whenever he received his money, he returned laughing with it in his hand to his fellow-workmen, saying, with much less elegance than truth, "What a set of d d fools they are!" Mr. John Davies, the overseer of St. Peter's, at Sandwich, said,—

"They only wants to thrust themselves into the workus, to get a bellyfull of good victuals, and do nothing, *but I won't let 'em!*"

It will sound incredible that the overseers themselves, as well as the governors of the workhouses, are perfectly sensible of the vice of this shocking system; but that such is the case the following extracts from certificates, addressed to the Assistant Commissioner by several of

the most respectable of the governors, etc., on the 9th of February last, will clearly show :—

"Having been Governor of the poorhouse of this parish, and also clerk to the Guardians, for fourteen years, I have had an opportunity of witnessing that the paupers in this house live a great deal better than many who are tradespeople, and who help to support them ; and I am certain of the fact, that many of the independent labourers do not get meat once a week. The boatmen of this place, at present, are in a very distressed situation ; and I think it is very often the case that they have no meat in the course of the week.

"(Signed) A. B."

"I have been Guardian of this parish for seven years, and I am quite sure the paupers in the workhouse live better than one-third of the ratepayers of this parish ; and I have very frequently said to parishioners, the people of our house live much too well, and that they are better off than half the inhabitants ; but the reply was, 'That is no business of yours.' "(Signed) C. D."

"Having filled the situation of Governor these fourteen years past, as also superintendent of the unemployed poor, I am sure, from the experience that I have had of witnessing much of the distress of the industrious ratepayer, that he cannot in any degree live equal, nor have those comforts, the poor in our workhouse have ; which I have frequently stated to our board of officers, but the reply has been, 'If the parishioners are satisfied, what need you trouble yourself about it ?' "(Signed) E. F."

"I think that not one-half of the ratepayers of our parish live as well as the poor in the house ; and none of our outpoor live so well as the in-poor. I have often expressed this opinion in committee.

"(Signed) G. H."

"I really believe that many of the poor ratepayers do not live better, or have meat so often in their family, as the people in the poorhouse, as I have been frequently given to understand by the different collectors of the poor's rates; and am sure that, out of the five hundred boatmen, none of them live so well as the people in our workhouse, and very few of the boatmen get meat at all.

"(Signed) K. L."

But, if these letters do not, the Kentish fires throw quite light enough on the effects of this system. In no region it has been our fortune to visit have we ever seen a peasantry so completely disorganized. In no enemy's country that we have seen, have we ever encountered the churlish demeanour which these men, as one meets them in their lanes, now assume. Perfectly uneducated,—neither mechanics, manufacturers, nor artisans,—in point of intellect little better than the horses they drive, they govern in a manner which is not very creditable to their superiors. Their system of robbing corn for their horses has, they believe, been almost sanctioned by custom into law; and as, with something like justice, they conceive they are entitled to be higher fed than the scale established for the pauper, nothing they *can* honestly gain can possibly be sufficient to make them contented. And yet the countenances of these country clods are strangely contrasted with their conduct. We would trust them with our life,—in no country in the world are there to be seen infants, boys, and lads of more prepossessing appearance,—honesty, simplicity, and courage adorn them; proving that they are

the descendants of those who were once complimented by the remark, that they were "non Angli, sed Angeli." Their women, like their hops, have ten thousand clinging, clasping, undulating, blooming beauties; and there seems to be no reason why, of their lovely native county, it should not still be said, "Ex his, qui Cantium incolunt longè sunt beatissimi." But it is not of their materials we complain, it is only of our own workmanship:—*our Poor-laws have ruined them!*

The curate of a Kentish village told us, that while he was that morning earnestly exhorting a poor family to abandon their depraved habits, the labourer rose from his chimney-corner, and told him, that "If he did not quit the cottage that moment, he would kick him out."

An association is at this moment forming among them to resist the Poor-Law Amendment Act, and, in fact, all other acts and deeds, as will appear by the following extract from a communication recently sent to London, by the rector, churchwardens, and overseers of Wittersham. After stating that "the unions are in the habit of holding their meetings very frequently at various places in this neighbourhood," they proceed to detail the following evidence, which a labourer had just given to his master:—

"He says, two men stand, one on each side of the door, with drawn swords in their hands: they that intend to be members are sworn in, blindfolded, to fight if they are wanted; and that two of the greatest men in London are at the head, and they send others into the country; and they say that they have enough men to crush all the rest *now*, if they like to do

it. The man says, that he expects, before a month's time, that nearly all the parish will have joined it, and what do not like to join, they intend to compel: no parish relief to be received by a member. The man says, that they intend that the King should have less, the parsons less, and the poor people more, to live on; and when I said that it was out of their power to make that alteration, he said he expected it would cause war. I asked the man if he thought they would take in any farmers as members of the Union; he said, they would not admit farmers into the room, for they were against farmers."

It is impossible to read the rustic *programme* of this hob-nailed Parliament without a sense of ridicule and disgust: but ought there not to be also a deeper feeling of our own responsibility, in having, by our sins of omission and commission, so largely contributed to the degradation of these uneducated and misguided men?

The Assistant Commissioner, having witnessed more of these scenes than we have time or inclination to detail, felt it his duty respectfully to address to the Poor-Law Commissioners a letter, from which we shall now make some extracts.

"During the inspection which I have made of one hundred and ninety-one parishes, I have very earnestly endeavoured to inform myself of the relative scale of diet between the pauper and the independent labourer; and the result of my own observations having been in every instance corroborated, without any hesitation, by the magistrates and parochial officers whose opinions I have asked, I feel that I have now sufficient authority to state to you, that as far as regards diet in this county, the following is a fact which cannot be denied:—

Poor is the diet of the pauper in the poorhouse;
Poorer is the diet of the small ratepayer;
Poorest is the diet of the independent labourer.

"In many instances I have found that the hard-working independent labourer (and even the small ratepayer) has great difficulty in getting sufficient food for the seventh day in the week, while at the workhouse (take that of Swanscombe and Stone for instance) the pauper who sits almost the whole day in indolence, scorching himself before a stove, receives—

Four hot meat meals per week,
Half-a-pound of butter per week,
One pound of bread per day,
Vegetables of various sorts, as much as he can eat,
One pint of beer per day,
Pudding on Sundays.

"So far therefore as diet is concerned, the independent labourer, as well as the small ratepayer, exist with the pauper *above* them, instead of *below* them; and although a sense of honest pride induces them still to cling to their independent station, yet the double error of such a vicious system is—

"1st. That it encourages the labourer to become a pauper; and,

"2dly. That it discourages the pauper from becoming an independent labourer.

"I feel confident that the parish officers, as well as the magistrates, in all directions, would, if called upon, fully corroborate the foregoing statement, many of them having declared to me, that though their parish pays an annual subscription to a Union, or receiving poorhouse, yet they are afraid to send any labourers out of work there; the reason being, that the able-bodied paupers are fed so well in the workhouse, that if once labourers are sent there, they won't leave it.

"It will, I am sure, be evident to you, that were we to be totally regardless of the enormous expense of this system, yet, so long as it is permitted to exist, so long must the scale remain disorganized—so long will the number of paupers increase—the number of independent labourers diminish,—until the fabric of our society, like a cone resting on its apex instead

of its base, shall fall to the ground. But the remedy is, fortunately, as simple as the disorder is complicated; for, without interfering with the independent labourer or the small rate-payer, if we will but resolutely place the pauper *below* him, instead of allowing him to exist *above* him, he can thus only rise by gaining his own independence, while the independent labourer will no longer have an inducement to rise by becoming a pauper.

"Having had occasion, last week, to speak separately to the overseers of sixteen parishes, I took the opportunity of putting to them the following question; to which every individual, without hearing what others had said, replied without hesitation as follows:

"*Q.* Supposing the pauper were henceforward to receive porridge for breakfast, bread and cheese or potatoes for dinner, and porridge for supper, do you consider he would, on such a diet, be as well off as independent labourers with large families?

"*A.* Yes; *he would be better off.*

"My own observation enables me most deliberately to concur in the above evidence; and seeing the mischievous effects as well as the injustice of such a system, I feel it my duty respectfully to recommend that public notice should as early as possible be given in this county, that from and after - *say the* 1st of May next, the diet of the pauper in the workhouse should no longer be better than that of the independent labourer, and accordingly, that from the period stated it should consist of bread, porridge, cheese, and vegetables, with an allowance of meat only for people of above fifty-five years of age, or for such paupers as the medical attendant may recommend it.

"If what are commonly called the '*poor*' were really the *poorest* members of society, I feel confident that this county would strongly oppose the slightest reduction in their diet; but I have found the magistrates, farmers, and especially the

yeomen of Kent, so sensible of the vice of the present system, that I am confident they entertain the manly feeling that it is false benevolence to disorganize society by forcibly obliging the small ratepayer to feed the pauper better than himself; and that it is injustice, and not charity, to raise men living in idleness and dependence above the labourer who is maintaining his independence by the sweat of his brow.

"In most of the towns in this county (people there not being aware of what is passing in the country) I have observed that public charity has ignorantly bestowed its affections on 'the poor' instead of on 'the *poorer*' and on 'the *poorest*' members of society; and accordingly, in such towns I hear great sympathy everywhere expressed for the pauper—very little for the independent labourer—and none at all for the small ratepayer, although, as I have already stated, the two latter classes are actually subsisting on less food than the idle inhabitant of the poorhouse. By this class of townspeople considerable clamour would consequently be raised; but with so just and honest an object in view, such opposition, I conceive, need not be feared; particularly as it would cease as soon as the beneficial effects of the adjustment should have proved the reasons for which it had been ordered.

"With respect to the formation of large Unions, you are aware that I am still prosecuting that object; at the same time it must be evident that no possible arrangement of bricks and mortar can possibly cure the evil of the late administration of the Poor laws, so long as you shall allow the dietary of the pauper to be superior to that of the small ratepayer and labourer. "(Signed) F. H. Head."

The simple act of lowering the diet of the poorhouse to at least the level of the independent labourer's fare, would, we believe, without any other assistance, be sufficient, placidly, to correct almost every disorder to which

our late Poor-law system has subjected us; for as soon as the poorhouse shall cease to be attractive, the whole of the physical as well as moral machinery for repelling applicants must at once become useless lumber; and if a healthy reluctance can only be created among the indolent (never mind whether it proceeds from the dictates of their heads or stomachs) to enter the parish gates, it must unavoidably follow (action and reaction being equal and contrary) that a manly desire to support themselves will instantly burst into being. Again, if the robust, well-disposed peasant does not like poorhouse fare for himself, neither will he like it for his aged mother; and he will consequently prefer the pleasure of labouring for her support, to the drunken enjoyment of Government beer-shops.

As soon as workhouse life shall become *per se* wholesomely repulsive, the rude, amorous ploughman will pause a little before he contracts a marriage which must, ere long, make him its inmate; whereas, if (as in the Old System) his parish insists on offering him, not only the blooming girl of his heart, but heavy lumps of savoury food, the warm bribe, like the bride, must be irresistible. As soon as we shall have fortitude enough to make workhouse diet "*low*" instead of *high*, not only will the labouring classes find a hundred excuses and ingenious expedients for not coming into "the mansion," but even among its inmates there will be invented similar excuses and similar expedients for quitting it; no one will come, no one will remain, if he can possibly help it. Society will thus be restored to a healthy state; in short,

we appeal to every man of common sense,—we go still higher—we ask, is there a philosopher or a mathematician in existence who can deny the pure truth of the two following axioms:—1st, That in the creation of every *sensible* Poor-law system, the workhouse ought to possess a centrifugal, and not a centripetal, influence; 2nd, That in every country under the sun, if x denote the situation of the independent labourer, x minus 1, and not x plus 1, ought to be the condition of the pauper; and that the only legitimate mode of bettering him is by raising the value of x? Simple as these truths are, yet we have violated them both. We have made all our workhouses centripetal instead of centrifugal; we have raised the condition of the pauper, not only to $x+1$, but in many cases to $x+21$; and we seriously ask, has not the punishment of our offence gradually become an annual fine, in the form of poor-rates, of more than seven millions?

"But," exclaimed a Metropolitan orator the other day, his hand constantly striking his stomach (probably mistaking it for his heart), "*shall it be said, Gentlemen, that we feed our paupers on coarse food? God forbid! Is the cruel triumvirate of Somerset House to determine the minimum on which our trembling nature can subsist? God forbid!*"

We would ask the defenders (and, legion-like, they are many) of these pug-nosed principles, whether it ever occurred to them, instead of speechifying, to *relieve* the poor,—by which expression we mean the industrious and hard-working poor,—for in such a charity they, as well as all of us, might most beneficently combine? Will

they enter into a subscription for raising the condition of the independent labourer? Oh no! on the contrary, they drive their bargains with *him*, if it be merely for digging a sooty garden eighteen feet by seven, as hard as they are able. "What has a peasant's family to do," they exclaim, "with the price of fowls, eggs, butter, pork, or anything else that he brings to market from his cottage or his stye?" But if they have to deal with the *pauper* instead of the labourer,—if the parish purse, and not the orator's, be doomed to pay,—if parish contracts are to be increased in proportion to the demands on parish charity, then it is manfully argued in the vestry,—"*Gentlemen, as Britons, let us be liberal; as Englishmen, let us be profuse! Shall it be otherwise? God forbid!*" Of all the loathsome vices that disgrace our nature, none appear more odious and repulsive than when they dare to assume the mask of a virtue; and, contrasted with such gouty charity and such self-interested philanthropy as this, how simply beautiful do those words of truth and religious benevolence sound to us, which sternly declare, "For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat;" again, "The industrious eateth to the satisfaction of his appetite, but the belly of the sluggard shall want;" and again, "The sluggard will not plough because it is cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing."

NIGGERFUL JOHN.

In one of the visits we made to a very large poor-house in East Kent, we particularly remarked, among the motley group that surrounded us, a tall, slender boy of about fourteen, whose eccentric history having just flitted across our memory, we shall place it here as an episode.

Some fifteen years ago, there entered the family of a wealthy individual, a young, industrious, Hebe-looking Kentish girl, who embarked in life in the menial capacity of a housemaid. Her tables shone; her stairs grew cleaner and cleaner; not a spider could exist in her dominions; nothing complained of her but mops and soap. Some praised her for one excellence, some for another; but all agreed that so charming a complexion had never been seen; it was a mixture, infusion, or suffusion of red roses and white ones, the colours of which seemed always on the move. The slightest fear made her look pale; the smallest joy turned her all red; and as she was either frightened or delighted at everything she saw, her changes were as beautiful and as evanescent as those in the dying dolphin. With all these blooming flowers at her command, it seemed natural enough that a steady gardening-man in the neighbourhood should *ex officio* fall in love with her; and after a long, tedious, protracted courtship, the happy day of their marriage arrived. Her dumpy fellow-servant, the cook, clumsily danced at the wedding; while the great black footman, his arms flying round his head, was seen capering beside her like a mad scaramouch. Poor degraded wretch! in

spite of his colour, he belonged to an affectionate race, and was not the less a man because his eyes were yellow, his nose flat, his mouth broad, his skin coarse as an elephant's, and because his arms and legs seemed made of whalebone.

In a certain number of months—we regret to say that the tail of the figure happened to point upwards instead of downwards—(it was perhaps better it should do so than have no tail at all)—the wife was suddenly but safely delivered of a child, which the fond gardener hastened to caress the instant he heard its faint cry. It was, of course, duly presented to him; but when the blanket was unfolded,—"*Angels and ministers of grace defend us!*"—HIS BABY WAS A BLACK ONE! The phenomenon was inexplicable. A hundred times had the gardener grafted white roses on red ones, and yellow ones on pink ones, but never before had he heard of any of his trade succeeding in making the lovely flower black!

For five years the child lived with its parents, and prospered. The honest gardener loved it; he laboured for its support; on returning from his work, he longed to hear its cheerful voice; . . . and yet . . . there was a bilious look about its eyes; it had an elastic trick of throwing about its arms; there was something so cold and clammy in its skin; at times it felt so like a toad, that the father himself began to croak!

Time would probably have mellowed these hoarse notes, but his fellow-labourers incessantly tormented him, until the man at last, in a state almost of frenzy, appeared before the vestry to declare that, unless the parish would

accept the child, he would fly to America, leaving it and its mother behind him, for that to live with it any longer he could not! The parish Guardians, for some time, attempted by reasoning to repel the expense; but no sooner did they make use of the blooming mother's own simple argument, namely, that just a week before her confinement she had unfortunately been frightened, dreadfully frightened by a black man, than the gardener started forwards, dashed the cap from the head of the boy, and loudly exclaimed, "Look here, Gentlemen, do you mean to say that fear could turn hair into *wool?*" The appeal was unanswerable. The parish officers at once received the child, and for nine years they have very kindly supported it, under the name of 'Niggerful John.'

THE SEPARATION OF MAN AND WIFE.

In several of the poorhouses of East Kent, the separation of man and wife has, without any disturbance, long been carried into effect; but wherever the rule had not been established, the Commissioner was sturdily assailed by people of education, as well as of no education, who, with considerable ability, opposed the unpopular arguments by which he resolutely insisted on its necessity. The following is a specimen of the doctrines on both sides; in fact, it is a long-winded argument on the subject, between a young, ruddy, healthy Kentish labourer, and the emaciated representative of the Poor-Law Amendment Act:—

"*Labourer.* Sir, I am out of work. I appear before you to beg relief.

Assistant Commissioner. In the course of the last six months, how much money, which might have been saved, have you spent in gin or beer-shops?

Lab.—I decline to answer that question. I have now neither money nor work; I therefore, Sir, respectfully demand relief.

As. Com.—What relief do you require?

Lab.—Food, clothes, lodging, and firing.

As. Com.—They shall be immediately granted to you. Are you satisfied?

Lab.—No, Sir; for I have also a wife, who is as destitute myself.

As. Com.—At what age did you marry?

Lab.—I married at eighteen.

As. Com.—What age was your wife when you married her?

Lab.—She was just seventeen.

As. Com.—At the time you married her, had you the means of providing for her, in case you should, for a short period, be (as you now are) thrown out of work, or forced for a time to work for wages only sufficient to support yourself?

Lab.—I decline answering that question: we are now both destitute. Besides relief for myself, I demand it also for her.

As. Com.—What relief do you require for her?

Lab.—Food, clothes, lodging, and firing.

As. Com.—They shall be immediately granted to you both. Are you satisfied?

Lab.—No, Sir; for I have five young children, who are as destitute as ourselves.

As. Com.—Previous to your marriage, did you ever calculate whether or not you had the means of providing for such a young family?

Lab.—I decline to answer that question; it has nothing to do with my present case. We are all destitute; we are therefore, I conceive, legally entitled to relief.

As. Com.—Are you aware that the relief you require can only be afforded you by a rate, which must be levied on the industrious classes of society? Are you aware that, if your petition be granted, the independent labourer of your own parish must be obliged to give up a portion of his hard earnings; in fact, that he must work a certain period every day to support you? Do you think this just towards him?

Lab.—I decline answering any of these questions; but respectfully demand food, clothes, lodging, and firing for myself, my wife, and my five young children.

As. Com.—They shall immediately be granted to you all: are you satisfied?

Lab.—No, Sir; I require moreover that I should be permitted to continue to sleep with my wife.

As. Com.—On what grounds do you make this additional request?

Lab.—Because it is written, "Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder."

As. Com.—Have you any other reason?

Lab.—No, Sir. I consider, that in a Christian country, that argument is unanswerable.

As. Com.—It is my painful duty most deliberately to refuse your request.

Lab.—Why, Sir?

As. Com.—I might, I conceive—quite as fairly as you have done—decline to answer that question; but I prefer explaining to you, my friend, calmly and rationally, the grounds of a decision which, I repeat to you, is a painful one. The sentence of Holy Scripture, which you have very correctly quoted, only alludes to divorce; it does not bear the interpretation you have given to it,—namely, that a man, under all circumstances, is to sleep with his wife every night of his life; for, were that to be the case, it would be wicked, "in a Christian country," to imprison or transport a criminal without also imprisoning or transporting his wife.

Lab.—Sir, I am not a criminal; misfortune is not guilt.

As. Com.—Your observation is perfectly just, but as an argument, it is false; for you did not demand permission to sleep with your wife because you had been sober, because you had been careful, because you had been provident, but, properly enough, declining on these points to prove your own character, you claimed the right as one generally belonging to all men by Scripture law; and you must surely see that you deserted your own argument, when you flew away from Scripture to your private character. On which of these two foundations are you disposed to continue to support your argument? There is surely no violation of Scripture in offering food, clothes, lodging, and firing to yourself, to your wife, and to your children! Permit me also to add, that in trying to prove to you that your quotation did not bear the general interpretation you have given to it, it was not my intention to class you among criminals. I only mentioned their case, to show you that your own argument (namely, that because you and your wife had been married, you could not, by any human law, be put asunder) was false.

Lab.—Well then, Sir, I demand it on the score of humanity. It is possible I may have been thoughtless, but it is certain I am now unfortunate.

As. Com.—And in terms of humanity and reason I will reply to you. If you will observe and reflect for a moment on the artificial state of our society, you will see not only that a large proportion of men, from the highest down to the lowest, are occasionally separated from their wives; but that, if what you demand almost as a right, were even as a rule to be inflicted on society, it would be impossible for the business of this country to be carried on. Members of both houses of Parliament, noblemen as well gentlemen, who have estates and business in various counties,—all people employed by Government in missions at home and abroad, with their secretaries

and attendants—carriers of despatches, commercial men, commercial travellers, bag-men, and even Assistant Commissioners of the Poor-Laws, are all obliged occasionally to quit their families for a longer or shorter time. Respectable servants, who have married, are, generally speaking, rarely enabled to spend all their nights at home. On foreign service, officers as well as soldiers are not only completely separated from their families, but they often embark cheerfully for climates and for dangers which render it very probable they will never return. In his Majesty's navy, not even the officers are allowed to sail with their wives. The best seafaring men are, I am sorry to say, after long voyages, forcibly torn from their wives; and it is a fact which, if you are reasonable, you cannot deny, that there is no class of people in England, who, generally speaking, more enjoy the uninterrupted blessings of living in their own climate with their families than the very labouring class to which you belong. Supposing, therefore, that any new law, incomprehensible to the peasantry, were to have the effect of obliging a small proportion of them to be separated for a short period from their wives, do you conceive that they could reasonably complain of it, seeing that it is an imposition which is fairly levied on all other classes?

Lab. But there sounds something like a reason for the separation from their families of all those you have mentioned; but I am not a soldier, I am not a Member of Parliament—I only wish I was,—and I ask, what necessity is there, Sir, for separating me from Elizabeth?

As. Com.—I will tell you. If you were able to provide for Elizabeth; if (to say nothing of beer-shops) you were able to provide for the children you *already* possess, no person would have any disposition, indeed there exists nowhere any power, to separate you; and believe me, that the Poor Law Amendment Act is framed to cheer, reward, and elevate the independent labourer; but you must remember, it has been already

settled between us, that you, Elizabeth, and your five children are to be supported by the sweat of other men's brows; and you must therefore keep in mind, that while you are thus supported, there must be some firm engine at work to make you all anxious to relieve the hard-working, independent labourer from the heavy tax you are imposing upon him; and if you admit that a portion of the labouring classes might fairly, like other people, be occasionally for a short period separated from their wives, do you not think it reasonable that those should be especially selected who come forward, of their own accord, to declare that they are unable to provide for their said wives, and that they must consequently be supported by others? Can you be dependent and independent at the same time? For the welfare of society, is there to be no difference between the domestic happiness of the one state and that of the other?

Lab.—Well, then, Sir, am I to understand that I and my wife are to be separated from each other merely to punish us because we are poor? Have you ever, Sir, known what it is to want food yourself?

As. Com.—Perhaps I have; but that can have nothing to do with your case; for I repeat to you, that you, your wife, and your five children, are to have not only food, but fire, clothes, and lodging, at the expense of others. But while the Poor-Laws of England are thus generous to you, they must also be just to those who are forcibly obliged to support you; and therefore, while we relieve you, it is our duty, at the same time, to satisfy them that there exists a coercion of some sort to induce you to relieve them from poor-rates, which, you must know, amount to twelve, eighteen, twenty, and, in some cases, even to twenty-five shillings in the pound. But, my friend, the stern justice of acting towards you on this principle is not the only thing that we and you too ought to bear in mind. Instead of building huge Union Workhouses, we are going, in East Kent, economically to avail ourselves of

those which already exist. The rooms of our old house are generally large, and to give one of these immense apartments to every pauper and his wife would, you must admit, be perfectly impossible. Supposing we were, therefore, to allow you to choose for yourself, you could only continue with your wife by an arrangement which has been very common in the old workhouses; that is to say, by dividing your bed by a blanket from the beds of ten or twelve other lusty labourers, who are as uxorious, which means that they are as fond of their wives, as you are. Now if you value, as I am sure you do very highly, Elizabeth's modesty, I ask you, my friend, whether you ought even to consent to such a disgusting arrangement? Whatever may be her poverty, do you think it advisable that she should be introduced to a scene, such as among savages would scarcely be tolerated? Do you think it proper for your little children to be contaminated by such an existence? And lastly, leaving your own feelings out of the question, do you think that *any* Poor-Law *Amendment* Act could honestly consent to sanction an arrangement which, you must know, has long long tended to demoralise the poor? Even supposing that an immense new poorhouse was to be built, composed of innumerable little cells, suited to the various sizes of different families, do you think it would be possible to congregate two or three hundred men, women, boys, girls, and infants, without creating wickedness of every sort? Supposing that, in consequence of having taken a few nights' refuge in such a den, an honest peasant should lose for ever the affections of his wife,—or, for the remainder of his life, have occasion to look with shame upon his daughter,—do you not think he would pay very dearly for the poisonous relief which his country, under the mask of charity, had insidiously administered to him? Is it not much better for the poor themselves, and much wiser in the government under which they live, that the inmates of every poorhouse should be judiciously and

sensibly classified, so as to ensure that misfortune be not productive of guilt? Ought they not to be restored to independence at least as virtuous as when, for a moment, they became dependent? But to return to your own case. You are young, healthy, and you seem to be an honest man. Your desire to continue with your wife certainly is no discredit to your character; but you have been guilty of imprudence. In a moment of sunshine you embarked in marriage; the storm has now come upon you; you seek for a harbour, not with the intention of anchoring there all your life, but only until the blue sky shall again appear. Take the harbour therefore as it is; enter it without abusing its regulations; and be thankful for the security it offers to you and to your cargo. Remember that without it you would have foundered; and should its calm monotony induce you to determine never again to be caught flying before the storm; and should it instil into the minds of your little children, that by caution, sobriety, thoughtfulness, and by ever keeping a good look-out ahead, they also may avoid these harbour dues, depend upon it you will never regret the sound moral it has taught you.

Lab.—Sir, I am not satisfied yet. If you do not allow me to sleep with Elizabeth, I will appeal to the public.

Ass. Com.—You will do quite right. It will support you and as loudly revile me; but, my friend, I clearly see my duty, and, until I am ordered to abandon it, that duty shall be performed. I deliberately refuse your request."

In the country villages, the advocates for rewarding improvidence were not all quite as eloquent as the honest labourer whose claim has just been dismissed. "Poor folk," said one great lumbering yeoman, "have as much right to bread as the rich, and that they never can have till every man has land enough to keep a cow! How is a poor man, let me ax, to keep a wife and eight children

on his wages?" "But," it was replied, "why does he marry and get eight children, without any likely means of supporting them?" "Why do folk *marry?* you maught as well ax why they do catch the smallpox, or aught of that! Nay, Zur, that's a matter o' God's own ordering, and man can't mend it. His very first command was 'Increase and multiply,' and there's *nao gooing agin it!*"

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

By far the most difficult task the Assistant Commissioner had to perform was to reply to those who inveighed against the cruelty of (we must unavoidably call it by its name) the Bastardy Clause of the Poor-Law Amendment Act. Indeed he scarcely met with one advocate in its favour. The Kentish ladies were all silently against it; but their lords, particularly after dinner, were loud in deprecating its harshness, and insisting on the necessity of its abrogation. Some especially pitied the poor women, some the poor children; but all abused the Law, and many its Assistant Commissioner.

For the sake of both, we will therefore allow him to say a few words on the subject; and as the clause is decidedly, to say the least of it, one of apparent severity, we shall, we hope, be excused if we permit him to preface his arguments by wandering, for a moment, beyond the boundaries of East Kent.

He says in his note-book now before us, "The merest

sketch of the History of the London Foundling Hospital, established by Royal Charter in the year 1739, shows very remarkably that charitable error, like the acorn, is easily planted, but before it has attained a century's growth, how difficult it is to grub it up! What was established as a *foundling-hospital*, now no longer dares to call itself an *hospital for foundlings*. Still it exists; still its 'fifty-four governors,' its 'six vice-presidents,' its 'treasurer,' and its 'secretary,' like Dervishes in their dance, pompously bow to each other; still the 'organist' plays his tunes; still the 'chaplain,' 'readers,' and 'preachers' go through their services; still the 'clerk' mutters his Amen; still the 'vergers' wear their gowns; still the 'building committee,' the 'sub-committee,' the 'house-committee,' gravely perform their inexplicable functions; still (*vide* the printed Report of the Hospital) 'Miss Bellchambers, Miss Lloyd, Mr. Goulden, Mr. Pyne, Mr. Atkins,' etc., form 'the choir;' still they chant, with glee and harmony, appropriate melodies, all set to the tune of '£42 per annum;' still the 'house-apothecary' mixes his drugs; still the 'storekeeper' arranges his cheques. In this small creation, 'the medical officers, steward, matron, porter, watchman, master of the boys, gardener, messenger, tailor, two cooks, laundress, housemaids, nurses of the wards, mistresses of the girls, and gown-maker,' are still seen mathematically moving in their respective orbits.

"Between an institution and the house, be that barn or palace which contains it, there exists this important difference, namely, that the former can live long after

it has nothing whatever to rest on; whereas, so soon as you destroy the foundation of the latter, down it honestly falls prostrate on the ground. If that splendid building, curiously called 'the Foundling Hospital,' because it now refuses to receive foundlings, and does not contain them, had had its basis only half as much exploded as the fallacy of the institution has already been exposed, the fifty-four governors, in their respective committees, would have been seen mournfully wandering together about our streets, like Christmas gardeners following a frozen cabbage; but the vitality of error is like that of the snake, and though you cut it into pieces, still it lives!

"Now that experience has sternly taught us the practical results of a public receptacle for fatherless and motherless children, it is curious to look back at the following solemn decision of the House of Commons, dated 6th April, 1730:—

"'Resolved, That the enabling the Hospital for the maintenance and education of exposed and deserted young children, to receive *all* the children that shall be offered, is the only method to render that charitable institution of lasting and general utility. . . . That to render the said Hospital of *lasting* and general utility, the assistance of Parliament is necessary. . . . That to render the said Hospital of general utility and effect, it should be enabled to appoint proper places in all counties, ridings, or divisions of this kingdom for the reception of *all* exposed and deserted young children.'

"On the House of Commons voting to the Hospital, as its first donation, the sum of ten thousand pounds, the gates of the charity were instantly thrown open; and on the 2nd of June, being the first day of general recep-

tion, one hundred and seventeen babies were handed in; and from this time to the 31st of December of the following year, a fruitful harvest of five thousand five hundred and ten little babies were safely gathered into our metropolitan barn, which, among its ornaments, still boasts of a grand picture painted by Willis, and inscribed with the 16th verse of the 18th chapter of Luke, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' The corporation, chuckling with delight, and encouraged by a Parliament which, with paternal pride, exultingly crowed at its own performances, extended its views the following year to distant counties; county hospitals were instantly established over the kingdom, while large rolls of county governors, county committees, etc. etc., were created for the management of these subordinate establishments.

"Like fiddle-strings in damp weather, apron-bands now began to snap in all directions, white tape and stay-laces rose in value, pap and candle bore a premium, babies' cauls were 'all the fashion.' In less however than three years the House of Commons saw its error, and manfully endeavoured to correct it, but the system could not at once be arrested; the little babies who, summoned by Parliament, had most innocently arrived, could not be put to death; those on the march could not easily be stopped; nevertheless, as quietly as possible, Parliament drew in the horns of its charity, by gradually withholding its support, but not until Old England had purchased sucking babies and experience at the enormous national cost of £450,000!

"The Foundling Hospital, deserted by the Legislature, suddenly changed its course, and, falling from the frying-pan into the fire, it adopted its present plan, which is even more hoodwinked than the first. Retaining its high-sounding name, it resolved that foundlings (the expressed objects of the charity) should no longer be accepted; and it gravely decreed that, as babies really ought to have mothers, so from henceforward from none but their avowed mothers should babies be received. All honest women are now denied admittance, on the ground that 'the design of the foundation was to hide the shame of the mothers;' but those who happen to have children without husbands are rigidly examined by the committee, and if they can succeed in showing that they are really guilty, a day is appointed on which they are doomed painfully to produce and abandon their offspring, to be re-christened, to be re-named, and, so long as they remain in the institution, never by their mothers to be seen again!

"We do not object to cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, or even through that of Suez, but to sever the connection between a mother and her child is a work of ingenuity, we humbly conceive, culpable exactly in proportion to its success. As no animal but man could invent such an arrangement, so no creature in existence but a wretched, fallen, lost woman could bear to assist, even under momentary anguish, in carrying it into effect. What would the tigress do if, even by a charter, one were to attempt to deprive her of her cub? Under what mask of charity could one approach the wolf, to ask her

for her young? What does the scream of the most timid bird mean when the urchin is robbing her of her nest? why, as he hurries homewards, does she hover round his thoughtless head? and why does she press daily against the iron cage that, hanging on the outside wall of a cottage, imprisons her chirping brood? But it seems that not only men, but grave associations of men, can devote themselves to degrade a poor woman's heart.

"As impressed with these feelings, we lately stood in the splendid square of this mistaken institution, we were politely informed by its secretary, that we had before our eyes one of the topmost feathers in the cap of the British nation; that its immediate object was to seek out young women who had been seduced, and by accepting their offspring, to give them what, with an air of triumph, he called a SECOND CHANCE!!! Now, if the subject were not almost too serious, it might excite a smile to reflect for a moment on the very comical mistakes into which we invariably fall whenever we presume to condemn and alter the wise arrangements of Nature. It would no doubt have been in her power to have bestowed upon all women this 'second chance;' she could moreover have granted to a lady's character as many lives as the cat is said to possess,—but for her own reasons she decreed it otherwise; her law is beneficently irrevocable,—no charter can erase it, no Act of Parliament has power to evade it.

"But let us consider how this 'second chance' system practically works. The young woman, after depositing her offspring and her secret, modestly retires to some distant county. That her maternal feelings must pursue

her no one can deny, but her beauty also she carries with her, and in due time she begins to observe that her sighs and her countenance are alike admired. In short, to end a tedious story, she at last finds herself at the altar, blushing obedience to some sober gentleman sentenced by charter to become initiated in this newfangled doctrine of the '*second chance*.' That such a trick in all countries has occasionally befallen very honest men is rather to be lamented by us than denied; but that in the great metropolis of England there should exist an incorporated association of fifty-four governors, an organist, a chaplain, three preachers, a building-committee, a sub-committee, six choristers, an apothecary, a matron, a tailor, two cooks, and a gownmaker, for the avowed purpose of inflicting upon us by wholesale, and by charter, these 'second chances,' indisputably proves that, at least in London, our notions of charity are as mystified as our climate."

THE BASTARDY CLAUSE.

By far the most angry arguments urged against the Poor-Law Amendment Act were, as we have stated, against its Bastardy clauses; and, as these arguments have all appealed to the sympathy of our nature, they have naturally enough been apparently triumphant. The Commissioners and our Assistant Commissioner however remain unshaken. "It is so much easier," writes the latter, "to excite the passions than convince the judgment; it is so much more popular to preach what is agreeable than what is right; to reward error than to

punish it, that it is not at all surprising that the chivalric weapons, which have flown from ten thousand scabbards to defend the weaker, the lovelier, and the better sex, should have ended the contest by possession of the field. But the army is not always beaten that retires, and troops before now have proclaimed themselves to be 'covered with glory,' little thinking that by the simple elements of nature they were sentenced very shortly to become wanderers, fugitives, and vagabonds! It has not only been argued, but preached; not only senators, but divines, have boisterously contended that, in cases of bastardy, to relieve the man from punishment, and to leave his unhappy victim to shame, infamy, and distress, is a law discreditable to our national character, impious, cruel, ungenerous, unmanly, and unjust. In some remarks published by a charitable association, it is beautifully stated by the Rev. T. Hewlett:—

"'Could we portray a mother's sufferings, what forms of agony should we not exhibit! At the time when the languor of the body and the growing anxiety of the mind powerfully claim, and in general receive, additional tenderness, she is obliged to endure the severest affliction that fear could imagine or unkindness produce. If she look forward into futurity, poverty and hunger pursue her, or, at least, her melancholy lot is daily to eat the bread of affliction, and to drink the tears of remorse.'"

We confess that we feel very deeply the force of these observations; at the same time it must be evident that we should have dreaded to have stated (we hope we may say so fairly) one side of the question, unless we felt convinced that there was something to be said on

the other. That the virtues of the weaker sex are the purest blessings which this world affords us,—that they were so intended to be by Nature,—and that, like all her works, they have not been created in vain, it is not even necessary to admit. From our cradle to our grave,—in our infancy, our boyhood,—our zenith and our decline, —rejoicing at our prosperity, ever smiling in our adversity, there is, we all know, a satellite attending our orbit which, like our shadow, never leaves us, and which too often becomes itself a shadow when we are gone; but as the satellite shines with borrowed lustre, so does the character of a woman much depend upon the conduct of him whose fate she follows; and if this be true, how deeply important it is for a nation to take especial care lest, by too much human legislation, it may (as ours has too often done) interfere with the wise arrangements of Nature, whose motto, with all her kindness, has ever been, *Nemo me impunè lacesset!*

Universally adored as woman is, yet it is an anomalous fact, which no one can deny, that in every climate under the sun man appears as her open, avowed enemy; indeed, strange as it may sound, the more he admires the treasure she possesses, the more anxious he is to deprive her of it.

> "The lovely toy, so keenly sought,
> Has lost its charms by being caught;
> And every touch that wooed its stay
> Has brushed its brightest hues away!"

Now, if this arrangement were totally incomprehensible to us, yet surely it would not be altogether discreditable,

were we to feel assured that the mysterious dispensation was benevolent and just.

We have already observed, that with all her kindness, the punishments by which Nature preserves her laws are irrevocably severe. Bestowing on us, with one hand, the enjoyment of health, with what severity does she, with the other, punish every intemperance which would destroy it! What human castigation, we beg leave to ask of some of our opponents, is equal to a fit of their gout? Compare a healthy peasant's cheeks with the livid countenance of a gin-drinker, and who can say that a magistrate's fine for drunkenness is as severe as hers? What admonition of a preacher is equal to the reproof of a guilty conscience? Although the sentence of death is what many of the meanest among us have fortitude enough in silence to endure, the first murderer's punishment was 'greater than he could bear!' and after all, what was this punishment but simply a voice, crying to him in the wilderness of his paradise, '*Cain! Cain! where is thy brother?*' If abstinence be necessary for the recovery of our health, can any physician enforce it like the fever which robs us of our appetite? Can the surgeon explain to the man who has broken a limb the necessity of rest, in order that the bone may knit, as sternly as the excruciating pain which punishes him if he moves it? Now, if in these cases it be admitted that Nature, though her lips be motionless, maintains our real welfare by a judicious system of rewards and punishments, surely it would follow that it is probable she would consistently pursue a similar course in

protecting female virtue, on which the happiness of all individuals, as well as of all nations, mainly depends. If she alone receives the reward which adorns its preservation, is it not a sensible argument that she should likewise be the sole sufferer for its loss? Would it be prudent to entrust it to any but her own keeping? Could any better arrangement be invented? In common affairs of life, do we not invariably act on the same principle? Have we not one officer to command our army in the field, on purpose to ensure a responsibility which would not practically exist, were it to be subdivided? But it is loudly argued, 'Nature is wrong: a woman ought not to be the sole guardian of her own honour; let us therefore make it, by English law, the joint-stock property of the sexes; let the man be punished for its loss as much as herself, and under this clever and superior arrangement, which will make it the interest of both parties to preserve the treasure, it will remain inviolate; depend upon it, no bankruptcy will take place!'

Well, this theory has long been reduced to practice, and what, we ask, has been the result? Have the lower orders, to whom it has been *exclusively* applied, become more or less moral than their superiors in station? Has the fear of punishment *had* its promised effect? Has it intimidated the enemy? Has it strengthened or ruined the fortress? Has it preserved the citadel? Is there now, as there used to be, but one seducer, or are there *two*? Has it become the interest of the woman, instead of opposing, to go over to the enemy? For consenting to do so, has not the law almost invariably rewarded her

with a husband? Has it not forcibly provided for her? Has not the oath it has extorted from her been frequently productive of perjury? Before the altar do the ceremonies of marriage, churching, and christening, respectfully follow each other at due intervals, or are they not now all jumbled together in a bag? Are the peasantry of England a more moral people in this respect than the Irish, among whom no Poor-laws exist? Has it not been indisputably proved that our domestic servants are, as to this matter, by far the most moral among our lower classes? and has not this been produced by our own unrelenting rule of turning them out of our houses,—in short, like Nature, abandoning those who misbehave? Has not that severity had a most beneficial effect? Can there be any harm in our acting nationally as we conscientiously act in our own homes?

If it should be impossible for the defenders of the old law, and the revilers of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, satisfactorily to answer these questions, surely it must follow that our theory, having been unsuccessful, is false; and standing before the world as we do, convicted of being incapable, on so delicate a subject, to legislate for ourselves, surely we ought, in penitence and submission, to fall back upon that simple law of Nature, which has most sensibly decreed that a woman, after all, is the best guardian of her own honour, and that the high rewards and severe punishments which naturally attend its preservation and its loss are the beneficent means of securing our happiness, and of maintaining the moral character of our country. That we have erred

from a mistaken theory of charity and benevolence—that we have demoralized society, kindly desirous to improve it—that in scrubbing our morality we never meant to destroy its polish—that, by our old bastardy laws, we nobly intended to protect pretty women, just as we once thought how kind it would be to nurse infants for them in our national baby-house, the Foundling Hospital, and just as we thought how benevolent it would be to raise the pauper above the independent labourer,—it is highly consoling to reflect; but the day of such follies has passed. This country has no longer the apology of youth and inexperience,—it is deeply stricken in years; age has brought with it experience, and, by experience most dearly purchased, it enacted, in the Poor-Law Amendment Bill, the clause to which so much obloquy has attached, but which, we humbly conceive, rests on a foundation that cannot now be undermined by the weak tools of mistaken sympathy, or reversed by explosions of popular clamour."

GEORGE PHILLPOTTS.

Having been assured by various classes of people, as well as convinced by documents, that the Deal boatmen were in a state almost of famine, we felt it our duty to look with considerable attention into their case. "*How they manage to live,*" said the overseer of the parish, "*God only knows!*" "*I can solemnly assure you they are starving,*" exclaimed one of the magistrates. "*It's them floating lights that Government has put on the*

Good'in Sands which has ruined 'em," observed a short, fat, puffy shopkeeper, a radical advocate for what he called the freedom of mankind. Finding that all people in different terms corroborated the same evidence, we strolled down to the beach, and endeavoured to get into conversation with the boatmen themselves; but from *them* we could not extract one word of complaint; yet their countenances told plainly enough what their tongues disdained to utter, that they were subsisting on low diet.

Dressed in blue jackets and trousers, they were sitting before their houses of call, loitering in groups on the beach, or leaning against the boats, while their tarred canvas clothing, apparently stiff enough to have walked alone, was hanging against the low clinker-built hovels which sheltered their best sails, oars, etc. from the weather. Excepting a wind-bound fleet, riding at anchor, with heads, like cavalry horses, all pointing the same way, there was not a vessel in sight, and their prospects, altogether, certainly did appear about as barren as the shingle under their feet. "I am afraid you are badly off nowadays, my men," we said to four able-looking seamen, who were chewing (instead of tobacco, which they would have liked much better) the end of reflection. We received no answer—not even a nod or a shake of the head. "*Quanto sono insensibili questi Inglesi!*" we muttered to ourselves.

Finding there was no wisdom in the multitude, we returned to the inn, and having previously learnt that George Phillpotts was one of the most respectable, most experienced, as well as most daring of the Deal boatmen,

we sent a messenger for him; and in about twenty minutes the door of our apartment opened, and in walked a short, clean-built, mild-looking old man, who, in a low tone of voice, very modestly observed that he had been informed we wished to speak with him.

At first we conceived that there must have been some mistake, for the man's face did not look as if it had ever seen danger: and there was a benevolence in it, as well as a want of animation in his small blue eyes, that appeared totally out of character with his calling. His thin white hair certainly showed that he had lived long enough to gain experience of some sort; but until he answered that his name *was* Phillpotts, we certainly did think that he was not our man.

"Well, George, what shall it be?" we said to him, pointing to a large empty tumbler on the table. He replied that he was much obliged, but that he never drank at all, unless it was a glass of grog or so about eleven o'clock in the morning; and, strange as it may sound, nothing that we could say could induce him to break through this odd arrangement. As the man sat perfectly at his ease, looking as if nothing could either elate or depress him, we had little difficulty in explaining to him what was our real object in wishing to know exactly how he and his comrades were faring. On our taking up a pencil to write down his answers, for a moment he paused; but the feeling, whatever it was, only dashed across his mind like the spray of a sea, and he afterwards cared no more for the piece of blacklead, than if it had been writing his epitaph.

In answer to our queries, he stated that he was sixty-one years of age, and had been on the water ever since he was ten years old. He had himself saved in his lifetime, off the Goodwin Sands, rather more than a hundred men and women; and on this subject, no sooner did he enter into details, than it was evident that his mind was rich in pride and self-satisfaction. Nothing could be more creditable to human nature, nothing less arrogant, than the manly animation with which he exultingly described the various sets of fellow-creatures, of all nations, he had saved from drowning. Yet on the *contra* side of his ledger he kept as faithfully recorded the concluding history of those whose vessels, it having been out of his power to approach, had foundered on the quicksands only a few fathoms from his eyes. In one instance, he said, that as the ship went down, they suddenly congregated on the forecastle like a swarm of bees; their shrieks, as they all together sank into eternity, seemed still to be sounding in his ears.

Once, after witnessing a scene of this sort, during a very heavy gale of wind, which had lasted three days, he stretched out to the southward, thinking that other vessels might be on the sands. As he was passing, at a great distance, a brig, which had foundered two days before, with all hands on board, its masts being however still above water, he suddenly observed and exclaimed that there was something "like lumps" on the foremast which seemed to move. He instantly bore down upon the wreck, and there found four sailors alive, lashed to the mast. With the greatest difficulty he

and his crew saved them all. Their thirst (and he had nothing in the boat to give them) was, he said, quite dreadful. There had been with them a fifth man, but "his heart had broken;" and his comrades, seeing this, had managed to unlash him, and he fell into the breakers.

In saving others, Phiilpotts had more than once lost one or two of his own crew; and in one case he explained, with a tear actually standing in the corner of each eye, that he had lately put a couple of them into a vessel in distress, which in less than ten minutes was on the sands. His men, as well as the whole crew, were drowned before his eyes, all disappearing close to him. By inconsiderately pushing forward to save his comrades, his boat got between two banks of sands, the wind blowing so strong upon them that it was utterly impossible to get back. For some time the three men who were with him insisted on trying to get out. "But," said Phillpotts, who was at the helm, "I told 'em, my lads, we're only prolonging our misery—the sooner it's over the better!" The sea was breaking higher than a ship's mast over both banks, but they had nothing left but to steer right at their enemy.

On approaching the bank, an immense wave to windward broke, and by the force of the tempest was carried completely above their heads; the sea itself seemed to pass over them, or rather, like Pharaoh, they were between two. "How we ever got over the bank," said Phillpotts, who, for the first time in his narrative, seemed lost, confused, and incapable of expressing him-

self, "I can tell no man!" After a considerable pause, he added, "It was just God Almighty that saved us, and I shall always think so."

On the surface of this globe, there is nowhere to be found so inhospitable a desert as the "wide blue sea." At any distance from land there is nothing in it for man to eat; nothing in it that he can drink. His tiny foot no sooner rests upon it, than he sinks into his grave; it grows neither flowers nor fruits; it offers monotony to the mind, restless motion to the body; and when, besides all this, one reflects that it is to the most fickle of the elements, the wind, that vessels of all sizes are to supplicate for assistance in sailing in every direction to their various destinations, it would almost seem that the ocean was divested of charms, and armed with storms, to prevent our being persuaded to enter its dominions. But though the situation of a vessel in a heavy gale of wind appears indescribably terrific, yet, practically speaking, its security is so great, that it is truly said ships seldom or never founder in deep water, except from accident or inattention. How ships manage to get across that still region, that ideal line, which separates the opposite trade-winds of each hemisphere; how a small box of men manage, unlabelled, to be buffeted for months up one side of a wave and down that of another; how they ever get out of the abysses into which they sink; and how, after such pitching and tossing, they reach in safety the very harbour in their native country from which they originally departed, can and ought only to be accounted for by acknowledging how truly it has

been written, "that the spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters."

It is not therefore from the ocean itself that man has so much to fear; it can roar during the tempest, but its bark is worse than its bite; however, although the earth and water each afford to man a life of considerable security, yet there exists between these two elements an everlasting war,—a dog-and-cat battle, a husband-and-wife contention,—into which no passing vessel can enter with impunity; for of all the terrors of this world, there is surely no one greater than that of being on a lee-shore in a gale of wind and in shallow water. On this account, it is natural enough that the fear of land is as strong in the sailor's heart as is his attachment to it; and when, homeward-bound, he day after day approaches his own latitude, his love and his fear of his native shores increase as the distance between them diminishes. Two fates, the most opposite in their extremes, are shortly to await him. The sailor-boy fancifully pictures to himself that in a few short hours he will be once again nestling in his mother's arms. The able seaman better knows that it may be decreed for him, as it has been decreed for thousands, that in gaining his point he shall lose its object,—that England, with all its verdure, may fade before his eyes, and

> "While he sinks, without an arm to save,
> His country blooms, a garden and a grave!"

And yet there exists, on the shores of Deal, a breed of amphibious human beings, whose peculiar profession it is to rush to the assistance of every vessel in distress.

In moments of calm and sunshine, they stand listlessly on the shore, stagnant and dormant, like the ocean before them; but when every shopkeeper closes his door, when the old woman, with her umbrella turned inside out, feels that she must either lose it or go with it to heaven; when the reins of the mail-coachman are nearly blown from his hand, and his leaders have scarcely blood or breeding enough to face the storm; when the snow, drifting across the fields, is seeking for a hedgerow against which it may sparkle and rest in peace; when whole families of the wealthy suddenly stop in their discourse to listen to the wind rumbling in their chimneys; when the sailor's wife, at her tea, hugs her infant to her arms, and, looking at its father, silently thanks Heaven that he is on shore; THEN has the moment arrived for the Deal boatmen to contend, one against another, to see whose boat shall first be launched into the tremendous surf. As the declivity of the beach is very steep, and as the greased rollers over which the keel descends are all placed ready for the attempt, they only wait a moment for what they call "a lull," and then cutting the rope, the bark, as gallantly as themselves, rushes to its native element. The difficulty of getting from broken into deep water would amount sometimes almost to an impossibility, but that word has been blotted from their vocabulary; and although some boats fail, others, with seven or eight men on board, are soon seen stretching across to that very point in creation which one would think the seafaring man would most fearfully avoid—the Goodwin Sands. To be even in the neigh-

bourhood of such a spot in the stoutest vessel, and with the ablest crew that ever sailed, is a fate which Nelson himself would have striven to avoid; but that these poor nameless heroes should not only be willing but eager to go there in a hurricane in an open boat, shows very clearly that, with all his follies and all his foibles, man really is, or rather can be, the lord of the creation, and that within his slight frame there beats a heart capable of doing what every other animal in creation would shudder to perform. The lion is savage, and the tiger is ferocious, but where would their long tails be, if they were to find themselves afloat with English boatmen?

It must be evident to our readers that the Deal boatmen often incur these dangers without any remuneration, and in vain, and that half-a-dozen boats have continually to return, their services after all not being required. So long as a vessel can keep to sea, they are specks on the ocean, insignificant, unvalued, and unnoticed; but when a ship is drifting on the sands, or has *struck*, then there exists no object in creation so important as themselves. As soon as a vessel strikes the sand, the waves in succession break upon as they strike and pass her. Under such circumstances, the only means of getting her afloat, is for the shore-boat to come under her bows and carry off her anchor; which, being dropped at some distance to windward, enables her to haul herself into deep water. To describe the danger which a small open boat experiences, even in approaching a vessel to make this attempt, is beyond the power of any painter; in fact, he has never witnessed it, and even were he to be granted the oppor-

tunity, it is quite certain that, though he should paint, to use a sailor's phrase, "till all was blue," the artist would himself look ten times bluer than his picture.

Of all the most unwieldy guests that could seek for lodging in a small boat, a large ship's anchor is perhaps the worst; to receive or swallow it is almost death—to get rid of it or disgorge it is, if possible, still worse. Even in a calm, take it by which end you will, it is an awkward customer to deal with; and though philosophers have said, "Leve fit quod benè fertur onus," yet if it weighs sixteen or eighteen hundredweight, carry it in a gale of wind which way you will, it is heavy. When a vessel, from bumping on the sands, has become unable to float, the last and only resource is to save some of the crew, who, lashed to a rope which has been thrown aboard, are one by one dragged by the boatmen through the surf, till the boat, being able to hold no more, they cut the only thread on which the hopes of the remainder had depended, and departing with their cargo, the rest are left to their fate.

But our readers will probably exclaim, "What can all this have to do with the three Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales?" We reply, "Is George Phillpotts, then, so soon forgotten? we have only verbally digressed from him—he sits still at our side."

"Times have now altered with us!" with a look of calm melancholy he observed; "vessels now don't get £7 a ton, where a few years ago they got £37." We asked him what a crew received for going off to a vessel. "The boat that first gets to her," he said, "receives 25s.

for going back and bringing off a pilot; if it blows a gale of wind it's three guineas; the other boats get nothing."

"Well, Phillpotts," we observed, "we now want you to tell us honestly how it is you all manage to live?" He replied (we are copying *verbatim* from our Notebook), "*Many don't live at all! They only, as I call it, breathe! We often don't taste meat for a week together! Many that knock about for a couple of days, and when they come home they have nothing—that's the murder: single men can just live; for myself, I have not earned a shilling* (it was then the 2nd of February) *this year.*" After sitting in silence some time, he added, "*But I shan't be able to hold on much longer.*" By this he meant that he should be forced to end his days in Deal workhouse, which already contains nineteen old weather-beaten boatmen, whom that same morning we had found, like other paupers confined to the house, sitting silently round a stove.

The total number of Deal boatmen, or, as they are nicknamed, "Hovelers," amounts to about five hundred; of these, none but the aged will consent to enter the workhouse; about seventy of their families are now receiving from the parish a weekly allowance, but the overseer stated that, in many instances, individuals accepting relief had sent to say that they could now do without it. It used, for about two years, and until two years ago, to be the custom for any wives or children of the boatmen who required relief, to be admitted into the workhouse twice every day, at meal-times: this arrange-

ment, however, was found to encourage dependence, and it was therefore changed for the present weekly allowance of bread and potatoes.

It is to be hoped that, while the Poor-Law Commissioners perform the painful duty of keeping the improvident sturdy pauper below the situation of the independent labourer, they will in no instance neglect to bring before the attention of the public every case of merit which has hitherto lain neglected in the mass; and, strongly impressed with this feeling, we earnestly submit to our readers in general, and to the Government in particular, that something better than the confinement of a workhouse should be the fate of the few veterans who have exhausted their strength in so brave, so useful, and so honourable an occupation as we have been now describing. So long as they are young, and can keep to sea, it matters comparatively but little on what they subsist; for as their power lies in their hearts, it may truly be said that *that* engine requires little fuel; and to the credit of human nature, most true it is, that the worse a young man fares, the less value does he place on the bauble of existence. But when a Deal boatman grows old, when the tempest gets too strong for him, the waves too many for him, and when he is driven from his element to the shore, for the sake of those he has saved, his old-age, like his youth, should be gilded with honour; and, by a wealthy and generous country, ought he not to be raised above the idle, the profligate, and the improvident pauper—particularly now that floating lights have, fortunately for all but him, blighted the

harvest by which he once might have provided for his own retirement?

Whether or not such a man as George Phillpotts would shed lustre or discredit on Greenwich Hospital; whether or not he would be welcomed or spurned beneath such a roof by those who still talk of the tempest, and who well know what is due to those who possibly have saved many among them from a watery grave, may be a subject deemed fit for discussion; but that these men should at least enjoy their liberty, that they should be enabled in their old-age to pace the beach, and help at all events to launch their children into the surf, is what, we fervently trust, no English legislator will deny.

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING THE OLD SYSTEM.

One fine morning the Assistant Commissioner called upon the overseer of a parish near Ashford, to inquire why he had not filled up the new return which had been required of him, and which all the other overseers had completed. The poor man, who was dressed in a dirty smock-frock, actually shed tears as he delivered his explanation, *verbatim* as follows:—

"Sir, the Captain wants to go to church in his carriage through the little gate that the corpses go through there's a great gate agin the little one the alderman won't let it be unlocked, and there's no friendship atween them. We never has no vestry in no form; two or three of us come grumbling about what we don't understand, and then 'tis postponed for a week, and we never settles nothin we can't do nothin in no form, because the gommen won't attend. I'm no scholar

myself, the schoolmaster's adoing it for me—and I beg your pardon, Sir."

One other example of Poor-Law administration under the Old System we will offer to our readers. We feel much pain in doing so, as the inquiry to which it relates has ended tragically.

From several parishes a petition was forwarded in November last to the Poor-Law Commissioners, for the formation of a Union. On the Assistant Commissioner repairing to the spot, he was received with acclamation by all classes of society; but, without any reason being known or assigned, a strange prejudice seemed everywhere to exist among these amorous parishes against any matrimonial connection with the parish A. The mayor of the most influential parish in the proposed Union assured the Commissioner that he would do anything to facilitate the project, *provided* his dominions were not to be united with the parish A. Go where he would, the Commissioner met with the same answer, the blooming parishes all saying, "We will do anything you want, but PRAY don't unite us with parish A.!" No one however had any reason to assign, except that so often used by man, namely, that neighbour A. was a being much more demoralized than himself.

The Commissioner being induced by these objections to direct his attention to the common enemy, found that, during the last five years, four members of poor parish A. had been hung;—that nine had been transported for fourteen years;—and that the number of convictions, in proportion to their population, had trebled

that of any of the contiguous parishes. With a population of eight hundred and fifty, the poor-rates amounted to £1300 a year, being about £1. 11*s*. 6*d*. per head on the number of inhabitants!

On inquiring who might be the overseer, the Commissioner learnt that this UNPAID individual had virtually reigned ten or eleven years; that he lived at his farm-house, and was himself a large landholder. On calling upon and demanding an inspection of the parish books, the overseer appeared confused, and said he would send for them; but Mahomet insisted on going to the mountain, and accordingly the Commissioner and the overseer proceeded together to a large shop (in the village), on *the counter of which* lay the volume. This shop was kept by the overseer's brother, who was also his servant, and on passing the threshold it was evident to the Commissioner that he had reached a bazaar of considerable importance. Three hundred loaves were sitting on the shelves, more than two sheep were hanging in joints,--bacon, groceries, and draperies of all sorts filled up the interstices,--and with these articles arrayed in evidence against him, the officer confessed that, besides being overseer of the parish, he was a farmer, a miller, a baker, a butcher, a grocer, a draper, and a general dealer in all sorts of provisions and clothing. With this scene before his eyes, it was impossible for the Commissioner to help silently comparing in his own mind the thriving business of the overseer with the profuse expenditure and consumptive symptoms of the parish funds; and indeed the parochial books, as they

lay on the counter, clearly hinted that between the parish account and the shop account there existed a consanguinity, in fact, that they were cousins barely once removed. Accordingly, a few days afterwards, the Commissioner unexpectedly appeared at the vestry, held as usual at the public-house, and as soon as the pipes and ale were finished, the business of the day commenced. As the paupers successively appeared, their cases were heard, and in every instance they were desired to attend "*at the shop*" the following morning, when the decision of the vestry would be communicated to them:—this had been the constant practice.

On arriving "at the shop," the pauper was freely permitted, if he chose, to receive the whole of the relief ordered by the parish for his support IN MONEY; but, odd as it may sound, he generally found out that somehow or other he happened to be in debt at this very shop. By all of his class, moreover, it had long been remarked, that they were dealt with by the vestry according to their docility at the shop. The sum of £1200 a year transferred from ratepayer to rate-receiver had thus annually passed over the overseer's own counter; and if, as was generally said, his goods had been sold at forty per cent. above the usual price, it was not surprising he had made no complaint against the inconvenience of such an arrangement.

The overseer himself confessed, that the paupers were sometimes in his debt for half-a-year's wages; but as on his counter there was also lying the book of "casual relief," the parish was the shopman's security, and so what

the vestry did not decree to him as a creditor, he himself had the power to award!

The overseer, besides thus picking up the crumbs which fell from the rich table of the parish, was also the proprietor of fourteen cottages, the rent of which was paid by the parish, that is to say, by himself to himself!

It may appear strange, and "passing strange it is," that this man should have managed to maintain his influence in the vestry; but the paupers becoming *dependent* upon him, in proportion to their insubordination and degradation, their aggressions were successfully urged by him as a plea for gaining the confidence of those whose concurrence he required. In short, he had the entire control over the collection as well as distribution of the rate; and when the little shopkeepers became occasionally indignant at seeing their fair dealing profits thus absorbed by their overseer, they were bribed to silence by being left out of the rate altogether; nay, even the *clerk of the parish* honestly declared to the Commissioner that, though but too well aware of the existing oppression, *he* also had been left out of the rate, on the distinct understanding that he was not to interfere in any of these concerns. In fact, so completely was the overseer triumphant, that he had even dispensed with the usual form of making a rate, but when he wanted more cash, laconically stuck on the church door the following official notification—"A rate wanted." In obedience to this mandate, "a rate was granted;" and the said rate was then collected by his brother and servant, who was also the paid servant of the parish!

As a sample of this overseer's conduct to his inferiors, the following case may be selected.

A man with his family, consisting of a wife and four children, many years ago, solicited permission to live in a hovel belonging to the parish, with an understanding that he should pay no rent, but should support himself by his own exertions. He performed his contract, until at last a small sum was requested and allowed him for the maintenance of his ninth child, an idiot. The poor man kept his dwelling in tenantable repair, and for eighteen years spent his money in "the shop." At length having ascertained that half-a-crown would go elsewhere as far as four shillings *there*, he deserted "the shop;" however, no sooner did the stream of his earnings cease to flow over that counter, than a sheriff's officer demanded from him the sum of £4 for forty weeks' rent in arrear. The debtor was insolvent, and his very bed was sold to satisfy his creditor. On hearing this tale the Commissioner again inspected the overseer's books, and he there found, in *his own handwriting*, a single charge of £16. 10s., for rents paid *by himself to himself!*

The above facts, duly attested, being forwarded to the Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales, they deemed it their duty to order that this overseer should instantly be dismissed. No sooner did he fall from his exalted station, than the base feelings which his own demoralizing system had created, unkindly turned upon him. Among the lower orders there was left no sentiment of generosity to pardon his errors, no disposition

to overlook his frailty,—no reluctance against trampling on a fallen foe;—the poor wretch fell a victim to vices of his own creation, his life became a burden to him, and, with regret we add, he has just ended his career by suicide!

In many cases, on calling on the overseers, the Assistant Commissioner found that the parish account was kept by their wives! In one instance, on his insisting to see the "Laird his-sel'," the old lady answered that he was forty miles off at sea, fishing; and it turned out that this was the overseer's regular trade.

In another instance, calling on a fine healthy yeoman who had neglected to make out his return, the Commissioner found he was out; but a man with a flail in his hand, protruding his red-hot face from a barn-door, explained that *the yeoman* might easily see the parish accounts, as the person who kept them was within. The *yeoman* accordingly dismounted, entered a most excellent house, and in less than five minutes found himself in a carpeted parlour, seated at a large oak table, with the parish accountant on a bench at his side. She was the yeoman's sister, a fine ruddy, healthy, blooming, bouncing girl of eighteen. As her plump red finger went down the items, it was constantly deserting its official duty to lay aside a profusion of long black corkscrew ringlets, which occasionally gambolled before her visitor's eyes. She had evidently taken great pains to separate, as cleverly as she could, the motley claimants on the parish purse, just as her brother had divided his lambs from his pigs, and his sheep from his cows. She had

one long list of "labourers with families;" "widows" were demurely placed in one corner of her ledger; "cesses" stood in another; "vagrants or trampers" crossed one page; those receiving "constant relief" sat still in another; at last the accountant came to two very long lists,—one was composed of what she called "*low* women"—the other, veiled by her curls, she modestly muttered were "*hilly* jittimites."

The Assistant Commissioner observing, in a parish book, constantly repeated, the charge of "for sparrows 2*s*. 6*d*.," ventured to inquire what was allowed for destroying them. "Why, fourpence a dozen!" the overseer instantly replied; but how it happened that the parish gun always killed exactly half-a-crown's worth, never more or less, the man in office could only explain by observing, as he scratched his head, "Yes, and we're eaten up by 'em still!" One parochial item was—

"To John Bell, for cutting his throaght, 12*s*."

The following is, *verbatim et literatim*, the copy of an overseer's answer to a printed circular of grave inquiries forwarded to all the parishes by the Poor Law Board:—

"It will never do we any good to alter the law in our parish, as our parish is very small, and there is no probabilits of alter our kearse at all. There is no persons fitter to manage the parish better than ourselves. T. T., oversear."

"Why have you so long continued this charge of a shilling for tolling the church-bell at the death of every pauper?" said the Assistant Commissioner to a parish overseer. "Why, Sir," replied the small man, in a

whisper, "the clerk is a dreadful man, and always threatens to fight me, whenever I wants to stop that 'ere charge!"

About five weeks ago a parish clerk gave notice, during divine service, of a rate, and then added, "And I am further desired, by the poor of this parish, to give notice, that they mean to hold a meeting this evening, at seven o'clock, under the rook-trees, to consider on the best means of doing for themselves." The meeting was accordingly held in the dark, and its obscure attendants resolved unanimously "to do no more work."

In one parish it appeared that there existed a person in the community almost fit to rival Mr. Mathews or Mr. Yates:—

Q. Who is the overseer?	*A.* Mr. Parker.
Q. Who is assistant overseer? . . .	*A.* Mr. Parker.
Q. Who is the warden?	*A.* Mr. Parker.
Q. Who collects the rate?	*A.* Mr. Parker.
Q. Who is master of the workhouse? .	*A.* Mr. Parker.
Q. Who determines on the rates? . .	*A.* Mr. Parker.

Besides these trifling duties, Mr. Parker performed also in the public characters of butcher, a farmer, a quarrier, a carman, and a constable. "Well, Mr. Parker!" said the Assistant Commissioner, "you seem to have got all the parish affairs on your hands; I only hope you take care of these poor children, and give them a good education?" "No, Sir," replied Mr. Parker, "God forbid! all the six-and-thirty years I have been overseer, I never gave children no *larning*." "Why not?" "Why, Sir, it be a thing quite injurious; we have no long-legged

children in *our* parish turned out of school; when I finds a promising child I sets him to work." Accordingly it turned out that there was not one of the poor children in Mr. Parker's parish that could write or read.

The master of a workhouse was asked by the Commissioner for how many persons he was serving up dinner; in fact, how many paupers there were in his house. The man could not tell, but he said he would "send and ask Mrs. Smith, because she be got a wonderful memory, and will recollect all about it." This Mrs. Smith was an old blind pauper, who at the moment was up two pair of stairs. On descending, and on hobbling into the room, she instantly solved the problem, by stating that there were thirty-seven people in the house.

In one instance, an assistant overseer replied, repeated, and persisted, to the Commissioner, that his parish had "no *population*." It turned out he did not know the meaning of the abstruse word.

In a large poorhouse, the Commissioner, wishing to know exactly how the paupers were fed, desired the governor to produce his "dietary." His Excellency hesitated so much, that the Commissioner suspected he had not got one; the governor persisted that he had, but said he could not possibly bring it into the vestry-room, for it was a fixture! "Well," said the Commissioner, "if the dietary cannot come to us, let us go to the dietary!" The governor slowly led the way, until he reached the great hall, when, pointing to a thing about eighteen feet

by four he said, "Here it is, Sir!" It was the paupers' *dining-table!*

As a national jest-book, the history of our parishes, and the contents of their ledgers, stand, we must confess, unrivalled; but when we reflect that the sum-total of this expenditure has annually exceeded seven millions, that the Poor-rates of any country are the symbol of its improvidence, and the sure signal of its distress, we must also admit that there exists in the history of our kingdom nothing more sorrowful, nothing more discreditable, than our late Poor-law system. Supposing that any person were gravely to inform a serious, sensible, right-minded body of commercial men,—say, for instance, the partners in Coutts's bank,—that there existed, in a certain part of this globe, an establishment, the annual receipts of which amounted very nearly to the enormous sum of eight millions, to be collected as well as expended in small sums, as changeable as, and actually influenced by, the weather;—that this immense establishment had no officers of any sort at its head, no well-educated responsible people to overlook its general management, to govern or control its expenditure;—that there were no people appointed to audit these accounts, but that the whole capital, left to the dictates of almost any one's heart, was governed by no man's head;—that in executing the duties of this immense business, particularly as regarded both the collection and expenditure of its income, it was exceedingly popular to act wrong, excessively unpopular to act right, yet that such duties were imposed upon unpaid men, who were often extremely un-

willing to serve at all; that these impressed accountants were often grossly illiterate, and in many cases, dressed in hobnailed shoes and common smock-frocks, were scarcely able to read or write; that, lest by practice they should *learn* the business, it had been established as a rule that they should be changed every year;—that in all cases they had also their own private business to attend to, and that the *good account* was consequently often left to their wives, and even to their young playful daughters! Now, if Messrs. Coutts and Co. were requested to be so good as, from the above data, to state what, in their opinion, would be the result of this vast establishment, can there be any doubt but that their verdict would unanimously be—INEVITABLE BANKRUPTCY? and, after death, what sentences could the coroner pronounce over such a carcase, but those of "*lunacity*" and "*felo de se*"?

THE NEW SYSTEM.

Having submitted to our readers a few plain sketches illustrating the Old Pauper System, we will now inform them in what manner the Assistant Commissioner proceeded cautiously to carry into effect the Poor-Law Amendment Act in East Kent.

We need hardly observe to our readers that the county of Kent is one of the most favoured regions on the surface of the habitable globe. Situated between the steep Surrey hills and the flat land of Essex, its undulating surface enjoys a happy medium, alike avoiding

the abrupt inconvenience of the one landscape, or the dull insipidity of the other. Its villages, and the houses of its gentlemen and yeomen, shaded by the surrounding trees, are scarcely perceptible; and from any eminence, looking around in all directions, there is a tranquillity in the scene which is very remarkable. It seems to be a country without inhabitants,—it looks like Paradise, when Adam and even Eve were asleep. Its hop-gardens, in the winter season, resemble encampments of soldiers; its orchards ornament the rich land, as its woods do the barren. Little is seen in motion but the revolving sails of white windmills, which, on various eminences, are industriously grinding the produce of the season's harvest. The low, unassuming, flint-built village church possesses, in its outline and architecture, an antiquity and a simplicity peculiarly appropriate to its sacred object, while the white tombstones, and the dark gnarled yew-trees that surround it, seem to be silent emblems, speechless preachers, of death and immortality.

After traversing the county in various directions, and comparing its actual state with the reports of the population, poor-rates, number of people out of employment, etc. of each individual parish, it appeared evident that, as the population of the parishes was eccentrically unequal, it would be quite impossible strictly to bring them under the New System, or under any one system which could be devised. In one instance there were but seven individuals in the whole parish, in another only fifteen; three other parishes united did not amount to a hundred souls; twenty of the parishes were below 100; there were

fifty-one below 500; while in the larger parishes the population amounted to 1300, 1900, and in some cases to 5000.

It being impossible, therefore, advantageously to give to each parish any government which could enable it independently to take its part in a general system of amended administration, it appeared advisable—particularly for the small parishes, which could afford no independent government whatever—that the whole county should be grouped into convenient unions of parishes, which, by a subscription from each, to be fairly levied only in proportion to its late actual expenditure, might be governed with a due regard to economy, and with a sensible but humane provision for the poor; in short, it seemed that it would be generally advantageous that the parishes, which, like loose sticks, were lying scattered over the country, should be gathered together in faggots for the benefit of all parties. But there appeared, at first, to be many difficulties in carrying this plan into execution; for, besides the eccentric shapes of the parishes, there were other lines equally jagged, which, to a certain degree, it seemed necessary to attend to. We allude to the divisions of the Lathes, the divisions of the Hundreds, the dominion of the Cinque-Ports, the corporate boundaries, and last, though not least, the magisterial divisions of the county. The Island of Sheppey, the Isle of Thanet, Oxney Island, and Romney Marsh, had also limits which it appeared equally advisable to attend to. On entering into a scrutiny of all these various divisions and subdivisions, it turned out, however, that several

were of little importance. The boundaries, for instance, of the hundreds were in many cases almost obsolete. Some of the corporate proved to possess a smaller population than many of the county parishes. With the Cinque-Ports, from their locality, it would not be necessary to interfere, and the boundaries of the Lathes and of the magisterial divisions proved to be in many cases identical. The boundaries, therefore, which on reflection it seemed most advisable to follow, were the magisterial divisions of the county. In grouping the parishes into Unions, it seemed not only advantageous, particularly for the poor, that they should continue to remain under the parental government of their own magistrates—of those they had all their lives been accustomed to respect—but that it would be exceedingly inconvenient to the parish officers of a Union if they had weekly to transact business with two benches of magistrates, each separated at a considerable distance, and each holding its meeting on a different day from the other.

For these reasons it appeared proper that the magisterial divisions of the county of Kent should be the guide for the Assistant Commissioner, and, accordingly, that he should form each into a Union or Unions, to be submitted by him for approval to the Board in Whitehall. But there arose in Kent an insuperable objection to an arbitrary execution of this arrangement; for although the Poor-Law Amendment Act, by clause 26, enacts

"That it shall be lawful for the said Commissioners, by order under their hands and seals, to declare so many parishes as they may think fit to be united for the administration of the

laws for the relief of the poor, and such parishes shall thereupon be deemed a Union for such purpose;"

Yet the Commissioners are strictly denied the power of altering or dissolving existing Unions; it being by clause 39 distinctly declared—

"That no such dissolution, alteration, or addition, shall take place or be made, unless a majority of not less than two-thirds of the Guardians of such Union shall also concur (by consent in writing) therein."

Why the Legislature gifted the Poor-Law Commissioners with the bump of 'philoprogenitiveness,' and withheld from them the organ of 'destructiveness,'—why it granted them the power of forcing alliances between parishes without granting them the power of divorcing bad matches,—need not be argued, it being sufficient to state that such is the law of the land.

As there existed eight large Unions in East Kent, formed under the 22nd of George III., it was evidently impossible that the Assistant Commissioner could, under the authority of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, carry into effect his proposed Unions, without first obtaining the consent in writing of the respective Guardians for the dissolution of these existing Unions. But the reader may possibly feel disposed to ask, what necessity was there for the dissolution of these old Unions? Why might not they exist, and the remaining parishes follow by matrimony their example? A map of the localities of the parishes comprehended in the old Unions, would, at a single glance, show not only that the old Unions were evidently, for their own interests, and especially for the

interests of the poor, most inconveniently formed; but that, instead of forming a dense phalanx or congregation of interests, they madly straddled over the country without any apparent rule whatever. For instance, the pauper of Swingfield parish lives only three miles and a half from the great River Union Workhouse, and only seven from the Martin Union Workhouse; and yet, after passing the former workhouse, he had eight miles further to walk before he could get to his own Union at Eastry! Again, the pauper from Walmer, after walking above three miles, actually passed the gate of the Martin Union Workhouse, and then had five more weary miles to trudge, in order to get to the workhouse at River, to which he has been irrationally sentenced to belong. One of the old Unions belonged to three different benches of magistrates; and a number of parishes were so remote from their poorhouses, that it was banishment to the pauper to send him there.

The Assistant Commissioner had consequently the double duty of forming and unforming Unions; and though it at first appeared that the regular mode of proceeding would be to attempt to level the old Unions before it should be proposed to build up the new ones, yet, on reflection, for the following reason, it was determined on pursuing the contrary course. It was perfectly evident to the Commissioner, and indeed to everybody, that there existed in the county a considerable prejudice against, or rather an utter ignorance of, the new law; and in order to encounter that prejudice, it seemed better that he should appeal to large bodies of

men, among whom he would, at least, have the advantage of meeting with many well-educated persons, whose presence would probably smother the expressions of narrow interests, than to risk an application to the petty tribunal of the Guardians of the old Unions. It appeared better he should commence his labours by recommending the formation of new Unions, armed by the power he openly possessed under the new Act of carrying them (unless good reasons were shown to the contrary) into effect, than defenceless to sue, *in formâ pauperis*, for permission to dissolve existing Unions, some of which might, or might not, be cemented by private rather than public interests. It was evident that if he should happen to succeed in large meetings, his success would carry with it considerable weight in the minds of the Guardians, whereas their approbation would avail him nothing before the county at large; while, on the other hand, their rejection of his proposition would practically amount to its final condemnation.

His project being to divide the magisterial divisions into Unions, by circular letters he separately collected together the magistrates, parochial officers, and principal ratepayers of every division in East Kent.

As the subject was one of intense interest, these meetings were attended by almost every magistrate in the county, by many of the clergy, by all the parish officers; and when it is stated that the magisterial divisions in East Kent are composed of fifty-six, fifty, forty-two, twenty-five, and twenty-six-parishes, it may easily be conceived that the assemblage was so large, that it

was, in general, necessary to repair to the National School, to obtain admittance for every one. Among the parish officers the feeling towards the Poor-Law Amendment Act was generally hostile; and not only did most of them leave their houses, intending individually to oppose the measure, but before the meeting took place they in many instances met together, talked the affair over, and, having no idea of the plan to be proposed, several of them collectively agreed together that they would hold up their hands against it. The Commissioner, being perfectly aware of the existence of these feelings, knowing also they were engendered only by ignorance, as soon as the meetings were assembled, requested the magistrates to pardon him if he should commence his duty by endeavouring to explain to the parish officers—what he was sensible the magistrates much better understood than himself, namely, the real object of the Poor-Law Amendment Act; and, with their permission, he then read to the overseers a memorandum, which, he truly enough stated, had been hastily written, under the idea that in the disturbed parts of Kent he might at once come into collision with the labouring classes, to whom it might be very desirable he should clearly explain his object. From his address "To the Labouring Classes of the County of Kent," which he then read, we extract what follows.

ADDRESS TO THE LABOURING CLASSES.

"In old times, the English law punished a vagrant by cutting off his ear; and, said the ancient law, '*if he have no ears*'

(which means, if the law should have robbed him of both), 'then he shall be branded with a hot iron; his city, town, or village being moreover authorized to punish him, according to its discretion, with chaining, beating, or otherwise.' The Legislature, driven by the progress of civilization from this cruel extreme, most unfortunately fell into an opposite one, wearing the mask of charity. Instead of mutilating individuals, it inflicted its cruelty on the whole fabric of society, by the simple and apparently harmless act *of raising the pauper a degree or two above the honest, hard-working, hard-earning, and hard-living peasant.* The change, for a moment, seemed a benevolent one, but the prescription soon began to undermine the sound constitution of the labourer; it induced him to look behind him at the workhouse, instead of before him at his plough.

"The poison, having paralyzed the lowest extremity of society, next made its appearance in the form of out-door relief, and it thus sickened from their work those who were too proud to wear the livery of the pauper. In the form of labour-rate, the farmers next began to feel that there was a profitable, but unhealthy, mode of cultivating their land by the money levied for the support of the poor. He who honestly scorned to avail himself of this bribe, became every day poorer than his neighbour who accepted it: until, out of this distempered system, there grew up in every parish petty laws and customs which, partly from ignorance and partly from self-interest, actually threatened with punishment those who were still uncontaminated by the disease.

"To the provident labourer they exclaimed, 'You shall have no work, for your dress and decent appearance show that you have been guilty of saving money from your labour; subsist, therefore, upon what you have saved, until you have sunk to the level of those who, by having been careless of the future, have become entitled more than you to our relief!'

"'You have no family,' they said to the prudent labourer, who had refrained from marrying because he had not the means of providing for children; 'you have no family, and the farmer therefore must not employ you until we have found occupation for those who have children. Marry without means!—prove to us that you have been improvident!—satisfy us that you have created children you have not power to support!—and the more children you produce, the more you shall receive!'

"To those who felt disposed to set the laws of their country at defiance, 'Why fear the laws? the English *pauper* is better fed than the independent labourer; the *suspected thief* receives in jail considerably more food than *the pauper*; the *convicted thief* receives still more; and the *transported felon* receives every day *very nearly three times as much food as the honest, independent peasant!*'

"While this dreadful system was thus corrupting the principles of the English labourer, it was working, if possible, still harder to effect the demoralization of the weaker sex. On returning home from his work, vain was it for the peasant to spend his evening in instilling into the mind of his child that old fashioned doctrine, that if she ceased to be virtuous she would cease to be respected; that if she ceased to be respected she would be abandoned by the world; that her days would pass in shame and indigence, and that she would bring her father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"'No such cruelty shall befall you,' whispered the Poor-laws in her ear: 'abandoned, indeed! you shall *not* be abandoned:—concede, and you shall be married; and even if your seducer should refuse to go with you to the altar, he or your parish shall make you such an allowance, that if you will but repeat and repeat the offence, you will at last, by dint of illegitimate children, establish an income which will make you a marketable and a marriageable commodity. With these ad-

vantages before you, do not wait for a seducer—be one yourself!'

"To the young female who recoiled with horror from this advice, the following arguments were used:—'If you do insist on following your parents' precepts instead of ours, don't wait till you can provide for a family, but marry! the parish shall support you; and remember that the law says, the more children you bring into the world, without the means of providing for them, the richer you shall be!'

"To the most depraved portion of the sex: 'Swear! we insist upon your swearing who is the father of your child. Never mind how irregular your conduct may have been; fix upon a father; for the words, '*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour*,' are not parish law what's *wrong* before the altar, we have decreed *right* in the vestry! Swear, therefore; and though you swear ever so falsely, you shall immediately be rewarded!'

"I have now endeavoured to explain to you the two extremes of error under which the English Poor laws have hitherto existed: the ancient error having proceeded from the vice called cruelty; the modern one, from false virtues assuming the name of charity. Of these two extremes, there can be little doubt that the latter was the worst. However, it is useless to argue,—both are now at an end. The new Act reigns in their stead, and we have therefore now only to consider what this really is. . . . Those who are enemies to its mechanism tell you, that this new Act has a grinding propensity; but so has the mill which gives us our bread. The Act truly enough *does* grind; but before we condemn it, let us clearly understand who and what it is that will be ground by it.

"The Act rests upon that principle which, whether admitted or not by law, is indelibly imprinted in the head and heart of every honest person in this country, namely, that no individual, *whether able-bodied, impotent, or vicious*,

should be left to suffer from absolute want. To this principle of common social justice there is attached a liberal feeling almost as universal, namely, that the poor of this wealthy country should not only be barely supported, but, totally regardless of expense, they should receive as many comforts and as much alleviation as can by any man's ingenuity possibly be invented for them, *without injuring, corrupting, or demoralizing other members of society.*

"Upon this liberal principle—upon this Christian-like feeling, but with this salutary caution always in mind,—the Act of Parliament in question has been framed. . . . The Central Board has no power to punish the vicious,—no right to revile the improvident,—no authority to neglect the impotent. Their wants alone constitute their legal passport to relief, which is to be administered to them with an equal attention to generosity on the one hand, and justice on the other. Every comfort, every accommodation which the indigent can name, they are strictly entitled to, *provided* it does not raise them above the provident and independent labourer;—but if a pauper, improvident and dependent, should insist on being placed higher up on the scale of society than an independent labourer,—*then*, indeed, the Bill becomes a grinding one, and it will continue to grind until it has reduced this man to his proper level. The Central Board has no power to prevent a lad without a shilling from marrying a girl without a sixpence; the couple and their offspring, the moment they are in want, are strictly entitled to relief; but if, not satisfied with this, they moreover demand (according to the late system) that the unmarried, hard-working, prudent labourer is to lose his employment, and to take a berth in the workhouse instead of *them*, then the Bill will grind down their pretensions. The Central Board cannot discard the most abandoned women who solicit support for themselves and their illegitimate offspring;—their prayer for relief will at once be granted; but if such

people presume to disorganize society by raising their guilty heads above the honest, virtuous peasant-woman and her children, then the Bill will grind them down, but only till they reach their proper station. With the same impartial justice should people in a much higher class endeavour to maintain an exalted station, and at the same time draw illicit assistance from the Poor-rates, thus secretly existing on money which has been collected from ratepayers infinitely poorer than themselves,—then will the machinery of the new Bill come quickly into action, while exclamations against its grinding nature will be uttered and advocated in vain. To every sober, reflecting mind, it must surely be evident that the substitution of the present Act of Parliament for the late one, will slowly, but most surely, confer inestimable advantages on our society in general, and on the provident, industrious, and independent labourer in particular. All that he gains will in future be his own;—he will no longer be afraid of appearing decent and cleanly in his person;—with honest pride he may now display the little earnings of his industry, without fear that they will throw him out of work,—and from his example his children will quickly learn that, in England, honesty has become once again the best policy.

"In gradually withdrawing, even from suspected impostors, out-door relief (offering them as a test the workhouse instead), individual cases of real as well as of apparent hardship must occur; but deeply as such cases ought to be lamented by us, yet, on the other hand, it should always be kept in mind that the greatest degree of misery which in its very worst form can exist under the New Poor-Law Amendment Act, amounts, after all, to food, raiment, bedding, fuel, and shelter; and the man can have seen but little of this world,—he must be sadly ignorant of the state of its immense population,—he can himself have suffered very little from adversity, if he presume to declare that such relief is absolute misery. But whatever may

be its character, I beg leave, in concluding, most particularly to impress upon you, that this relief (bad as it may be called) is given as charity, and is by no means inflicted as a punishment; all benevolent people, who really wish to raise the situation of the lower classes, have now only to bestow their charity on the independent labourer, and by doing so they will instantly enable the Central Board to better, exactly in the same proportion, the situation of the pauper; for the Central Board will always be happy to raise the condition of the pauper as high as it can be raised without disorganizing society. The independent labourer is entitled, in common justice, to rank above, and not below, him who is dependent on his parish for support, for that simple reason which every just man must admit, namely, that the *hanger-on ought not to be raised higher than him on whom he hangs.*

"(Signed) F. B. HEAD."

ADDRESS TO THE RATEPAYERS.

On concluding this Address, the Assistant Commissioner explained to his audience that, as the whole country was under the New Poor-Law Amendment Act, it was now only for parishes to determine whether each would still endure the expense of a separate poor-house, separate officers, etc., or whether, by congregation, it would be most for their interest to avail themselves of the immense advantages of the wholesale management. He observed, that the Poor-Law Board had neither made the law, nor were responsible for its existence,- their only duty was to accommodate it, as far as it allowed them, to all existing interests; that to attend, *de die in diem,* to the complaints of all

the paupers of 14,000 distinct parishes would be utterly impossible; but that if East Kent, for instance, should approve of being grouped into compact unions of parishes, it would then be perfectly in the power of the Poor-Law Commissioners to attend to their collective interests, and to take an especial care that the poor of each Union were sensibly and humanely provided for. As far as regarded the interests of the ratepayers, he showed them what an immense diminution of expenditure had invariably taken place wherever a body of steady, practical men had zealously undertaken the management of their own parochial interests;—that though no one little parish of seven, twenty, or a hundred individuals could produce this jury, yet the Guardians of each Union would form such a body;—that that body would have the pleasure as well as the popularity of expending every shilling collected for the poor;—while, on the other hand, all that was unpopular would fall upon the Poor-Law Amendment Act, upon the Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales, and upon their Assistants;—that under the Old System, the Overseers and Guardians, they well knew, had been looked upon as the composers as well as the executors of the Poor-law;—and that they must be perfectly sensible that not only had they themselves been reviled by the labourers, unless the law, as well as the relief proceeding from it, had been modelled to meet their demands,—but that labourers who had been refused relief had been heard to leave their vestries saying, almost aloud, "You all want a few more *good fires!*" That intimidation, however ashamed they

might be to confess it, in many cases had been successfully exerted, and accordingly that designing men were at that moment endeavouring to promulgate to the disaffected that fire would produce relief, and that relief alone could extinguish fire; but that henceforth, in a union of parishes under the new law, the Guardians would stand before the poor in the same situation as county magistrates, who, having been enabled to refer to and actually to read aloud the law to every offender, had been able to carry all its severest sentences into execution, without losing their well-earned popularity;—that if men for pleasure could walk, in order to go to fairs, five miles (which was about the greatest distance any pauper in any of the new proposed Unions could live from its centre);—that if they thought it no hardship to go the same distance to their market-towns;—that if they cheerfully went a still greater distance to ask for relief at the magisterial bench;—there was neither hardship nor injustice in requiring them to proceed a similar distance to a Union Workhouse, to be there clothed and supported by the sweat of other men's brows;—that although their diet, when they got there, might be what in this country alone would be termed *low*, yet, after all, would they be fed there better than the Russian peasant, the Prussian peasant, the French peasant,—than almost every independent labourer in Europe;—in fine, that to feed its paupers *better* than the independent labourer of Europe was what no country in the world could afford; that our having weakly attempted to do so, without at the same time increasing the fare and condition of our

honest labourers, had brought us to a condition in which the farmer was now scarcely able to cultivate his land,—and that, if we should continue to pride ourselves on such a sin, we should soon, as a nation, be deservedly humbled to the dust.

With respect to the houses of the proposed Union, the Commissioner suggested, that, for the interest of the lowest orders, it would be highly advantageous that classification to a certain extent should be effected. He detailed to the parish officers the various scenes he had witnessed, and the melancholy results of depravity which a promiscuous intercourse was even still creating. He appealed to them as fathers, whether they did not think that it was their duty, at least, to shield the rising generation from the vices and errors of the present day;—whether it was not benevolent, and not cruel, that the children of those who were unable to support their offspring should receive education as well as food; and that, if improvident paupers called upon an enlightened country to support their progeny, it should be permitted for the public good, to insist on mingling moral instruction with the sustenance which, in the name of charity, they received:—whether, in fact, it was more cruel for a pauper's child to be sent to school than for the children of our most wealthy classes?

As to the provision for the aged, the Commissioner submitted to the opinion of the meetings, that, instead of being thrown among children and young men and women, their comforts would be materially increased by their being kept together. He asked

whether quietness was not one of the kindest charities which could be bestowed on age? whether a diet as well as a home might not be provided for them properly suited to their infirmities;—and last, though not least (if there was no one to deprive them of this benefit), whether many additional comforts and indulgences might not be granted to *old* people, beyond what could or should be afforded for every description of applicants?

He observed, that for the aged, as well as for the children, no expensive government was requisite, inasmuch as a respectable pauper and his wife could always be found capable of superintending the children, while the aged, if they enjoyed but rest and quietness, scarcely required any government at all;—that consequently it was not only demoralizing to the children, and distressing to the old people, but destructive of the powers which would be necessary to control the able-bodied labourers, to think of congregating all classes together in one large building; that such a building would disfigure the face of an agricultural county, and would unavoidably assume the revolting appearance of a prison or a jail.

With respect to the government of the able-bodied paupers, the Assistant Commissioner submitted, that, for the welfare of society, the whole powers of their parochial resources ought in prudence to be concentrated on that difficult object, and not to be unscientifically spread over a vast promiscuous assemblage of all the paupers in the Union. He contended that all the able-

bodied paupers ought to receive sufficient food, clothing, firing, lodging; that arrangements ought to be made for giving them also work; but that, with every disposition to be charitable to them, their situation on the whole ought, in spite of clamour, unavoidably to be made such that they should be unwilling to come and anxious to go,—that they should feel disposed in the New System to break rather *out* of the workhouse, than, according to the Old System, to break *into* it,—that to create such a feeling was the only solid basis of social life, and that if we wished to restore the invaluable *distinction* which once existed between the English labourer and the pauper, we could only effect that object by resolutely creating a *difference* between them.

In regard to able-bodied paupers haughtily refusing to go five miles to the proposed New Union Poorhouse, or rather to the old existing poorhouses,—for he was anxious, if possible, to erect no new buildings,—the Commissioner observed, that a vessel in distress ought thankfully to go to the harbour, not to expect that the harbour is to come to it; that when an able-bodied man asks for relief, to use an old adage, "the beggar should not be a chooser;" that, even after a long day's march, our soldiers abroad had occasionally five miles to trudge to get to their billets for one night's rest; and most especially, that in East Kent such an objection should not be urged against the Poor-Law Amendment Act, inasmuch as in the Old Unions many of the parishes were nine and twelve miles from the Union Workhouse; indeed, at the old Coxheath Union, paupers had been, and

still were, sent by parishes to poorhouses situated twenty miles distant!

The Commissioner's Address was generally followed by very long and anxious discussions.

There was however one great practical question which at all the meetings was invariably addressed to him, namely, "*Does the new proposed system offer us any means of employing the immense number of labourers, who, with every desire to seek employment, are now totally out of work?—for that is our sole evil.*" To this all-important question, which appeared uppermost in every one's mind, the Commissioner replied, that he conceived the Poor-Law Amendment Act did not pretend to find these men employment;—that the new law was a system against a system;—that it was the Old System, and not the new one, that had created more labourers than work;—that any man of common sense might, twenty years ago, have prophesied that such would be its result;—and that it required no gift of prophecy to foretell, that if the Old System were to continue, the most dreadful of all revolutions would shortly ensue, —namely, that the upper classes would lose all they possessed, while the lower classes would gain nothing but depravity and demoralization;—that if *intimidation* had not arrived, it was at least clearly in view;—and that the instant the lower orders succeeded in establishing *that*, property and institutions of all sorts would be at an end. That to arrest this system was the avowed and determined object of the Poor-Law Amendment Act;—that if a vessel were sinking, it would be a false argu-

ment to use against the carpenter, who was ordered to stop the leak, to say, that he should not do so unless he could tell what was to be done with the water which was already in the hold; for that, in the execution of his duty, it mattered to him not one straw whether there was five feet of water aboard or ten. What would be the carpenter's reply, but "Pump it out or drink it, if you choose; *my duty is to stop the leak*"? It would be for the Legislature, by other Acts, to provide for the alleviation of the evil to which these inquiries so naturally referred. Emigration to the colonies might and should be encouraged; the Allotment System might and should be encouraged; but that even the Poor-Law Amendment Act, though it could not undertake directly to meet the evil, would, if it had fair play given to it, so operate as indirectly to diminish the evil to an enormous extent. He appealed to the parish officers whether it was not undeniable that every farm in the county could employ many more labourers than it did, if the farmer had it in his power to threaten the labourer with his discharge;—that hedges might be put into order; that even a different style of husbandry might be introduced, and that the necessity of overlooking every labourer would cease if the farmer could only say to him, "If you will not serve me faithfully, I will discharge you!" But he asked them whether at present the very best labourer did not often say, "Master, I have no complaint; but I don't see why I should be working *hard* for you, when I can live better and work more *lightly* for the parish!"

The Assistant Commissioner read to the meetings a

communication which the Poor-Law Board had lately received from Manchester, earnestly begging for labourers, and saying,

"When a family in a Sussex village is starving on 7*s.* per week, or living hardly in a workhouse, a letter from some friend settled in Lancashire, stating that he is getting 25*s.* and 30*s.* weekly, will electrify him into the means of arriving at the land of promise. Give the *wish*, and the means he will find himself."

But he asked whether it was likely that the labourer would take the trouble of migrating (not to a foreign climate, but even to a neighbouring shire in his own native kingdom), whether it was likely that he would take the trouble even to cross a hedge, so long as there was nothing to oblige him to do so; in short, so long as his energies were undeveloped by necessity? He asked why it was that the Irish managed to rob the English labourer of his employment. Was it by *over working* him? No! but it was by *under feeding* him; and so long as the diet of our poorhouses created indolence and pampered sloth, so long would the English peasant be beaten out of his own field by his inferior.

As soon as the discussion had worn itself out, the Assistant Commissioner declared to the meetings that having concluded his endeavours to show what advantages society in general, and the poor in particular, would derive by the formation of the new proposed Unions, he would now beg leave to take the opinion of the magistrates and parochial officers of the division on the subject. Before doing so, he would only observe, that

although it was not with him to meddle with, alter, or presume to avert the Amendment Act, which had just become the law of the land, although the Poor-Law Commissioners had power arbitrarily to create the Unions he had submitted to their consideration, yet that, without going against it, he had so far the means of evading the law, that in case a majority of those present should, after all he had said, deliberately express a wish to remain as they were, he could, and if the Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales should permit him, he *would*, meet their wishes by proceeding at once to some of those districts in England which were eagerly requesting to be reformed. They had therefore now to determine whether he should remain in East Kent, with every desire to forward its interests, or at once proceed elsewhere.

The Assistant Commissioner then produced and read to the meetings the following paper:—

"Sir Francis B. Head, Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, being desirous to obtain the sentiments of the Magistrates and Parochial Officers of the ——— Division of the County of Kent, on the important subject of a Union, or Unions of Parishes, requests the sense of this meeting on the following proposition:

"It is Proposed, That the Division of , in the County of Kent, should (subject to the approbation of the Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales) consent to resolve itself into Unions of Parishes, for the purpose of establishing within each of the said Unions classified and well-regulated workhouses, in which the paupers (especially those that are able-bodied) may be set to work.

"(Signed) F. B. Head."

On the sense of the meetings being taken on the above proposition, the following was the result :—

Meetings.	Number of Parishes.	Population.	No. of Magistrates, Parish Officers, etc. present.	For the Proposition.	Against it
Upper Division of the Lath of Scray	50	35,540	197	194	3
Archbishop's Palace, Canterbury . .	25	5,074	42	42	0
Wingham Division of St. Augustine Lath	56	26,661	196	195	1
Ashford Division .	12	22,639	171	170	1
Elham Division .	26	11,899	104	104	0
	199	101,843	710	705	5

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

In the history of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, it is with pleasure we record, that every magistrate who was present at these meetings (as well as every clergyman not a magistrate) not only refrained from opposing the proposition, but gave to the Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner the most generous support.* "Clearly seeing," he says, "that I was both incompetent and unqualified for the arduous duty I had to perform, in every instance they generously crowded around me, encouraged me by their speeches, maintained me by their influence, and nothing can be more true than that, without their assist-

* The Chairmen of the several meetings, namely Lord Harris, Rev. C. Hallett, T. P. Plumtree, Esq., M.P., E. Knight, Esq., W. Deedes, Esq., and the Earl Amherst, most particularly supported him by their speeches and arguments.

ance, I could not have succeeded in any object." On entering East Kent, it had more than once been hinted to him by several individuals that the magistrates were against the new law, because, depriving them of the expenditure of the Poor-rates, it would leave them nothing but painful duties to perform. The theory was certainly a plausible one; but those who jealously urged it little knew that it is by disregarding petty interests and paltry distinctions that he who is really a gentleman invariably disappoints the calculations of the vulgar! The magistrates of England have, we believe, been very unjustly accused of having been the *cause* of the profuse expenditure of our Poor-rates. That they have been the *instruments*, we do not deny; but with no controlling power, with no public accountants, with no assistance, with no support, and with the storm of false humanity against them, we contend it was utterly impossible for them to govern a vessel which had neither rudder, compass, nor pilot! That they would willingly have done their duty in this matter, as they have done it in all others, is indisputably proved (at least as far as regards East Kent) by the manner in which they unanimously supported the New Poor-Law Amendment Act; and should that Act eventually confer on society the blessings which its framers contemplate, we conceive that these Kentish magistrates will, by having set this example, be allowed *optimè meruisse reipublicæ*.

The Assistant Commissioner, having obtained from the magistrates and parochial officers their approbation of his project, proceeded to the Guardians of the respec-

tive Unions, which had all been formed under the 22nd of George III. We will not tire our readers by detailing the very great difficulties he encountered in persuading these people to put hand to paper, signing the death-warrant of their own authority; in several instances he was obliged to have three meetings on the subject; but the support he had met with was eventually irresistible, and the Guardians of nine Unions, comprehending ninety-nine parishes, at last signed the paper submitted to them, and their dissolution was immediately declared.

In the whole of East Kent there was one little Union of three parishes, which alone resisted every argument that the Assistant Commissioner could use. We will not even mention its name, it being quite sufficient to observe that the governor of the workhouse, ordered by Gilbert's Act to be appointed by the Guardians, received his salary without even living in the poorhouse, and that this said governor was actually one of the Guardians; in fact, the good man had appointed himself. With this trifling exception, the old Unions in East Kent having been, by consent of their Guardians, *all* levelled to the ground, and the whole district having willingly submitted itself to the recommendation of the Poor Law Board, it was divided into sixteen new Unions, most of which comprehend, within a circle of about ten miles' diameter, a population of nearly ten thousand.

Although a general fear to undertake the novel duty naturally exists, several most respectable Guardians for these Unions have already been appointed, and the Assistant Commissioner is now attending on each, to lead

his assistance in their first steps, which must unavoidably be attended with considerable difficulties. That many little embarrassments will at first occur, that those most competent to discharge the duties of Guardians will at first hang back, that some incompetent to the duty will be appointed, that prejudice and ignorance, that the narrow-minded, that men of sickly judgment, that false philanthropists, in short that all descriptions of "*Second-chance men*" will do their utmost to impede the progress of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, there can be no doubt whatever; but as our readers probably, like ourselves, are sleepy, and for the moment dead tired of the subject, we will conclude by observing that, if a dozen or two sensible Guardians of a compact Union, supported by the strong powers of a Central Board, shall prove incapable to govern their own affairs, it is perfectly evident that no human power can assist them.

With respect to the Poor-Law Commissioners for England and Wales, we know but little of them, but what little we do know we will state. Out of about two thousand applications which they have received for the situation of Assistant Commissioner, they have selected twelve individuals, to at least ten of whom they were previously total strangers. Their urbanity has already gained for them the zealous co-operation of their servants, and, since their own appointment, they have unremittingly devoted themselves to the laborious duties of their office.

The creation of a Central Board for the administra-

tion of the Poor-Law was strongly and repeatedly urged in the 'Quarterly Review,' long before the new Act had been framed, or, we believe, thought of: we are of opinion now, as we were then, that such a Board, if judiciously constituted, must *eventually* act on the best possible information; that this information must become better than any opinion of any individual, of any parish, or of any district; and that it is particularly for the interest of the poor that a corps of Assistant Commissioners should henceforward be circulating among them, ready to listen to their complaints, and eager to remedy their grievances.

LOCOMOTION BY STEAM.

THERE is, we humbly think, something impressively appalling in the reflection that everything in creation has been immutably fixed, by a strict entail, save and except the march, progressive or retrograde, of human reason.

The velocity of lightning, the sound of thunder, the power of the wind, which still goeth where it listeth, do not increase. The heat of the sun, the blueness of the sky, the freshness of mountain air, the solemn grandeur of the trackless ocean, remain unaltered. The nest of the bird improves no more than its plumage,—the habitation of the beaver no more than its fur,—the industry of the bee no more than its honey; and, lovely as is the melody of the English lark, yet the unchanged accents of its morning hymn daily proclaim to us, from the firmament of heaven, that in the conjugation of the works of Nature there are no distinctions of tenses, for that what is, what was, and what will be, are the same.

But it is not so with human reason. Man alone has the power to amass and bequeath to his posterity what-

ever knowledge he acquires, and thus our condition on earth may be improved *ad infinitum* by the labour, intelligence, and discoveries of those who have preceded us.

Human reason being therefore a fluctuating series, while brute instinct is a fixed quantity, there is something encouraging in reflecting that the high degree of instinct with which animals are gifted, coupled with our promised dominion over every beast of the field, foretell the superior eminence which human intelligence sooner or later is destined to attain. For instance, the powerful eyesight of the eagle might have almost led a philosopher to prophesy the invention of the telescope, by which we have been permitted to surpass it. The astonishing instinct of those birds of America, which from the luxury of a southern latitude annually return to a wilderness nearly a thousand miles distant, to build their nests on the very trees upon whose branches they were reared, might have led him to foretell the discovery of the compass, which enables men, not only in one direction, but in all directions, to probe their way to the remotest regions of the earth.

The strength and ferocity of the lion, the tiger, and the rhinoceros, might have foretold the invention of fire-arms, which have empowered us, with fearless confidence, to seek rather than avoid every beast of the field.

The immense size of the whale, so fortified by the boisterous element in which it lives, might have led a man to prognosticate the simple apparatus by which it is now captured.

The speed of the horse, the strength of the ox, the

acute sense of smell in the dog, the patient endurance of "the ship of the desert," the camel, the stupendous power of the elephant, and the swiftness of the carrier pigeon's wing, have already, by the exertion of the human mind, one after another, been made subservient to the interests of man, for whose dominion they were created; and, though we cannot deny that in certain instances human reason has not yet surpassed brute instinct, yet we should remember that in science, as well as in religion, it has beneficently been declared to us, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

If this train of reasoning had been applied to the sudden discovery of America, as well as to our almost simultaneous acquaintance with other immense uninhabited regions, whose mountains, plains, lakes, rivers, and cataracts, on a scale of stupendous magnificence, totally unequal to the means we then possessed, had apparently been created altogether too large for us to grapple with;

if the same train of reasoning had been applied to the fearful increase of population, simultaneously observable among every nation on the globe; it would surely only have been placing due confidence in the wisdom of that Providence which "knoweth our necessities before we ask," had we from these data prophesied the advent among us of some new gigantic power, strong enough to enable us not only to traverse these new countries, but to mingle with their inhabitants with a facility proportionate to the increased wants of the human family.

This new gigantic power has very lately arrived; and,

although the distances as well as difficulties we have to contend with have, during the last three centuries, greatly increased, yet most true it is that we are at this moment more competent than ever we were before the discovery of America to contend with the amount of dangers which assail us by land and sea. In truth, we have attained more power than at the present moment we have courage to wield; and, instead of being alarmed at the distances which separate us from remote nations, we actually tremble at the means we possess of approaching them, by sudden subjugation of elements which have hitherto proverbially been invincible. Time and tide once waited for no man. Now no man waits for them. Of the long-bewailed tyranny of the winds, it may truly be said, "Le congrès est dissous." Science has, at last, ended the quarrel which since the beginning had existed between fire and water, and by the union, or *belle alliance*, of these two furious elements, she has created that gigantic power of steam which the subject at present before our mind leads us for a few moments to consider.

STEAM POWER ON THE AQUEOUS SURFACE OF THE GLOBE.

If the wild tribes of Lake Huron were even at this moment to be told that the white man's recipe for conquering the waves of the great fresh-water sea before them was to take up a very small portion of it and boil it; if sixty years ago Dr. Johnson had been told (as, exhausted by a hard day's literary labour, he sat rumi-

nating at his fireside waiting for his favourite beverage) that the tiny volume of white smoke he was listlessly gazing at, as it issued from the spout of his black iron tea-kettle, was a power competent to rebuke the waves, and to set even the hurricane at defiance,—the red children of Nature would listen to the intelligence with no greater astonishment than our venerable lexicographer would have received it.

To credit such a statement, however gravely uttered, would have been almost impossible; indeed how many among us can now scarcely bring our minds to believe it, though we see it? Not only at its birth did the vigorous infant run alone, but, quickly breaking the apron-string that tethered it to our side, it fled we hardly know where. Let us, therefore, for a moment endeavour to follow it.

Those who have traversed the Pacific, as well as the great Atlantic and Indian Oceans, have ever been accustomed to observe a small, dark line or thread which every here and there perpendicularly connects the clouds with the waters. We need scarcely say that we allude to waterspouts, which, especially in fine weather, when suddenly summoned into existence, leave the human mind in doubt whether they are messengers descending to us from heaven, or spirits rising from the vasty deep on which we sail. In addition to these symbols, whose antiquity is coeval with creation, a modern hieroglyphic has become one of the well-known characteristics of the ocean, and now on almost every portion of the aqueous globe the appearance of a slight horizontal stain in the

atmosphere designates, according to its colour and its form, that a steamer is or has been beneath it.

These self-propelled vessels have not only made their way round the Cape of Good Hope to India, where the new power is regularly plying on the Ganges, but our readers are aware they have just successfully crossed the Atlantic, in consequence of which not only are immense vessels—one of them *thirty feet* longer than the largest line-of-battle ship in the British service—now building on both sides of the water, in order to establish a regular steam-communication between the Old World and America, but arrangements have been commenced and companies formed for connecting our trade across the Isthmus of Darien with steamers which are to ply on the great Pacific Ocean between Valparaiso and Panama, a distance of about 2500 miles; by which means the voyage round Cape Horn to Lima, which has hitherto occupied our trading-vessels about four months, will, it is said, be reduced to about thirty days.

In the Mediterranean, steam-vessels are used by Christians, Jews, and Turks. Our garrisons of Gibraltar, Malta, and Zante, no longer, as in old times, are doomed to lie becalmed without letters from England, although two or three packets might be due; but to a day, and almost to an hour, they calculate upon the arrival of the welcome messenger; and, whether the wind be too great or too little, whether it be *gregale* or *ponente*, the prediction in the almanack is verified by the appearance through the telescope of the distant black breath of the English postman—we mean, of the approaching steamer, which is bringing them their mail.

In 1824 the 'Hugh Lindsay' steamer, of 411 tons, made four successive voyages between Bombay and Suez; and, notwithstanding the south-west monsoon, notwithstanding that the vessel required to be propelled, without her engine being stopped, 3000 miles against a strong wind, heavy sea, and lee-current, the voyage has been made against the monsoon to Suez from Bombay. The intricacy of the passage of the Red Sea, the local and unusual difficulties which characterize it,—the savage passions of some of the nations which inhabit its coast,—add to the triumph of the ethereal power which has successfully wormed its way through all these dangers, for the important object of communicating prompt intelligence to those hundred millions of inhabitants who animate the eastern portion of the British empire.

The number of steamers which from the port of London alone radiate in almost every direction, is a fact which a few years ago could not have been conceived possible.

The old Leith, as also the Aberdeen smacks, whose uncertain passage to London was from three days to a fortnight, have been now nearly superseded (as far as passengers are concerned) by steamers, which perform the distance with such regularity, that—whether the wind be fair or foul—families at Edinburgh, when the appointed hour arrives, drive to Newhaven to greet their expected London friends, who, if they have not actually arrived, will, they know, almost immediately be seen, perspiring in the offing.

The steamers which ply from England to Calais, Boulogne, Hâvre, Dieppe, Granville, St. Malo, Dublin,

Bordeaux, Rotterdam, Cologne, Mentz, Coblentz, Manheim, and to the various towns and villages on the banks of the Rhine, perform their respective passages with equal punctuality; and, especially at the latter places, the hurried ringing of the bell, which announces their close approach to their respective havens, coincides very nearly with the slow striking of the parish clock, which in simple monosyllables informs the little community that the hour appointed for the appearance of their smoke-boat has arrived.

With similar precision do steamers within the Continent of Europe (which may almost be said to be girt round with a chain of them) ply to Antwerp, Ostend, Hamburg, Zwolle, Amsterdam, Saardam, Strasburg, Kiel, Copenhagen, Lübeck, Gothenburg, St. Petersburg, Dobberan, Stockholm, Christiania, Bergen, Schaffhausen; across the Lakes of Constance, Zürich, Wallenstadt, Lucerne, Thun, Neufchâtel, Morat, Lago Maggiore, Como, Guarda, etc.; on the Danube, from Galatz to Pesth, Vienna, Linz and Ratisbon;—on the Save, from Belgrade to within eighty miles of Fiume, an Austrian seaport on the Adriatic; from Drontheim to Hammerfest, far within the Polar Circle, in latitude 70°; from Stockholm to Upsala, Tornea (the most northern town in Europe), Abo, Revel, Cronstadt, etc. etc.

In the Thames alone, steamers are plying in all directions. Almost every five minutes throughout the day, a communication is going on between Hungerford Stairs, London Bridge, Blackfriars Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, Kew, Richmond, and Twickenham. Below London

Bridge, the tortuous course of the river is, during every day of the week, singularly designated by innumerable dashes of horizontal smoke; and, as the steamers from which they have proceeded reckless of wind or tide, and with velocities proportionate to their different horse-powers—pass and repass the noble Hospital where the *élite* of our weather-beaten sailors are reposing in peace, one can hardly help reflecting with what astonishment their old admiral, Nelson, if he could be conjured up among them, would gaze upon this wonderful picture of the march and progress of human reason!

The Irish Sea, in various directions, is traversed by steamers; and between Dublin, Wicklow, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Galway, Donegal, Londonderry, Belfast, Isle of Man, Liverpool, Holyhead, Bristol, etc., there is a never-ceasing communication. In the inland lakes of Ireland, from Shannon Harbour to Athlone, Lough Ree, Carrick, and by Limerick to the sea, these waters are partially navigated for 150 miles by steam-vessels, carrying goods and passengers, or acting as tugs. From below Limerick, steamers now ply to Clare, Kilrush, and Tarbert; the number of passengers between those places having amounted, in the year 1836, to 23,851. In short, so rapid has been the increase in steam-vessels throughout the British empire, at home and abroad, that, although in 1814 we possessed only two, the united tonnage of which was 456 tons, we have now a fleet of 600, whose tonnage amounts to 67,969 tons.

The victory which the power of steam has gained upon

the aqueous surface of North America is even greater than that which we have already described. Thirty years ago the United States had but one steamer—they have now between 500 and 600. Mr. David Stevenson, in his late narrative, states that abreast of New Orleans may be seen numerous tiers of steamboats, of gigantic dimensions, just arrived from, or preparing to start for, the upper countries, through which passes the Mississippi, whose tributary streams would, it is said, in length twice encircle the globe. Mr. Stevenson says—"At every hour, I had almost said at every minute of the day, the magnificent steamboats which convey passengers from New Orleans into the heart of the western country fire off their signal guns, and dash away at a rate which makes me giddy even to think of." Steamers were first introduced on the Mississippi in 1811; and by 1831, 348 had been built for the navigation of the western waters.

In the very heart of the continent of America, at Pittsburg, may be seen moored in the river Ohio a fleet of thirty or forty steamers, some of which have meandered from New Orleans (about 2000 miles) through the waters of the Mississippi and Ohio. The deck of the 'St. Louis,' which plies on the former of these streams, and carries about 1000 tons, is 230 feet.

On the Hudson River, the passage from Albany to New York is regularly performed at the rate of 15 miles an hour. The steamboats which ply between New York and the ports of Providence and Charleston are of stupendous dimensions. The Narragansett's keel is 210

feet in length. These sea-steamers afford most excellent accommodation, and often contain about four hundred berths. The cabins are from 100 to 175 feet in length; and it is not unusual to see nearly two hundred people dining together. The power of the engines is proportionally great: that of the 'Narragansett' equals 772 horses; that of the 'Rochester,' 748.

The great North American lakes, or rather seas, of fresh water, are so admirably adapted to steamers, that they are there seen, as might be expected, in vast numbers. They are strongly built vessels (furnished with masts and sails), propelled by powerful engines, some of which act on the high-pressure and some on the low-pressure principle. Lake Erie alone is traversed by between forty and fifty, from 200 to 700 tons register.

The St. Lawrence steamers, all of which are owned by British subjects, are also fine, powerful vessels. Mr. Stevenson found the deck of one, the 'John Bull,' to be 240 feet in length. In this vessel he passed from Quebec to Montreal, a distance of 180 miles, in forty hours, against a current averaging three miles an hour. Upon this occasion the 'John Bull' had a fleet of five vessels in tow,—one drawing 12½, another 10½, two 9, and one 7 feet of water; and it is not uncommon to see a steamer, with 1200 or 1500 passengers, towing (or, as it is termed, *tugging*) through the Scylla and Charybdis difficulties of the St. Lawrence, six of such vessels, against the current of a river which is supposed annually to discharge into the sea 4,277,880 millions of tons of water!

Of the various modes of water-conveyance to which

the traveller on this globe is subjected, there is perhaps no one more curious than that which we lately enjoyed of descending one of the great rapids of America, in a small bark-canoe, under the command, as is customary, of two Indians; and the anxiety to witness this spectacle is perhaps not at all disagreeably spiced by that still, warning voice of reason, which gravely admonishes the adventurer that his undertaking, interesting as it may be, is not altogether divested of danger.

For besides the rocks, shoals, and snags which are to be avoided, unceasing attention must be given to innumerable logs of hewn timber, which, having been wafted by the lumberers to the commencement of the rapid, have been left to be hurried for eight or nine miles towards their market,—sometimes separately, sometimes hustling each other, sometimes floundering, and sometimes, if anything irritates or obstructs their passage, rearing up in the water until they almost reel over. As soon as a berth or clear place is observed between these masses of floating timber, the elder Indian, who is seated at the head of the canoe, his younger comrade being at the stern, and the passenger in the middle, calmly lets go his hold of the bank, and the two Indians, each furnished with a single paddle, immediately standing up, the frail bandbox which contains them floats indolently until it reaches the edge or crest of the rapid,—which is no sooner passed, than the truth rushes upon the mind of the traveller that all possibility of stopping has ceased, and that this "hubble-bubble, toil and trouble" must continue until the eight or nine miles of the rapids shall be passed.

In the apparent turmoil of this scene, in which the canoe is preceded, as well as followed, by masses of heavy timber, the slightest touch of which would annihilate it,—the icy-cold judgment of the old Indian,—his collected but lightning-like decision,—the simplicity and tranquillity of his red, beardless face, thatched over by his bluff-cut, black, lank hair,—his total absence of either fear or bravado,—his immutable presence of mind,—and, in places of the greatest possible noise and confusion in the waters, the mild tone of voice with which he softly utters to his young comrade the monosyllable that directs him to steer the stern of the canoe in the direction opposite to that which he himself gives to its head,—form altogether a most striking contrast with the boisterous scene, the sudden kaleidoscope-changes of which it is utterly impossible to describe;—for one danger has no sooner been avoided than, instead of having time to reflect on it for a moment, the eye is attracted to a second, as suddenly passed and as instantly succeeded by a third. Sometimes the canoe rapidly dashes over a sunken rock, or between two barely-covered fragments, which to have touched would have been ruin. In avoiding these a snag is passed, which would have spitted the canoe had it impinged on it. Sometimes the middle of the stream is the safest. Sometimes the Indian steers close to the steep, rocky bank, where it becomes evident the velocity of the current is so great, that if the canoe were to be upset, its passengers, even if they could snatch hold of the bough of a tree, could not hang on to it, without being suffocated

by the resistance which in that position they would offer to the rushing waters. Sometimes, at a moment when all is apparently prosperous, and the water, on account of its greater depth or breadth, has become comparatively tranquil, some of the timber ahead, proceeding end-foremost, strikes either against the side, or some sunken rock in the middle of the stream, in which case the tree suddenly halts, and, veering round, impedes the rest of the timber until the congregated mass, forcing its way, clears the passage, perhaps just before the canoe, which cannot stop, reaches it. At other times, in traversing the stream to avoid difficulties, the pursuing timber approaches the canoe nearer than is agreeable. In some places the river suddenly narrows, and here, the waves are not only tremendous, but the whole character of the torrent seems to be changed, for the water apparently ceases altogether to descend the channel, doing nothing but as it were boiling and bubbling up from the bottom. In approaching this cauldron, the case seems hopeless, and often continues so until the canoe is close upon it, when the Indian's eagle-eye searches out some little aqueous furrow, through which his nutshell vessel can pass, and, though his countenance is as tranquil as ever, yet the muscular exertion he makes to attain this passage will not easily be forgotten by any passenger whose fortune it has ever been to observe it. As soon as the declivity of the rapids has ended, the water instantly becomes tranquil, the two Indians sit down in the canoe, and, on reaching the shore, one of them with perfect ease carries it on his shoulders during the remainder of the day.

It would, of course, be impossible for any vessel to ascend a torrent similar to that down which, by a digression that we hope will be pardoned, our readers have just unexpectedly been precipitated; yet on the St. Lawrence it is not unusual to see a steamer *climb* a long rapid of very considerable violence. From the deck of a vessel in this situation, it is very interesting to determine, by the relative bearing of fixed objects on shore, the slow but sure conquest which the power of steam is making over the elements of wind and water, both of which are occasionally seen combining to oppose its progress. In places where the current is the strongest the ascent for a time is almost imperceptible; every moment we expected that the engine would be beaten, and that the vigorous strength of the steam would be exhausted by the untiring force of its adversaries; but no,—the hot water in the long-run beat the cold; the fire conquered the wind.—And, though the liquid element was continuously slipping from underneath the vessel, and though the air in close column was unceasingly charging to oppose it, yet—"at spes infracta"—in spite of all these difficulties, the steamer triumphantly reached the summit of the rapids, and then merrily glided forward on its course.

Until last year's disturbances in the Canadas it had been considered impracticable for steamers to navigate the great fresh-water seas of America in winter. The Lakes Huron and Ontario, which, from their immense depth, are never frozen over, are subject to sudden and most violent gales of wind; and, as soon as all the rivers,

harbours, and bays become hard enough to bear the passage even of artillery, no haven is left in which a vessel can seek refuge from the storm. For the coast, which, generally speaking, is in summer of easy access, becomes gradually incrusted with ice; against this barrier the waves break, and, as the water is no sooner motionless than it freezes, the whole shelving beach gradually becomes, and, until the hot season melts it, remains, a reef of rocky ice of a most forbidding and inhospitable appearance. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the steamers of Upper Canada contrived last winter to navigate the lake until the 4th of February, when, after a short refit, they again went out, and patiently continued their services until "the sun strengthened and the days lengthened;" in short, until, their republican invaders having been everywhere repulsed, warm, peaceful weather arrived.

Nothing, but the imminent danger which threatened the Canadas from the perfidious conduct of the United States' authorities, in allowing the artillery and muskets of their public arsenals to be hostilely turned against a high-minded, generous nation with which they were trading under a solemn treaty of peace, could have warranted the desperate experiment of trying to transport arms, artillery, and troops during the winter from Kingston to Toronto, Niagara, and Hamilton. It was confidently predicted that the paddles would become clogged with ice, that the boilers would burst, and that the vessels would even become water-logged from the weight of the frozen element on their bows; however trip after

trip was effected with impunity, and the important services required from the captains of the steamers were thus manfully performed.

In traversing the lake at this inclement season, the helmsman stood upon the upper deck in a glass lantern or case. Above us was the clear, exhilarating, deep blue Canadian sky, into which the suddenly-condensed white steam rapidly disappeared. Around in all directions were waters of the same dark ethereal hue, diversified every here and there with different-sized white patches of floating ice. The American and Canadian shores, covered with sparkling snow, were bounded by the dark, bristling outline of the pine-forest.

On approaching the points at which the guns or soldiers were to be disembarked, much embarrassment and even danger were caused by the undulating surface of floating ice; but the greatest apparent difficulty was, for these steamers, which always during the night became firmly frozen in, to break their fetters in the morning, and regain their liberty. The manner in which this operation was daily effected, was as follows:—As soon as two or three of the vessels lying close together could get their steam up, the ice was cut away by axes just sufficient to allow the paddles to turn. This having been done, the vessels simultaneously worked their paddles, which by all revolving together caused such a hubbub and turmoil, that the water, forming into angry waves, wrenched up the ice for a considerable distance. The steamers being thus enabled to get headway, and their bows being shod with iron, they charged the ice, and, by

the crew continually running in a body across the deck from starboard to larboard, a rocking motion was also created which, with the impetus of the vessel, enabled it to force its prow through the ice into the clear water.

By these means the lake, for the first time in its life, was not only in winter traversed by day, but on several occasions, during the most tempestuous weather, by night. With every harbour closed,—with the air, the concentrated essence of cold, feeling as if it would freeze the blood in the veins,—it may easily be imagined that there was something very appalling, even in a calm winter's night-passage—as the red embers of various sizes slowly descended from the invisible top of the funnel, till, on reaching the water, they suddenly vanished—in reflecting that the British steamer was a solitary vessel on the lake.

In heavy weather, however, such trifles were unnoticed, the whole attention of the crew being occupied in searching through utter darkness for that friendly red shore-light, which no vessel but one under the powerful and providential protection of steam could have ventured to approach. As a striking contrast to this frozen scene, let us view the following vivid description, by a very young traveller, of his passage up the burning river of Calcutta.

"We have been steaming up the Ganges for about eight days, and we have seventeen more before us. Fancy a set of people belonging to the most civilized nation in the world, surrounded by European luxuries and machinery, living in a little world of itself, which, with its crew of inhabitants, is whizzing along in the torrid zone, for upwards of 600

miles, through a perfectly uninhabited country—sometimes traversing a river twice or three times as broad as the Rhine, and sometimes stealing along a creek so narrow, that the thick bamboo jungle overhung on both sides of the deck. This tract (the Sunderbund) we have however passed, and we are now scuffling up the broad, rapid Ganges. The country on each side is cultivated, but as flat as a table, while the banks are constantly crowded with the natives, who rush out to see *the fire-ship* pass."

On salt water as well as on fresh;—reeking and fuming under the Line, as well as in frozen regions;—on crowded rivers, as well as on those whose shores are desolate;—on large streams as well as on small ones;—in bays, harbours, friths, estuaries, channels;—on the small lakes of Ireland, Scotland, and Switzerland;—on the large ones in America;—on the Red Sea;—on the Black Sea;—on the Mediterranean;—on the Baltic;—in fair weather,—in foul weather,—in a calm as well as in a hurricane,—with the current or against it,—this power, when tested, has most successfully answered the great purpose for which it was beneficially created; and it is impossible to reflect on the thousands of human beings who at this moment are being transported by it; it is impossible to summon before the imagination the various steamers, large and small, which in all directions, in spite of wind and weather, are going straight as arrows to their targets,—without feeling most deeply that, after all, there is nothing new in the discovery that "*the Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters.*"

II. STEAM POWER ON THE TERRESTRIAL SURFACE OF THE GLOBE.

Although the power of steam has not, geographically speaking, made the same extensive progress on land as on the aqueous surface of the globe, yet in science it has established a simple fact, the utility and importance of which almost surpass the value of the steamer.

Although M'Adam's roads are the best on the globe,—although our horses (bone, breeding, and condition being duly considered) are the most powerful in the world,—although capital, experience, competition, and an unparalleled propensity among Anglo-Saxons to travel fast, have, during the lapse of ages, united in creating a system which, without being guilty of national vanity, we may say has nowhere been equalled,—and which, with humility we acknowledge, we had often fancied could not be surpassed,—yet, by the application of the locomotive engine on the railway, the infant power of steam, by its first earthly stride, has suddenly trebled, even in England, the speed of our ordinary conveyance for travellers, and has more than three times trebled the speed of our heavy goods by the public waggon!

On the results, even to ourselves, of the sudden gift of this new velocity, it is almost awful to reflect; but when we consider that the railroad principle is very nearly as applicable to every region of the globe as it is to our own, and consequently that countries which have bad roads, and even that countries which have no roads at all, without passing through the transitionary processes to which

we have been subjected, may suddenly travel with this velocity, we cannot but admit that the power of steam on land, as on water, is prodigious.

There are no doubt many of our readers who have yet to receive those commonplace impressions which are made upon the mind of the traveller when for the first time he sees and hears the engine, as from a point in advance on the railway it slowly retrogrades in order to be hooked on to a train, composed, as on the London and Liverpool line, of eighteen or twenty huge cars, besides private carriages on runners, caravans full of horses, waggons of heavy goods, etc. etc. etc. The immense weight, upwards of eighty tons, to be transported at such a pace to such a distance, when compared with the slight, neat outline of the engine, the circumference of whose black funnel-pipe would not twice go round the neck of the antelope, and whose bright copper boiler would not twice equal the girth or barrel of a race-horse, might induce the stranger to apprehend for a moment that the approaching power must prove totally inadequate to its task; but the tearing, deafening noise with which this noble animal of man's creation advances to his work very quickly demonstrates that it has itself no fear, but, as a bridegroom out of his chamber, is rejoicing, like a giant, to run his course.

If the character of this powerful creature be considered for a moment with that of a horse, the comparison is curious. With sufficient coals and water in his manger, which, it must be observed, wherever he travels he takes with him, he can, if the aggregate of his day's work be

considered, carry every day for ten miles, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, the weight of an army of 21,504 men, of 10 stone 10 lbs. each; whereas a good horse could not, at the same pace, and for the same distance, continue to carry every day more than one such man. For a distance of eighty miles he can carry the weight of 2688 men at a rate (sixteen miles an hour) that neither the hare, the antelope, nor the race-horse could keep up with him. No journey ever tires him; he is never heard to grumble or hiss but for want of work; the faster he goes, the more ravenously he feeds; and for two years he can thus travel without medicine or surgery. It requires, however, about £2000 a year to support him. We might to these observations add the graver reflection, that, as by the invention of the telescope man has extended his vision beyond that of the eagle, so by the invention of the locomotive engine has he now surpassed in speed every quadruped on the globe; we will, however, detain the engine no longer, but for a few moments will, with our readers, accompany the train with which it has now started.

On recovering from the confusion consequent on passing rapidly through the air, one of the most pleasing novelties which first attract the attention of the railway traveller, as seated in his elbow-chair he joyously skims across the green fields of merry England, is to see the horses grazing at liberty, in rich pasture; for it reminds him that the power of steam has at last emancipated those noble quadrupeds from the toilsome duties which, in the service of our mails and coaches, they have so

long and so gallantly undergone, in fact, that he is travelling on land, without the slightest infliction of animal suffering.

Although everybody comprehends perfectly well in theory what moving in a carriage at the rate, occasionally, of thirty or forty miles an hour means, yet, until a person *has* performed it on a railroad, he can scarcely conceive the sensation he experiences in practically finding every hour that he is gliding past some place which in ordinary travelling he would scarcely have reached under four or perhaps five hours' labour. The dashing at full steam-speed into the small black orifices of the tunnels, the midnight darkness that prevails there,—the flashes of light which occasionally denote the air-shafts, the sudden return to the joyous sunshine of this world, the figures of the company's green servants, who, as the train whisks past them, stand all in the same attitude, motionless as statues, with white flags (the emblem of safety) in their extended right hands,—the occasional shrill, plaintive whistle ending in a scream, by which the engine, whenever necessary, scares the workmen from the rails, the meteor-like meeting of a return train, of which, *in transitu*, no more is seen than of the coloured figures on one of the long strips of painted glass, which, after slow exhibition before children, are by the showman rapidly drawn across the lens of his magic lantern, all these sensations unite in making the traveller practically sensible of the astonishing velocity with which not only he and his fellow-passengers, each seated in his arm-chair, but heavy goods, can now be transported.

But let us descend from the train, seriously to consider what is the amount of danger attendant upon this new mode of travelling; for there can be no doubt, if it be suicidal, it ought not to be continued.

That death is everywhere,—that he levels his shafts at the throne, the bench, and the cottage,—that the rich and the poor, the brave and the timid, are alike the victims of his power, no one will be disposed to deny; and it is, perhaps, equally true that, where he is oftenest encountered, he is, generally speaking, the least feared, and that, on the contrary, he is invariably the most dreaded where he is least known. The human mind becomes callous to dangers to which it has been long accustomed, while, on the other hand, it is often over-sensitive respecting those which are newly born. That these observations are peculiarly applicable to the dangers attendant upon railroad travelling, will appear from the following comparison between it and that to which the public had been hitherto accustomed.

The dangers of travelling by either mode may be divided into four heads, namely:—

1. The dangers of the road.
2. The dangers of the carriage.
3. The dangers of the locomotive power.
4. The dangers arising from momentum, or from the weight of the burden, multiplied by the velocity at which it is conveyed.

As regards the first of these, we are certainly of opinion that, *ceteris paribus*, a railroad must be less dangerous than a high-road; because it is flat instead of hilly; because a surface of iron is smoother than a sur-

face even of broken stones; because the lip of the rail which confines the wheels is an extra security which the common road does not possess; and because waggons, vans, carts, private carriages, and all other vehicles, as well as horses and cattle, belonging to individuals, are rigorously excluded.

As regards the second of these dangers, we submit that a railway car must be less dangerous than a stage or mail-coach, because its centre of gravity, when empty, is low instead of high; because its passengers sit low instead of high, inside and not outside; because its axles, receiving no jerks, are less liable to break; and consequently because altogether it is less liable to overset.

As regards the third of these dangers, we conceive there can be no doubt whatever that a locomotive engine must be less dangerous than four horses, because it is not liable to run away, tumble down, or shy at strange objects or noises; because it has no vice in it; because it is not, like a horse, retained and guided by numberless straps and buckles, the breaking of any one of which might make it take fright. And lastly, because by the opening of a valve its daring, restless, enterprising spirit can at any moment be turned adrift, leaving nothing behind it but a dull, harmless, empty copper-vessel.

It is true that it is possible for the boiler, unlike the horse, to explode; yet, as the safety-valve is the line of least resistance, that accident, with mathematical certainty, can be easily provided against.

With respect to the fourth of these dangers, it must be admitted that both the speed and the weight of a

railway-train are infinitely greater than the momentum of a mail or stage coach; yet if the latter, in case of serious accidents, be sufficient to cause the death of the passengers, it might be suggested that the former can do no more, just as it is practically argued by old soldiers, when they rebuke recruits for dreading artillery, that a musket-ball kills a man as dead as a cannon-shot. If a railway-train at full speed were to run against the solid brickwork of the tunnel, or to go over one of the steep embankments, the effect would mechanically be infinitely greater, but perhaps not more fatal to the passengers, than if the mail at its common pace were to do the same:— besides which, it must always be remembered that, though the stage may profess to travel at the safe lukewarm pace of eight miles an hour, yet anything that frightens its horses may suddenly accelerate or boil up its speed to that of the railroad, under which circumstances the carriage becomes ungovernable. In going downhill, if a link of the pole-chains break, if the reins snap, or if the tongue of a little buckle bends, the scared cattle run away: and it is this catastrophe, it is the latent propensities and not the ordinary appearance of the horses, which should be fairly considered, when a comparison is made between railroad and common-road travelling; for we all know there is infinitely less danger in galloping a horse that obeys the bridle at thirty miles an hour, than there is in demurely trotting at the rate of eight on a runaway brute that is only waiting for the shade of the shadow of an excuse to place his rider in a predicament almost as unenviable as Mazeppa's.

Moreover, we have already shown that the obstructions which exist on a railroad are infinitely less than those which exist on a high-road, inasmuch as from the former is excluded every human being, animal, and vehicle (excepting those safely included in the train). It is true that in case of an unforeseen obstruction a coach can pull up, say in twenty yards, while a train at full speed cannot be stopped in less than, say two hundred; but, on the other hand, it must be recollected that, assisted by the signal-men, who by flags or bugles (especially in a fog) can communicate, like telegraphs, one with another, the conductor of a train may be said to see considerably more than ten times further before him than the driver of a mail-coach, and he is therefore better able to avoid the obstruction. Indeed, if any one would take the trouble to watch the simultaneous departure from the London Post-office of our mails, in a foggy or snowy winter's night, he would probably feel that nothing short of a miracle could enable the men and horses, against wind, weather, and all obstructions on the road, to keep their time; in short, that the danger of travelling by such a conveyance was infinitely greater than in a railroad train, flying along the iron groove of its well-protected orbit.

So much for theory. In practice the precise amount of the danger of railroad travelling, even at the commencement of the experiment, will at once appear, from the following official reports, to have been about *ten passengers* killed out of more than *forty-four millions!*

Name of Railway	Date From	Date To	Number of Miles.	Number of Passengers.	Number of Accidents.
London and Birmingham	July 21, 1837	Nov. 1, 1838	19,119,465	541,360	1 cases of commotions, no deaths.[1]
Grand Junction	July 4, 1837	Jan. 31, 1838	972	214,064	1 cases of slight concussion.[2]
Bolton and Leigh and Kenyon and Leigh	June 21, 1837	Oct. 1, 1838	3,923,012	508,273	2 deaths, 3 slight commotions.[3]
Newcastle and Carlisle	March 2, 1838	Oct. 1, 1838	1	5,550,[illegible]	1 deaths, 4 fractures.[4]
Edinburgh and Dalkeith	summer of '32	Sep. 30, 1838	7	1,507,642	1 arm broken.
Stockton and Darlington	Oct. 12, 1836	Oct. 31, 1838	2,213,651	357,[illegible]5	None.
Great Western	June 4, 1838	Nov. 1838	4,109,138	230,[illegible]	None.
Liverpool and Manchester	Sep. 16, 1830	Sep. 28, 1838	30	3,514,830	6 deaths, no fractures.[5]
Dublin and Kingstown	Nov. 14, 1836	Sep. 1, 1838	1	36,410,112	5 deaths, and 3 commotions to passengers.
London and Greenwich	Dec. 14, 1836	Nov. 1, 1838	454,000	2,[illegible],417	1 passenger slightly bruised.

1. None of these accidents occurred to actual passengers.
2. [illegible]
3. The whole of these were passengers, one of them a sergeant in charge of a deserter, who jumped off the carriage while in motion; the sergeant jumped after him to secure him, but was so much injured that he died. Three others got out and walked in the road, and were killed. The rest suffered by collision of two trains at different times. These include all the casualties from the very commencement of the working of the Line.
4. None of the persons killed were passengers.
5. One of the persons killed was a passenger.

Our readers have now, we conceive, sufficient data to enable them to form their own conclusions on the comparative danger between railroad and highroad travelling.

III. RESULTS OF THE LOCOMOTIVE POWER OF STEAM.

What will be the advantages and disadvantages to mankind of the locomotive power by steam, on the aqueous and terrestrial surface of the globe, we submit that it is impossible for philosophy accurately to define, for the simple reason that the power in question is undetermined.

When Archimedes in his study had calculated, 1st, the amount of requisite power, and, 2nd, the weight of the world, he did not fear to declare, that with sufficient lever and fulcrum he could move the globe; he would not however have said this had his power been, as is termed in mathematics, an unknown quantity. In this latter predicament we stand; for though we have seen the birth of our new-born power, we have yet to learn what is its real strength.

Mr. Booth (Secretary to the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company) observes, that a speed of thirty miles an hour, with the luxury of the smoothest motion which springs and cushions can afford, is considered by many as merely our starting-point. We ourselves humbly believe that that rate will ere long be doubled; and, if travellers can fly backwards and forwards at the rate of sixty miles, one can hardly say why infinitely lighter engines (on the tooth-and-pinion system for instance)

might not, with larger driving-wheels, travel on this iron orbit at the rate of a hundred miles an hour; for, to return to our old argument, an accident at that pace could hardly do a passenger more mischief than at the rate to which we are already accustomed.

It will be evident that the first effect of this increasing series must be the gradual annihilation, approaching almost to the final extinction, of that space and of those distances which have hitherto been supposed unalterably to separate the various nations of the globe; and that in proportion as this shall be effected, the centralisation, whether for weal or woe, of the human family, must be accomplished. For instance, supposing that railroads, even at our present simmering rate of travelling, were to be suddenly established all over England, the whole population of the country might, speaking metaphorically, be said to have at once advanced *en masse*, and to have placed their chairs nearer to the fireside of their metropolis by two thirds of the time which but lately separated them from it; they would also sit nearer to one another by two thirds of the time which now respectively alienates them. If the rate were to be again as greatly accelerated, this process would be repeated; our harbours, our dockyards, our towns, the whole of our rural population, would again not only draw nearer to each other by two thirds, but all would proportionally approach the national hearth. As distances were thus annihilated, the surface of our country would, as it were, shrivel in size until it became not much bigger than one immense city, and yet by a sort of miracle every man's

field would be found not only *where* it always was, but *as large* as ever it was!

This magic process would be as applicable to all other countries as to our own. In Germany, for instance, from time out of mind, men as well as mile posts have been reared up under the idea that a league and an hour are synonymous. Indeed, in some parts of that country distances are still expressed by the number of pipes which it has invariably taken men to smoke in going from place to place; thus the midwife is said to live "two pipes off," the doctor "three pipes," and so on. If railroads at the rate of thirty miles an hour were suddenly to be established, the small family of one hour (eine Stunde) or "two pipe" men, who now live not exceeding sixty minutes from their metropolis, or from any great city, or from one another, would suddenly be fraternally increased by the two hour, three hour, and four-hour men, with whom previously they had been but very distantly connected; in short, circles being to each other as the squares of their diameters, the one hour area would, as a hen gathers her chickens, collect within its circumference all the men and all the mile posts of sixteen times its original space.

While this Birnham-wood-coming to Dunsinane process was gradually congregating the population of each particular country on earth into a national family, our steamers, by the same process, would unite into one huge society all the nations of the globe.

Since the brown leaves, now rustling on the ground, burst into verdant existence, we have seen the power

of steam suddenly dry up the great Atlantic Ocean to less than half its breadth; and thus, to the British as well as to the American merchant, who for the advantage of communicating with each other have hitherto paid to Neptune his customary charge of thirty-five days' passage, Science has proclaimed, "*For thirty-five, write sixteen!*" Our communication with India has received the same blessing. The Indian Ocean is not only infinitely smaller than it used to be, but the Indian mail, under the guidance of steam, has been granted almost a miraculous passage through the waters of the Red Sea. The Mediterranean, which is now only a week from us, has before our eyes shrunk into a lake; our British and Irish Channels have become scarcely broader than the old Frith of Forth: the Rhine, the Danube, the Thames, the Medway, the Severn, the Shannon, the Hudson, the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Ganges, etc., have contracted their streams to infinitely less than half their lengths and breadths, and the great lakes of the world are rapidly drying into ponds!

The ideas which rush into the mind when it attempts to contemplate this astonishing congregation of the human race, are so vast and overpowering, that it is almost impossible to think of the future but as an undiscovered country totally beyond our ken; and, as children feel disposed to be frightened whenever they are in the dark, so it would not be difficult to conjure up in this new region apparitions of a ghastly and terrific figure. We entertain, however, a firm reliance that so great a power as steam would not have been let loose

upon us, but for our advantage. When a congregation of cannon-balls of various sizes, each covered not only with the mud and dirt of different countries, but with the rust and scoriæ which are common to all, are shut up, and made very quickly to revolve together in a large, hollow, iron-lined cylinder, the operation, though rude, rough, and productive of no little noise and internal confusion, invariably ends by their quietly coming forth to the world clean as from the hands of the founder. Man is capable of being polished by a similar process; and though the prescription may or may not be agreeable, yet there is nothing we hold dear in our institutions that we should tremble to see subjected to that state of the world in which it has been prophesied by Daniel, that "*men shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase.*"

The disadvantages we notoriously labour under from national ignorance no one can be more anxious to see removed than ourselves; and as we believe nothing can be more true than that a people will never accept the advantages of experience until they have purchased them for themselves, we hail rather than apprehend that salutary intercourse with our fellow-creatures which the power of steam is about to introduce.

For instance, if we look to Ireland, we find ourselves, by all practical men, constantly taunted with our ignorance of that country. We do not allude to the opinions of the party opposed to the present Administration; but we will take the deliberate verdict of their own servants, selected and appointed by themselves.

The Railway Commissioners for Ireland, in their second report, addressed "To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty," and "By command of her Majesty presented to both Houses of Parliament," after minutely examining the moral, statistical, and political state of the country, boldly inform her Majesty (see page 92) that-

"Ireland, though for years past a subject of anxious attention and discussion in public, IS REALLY VERY LITTLE KNOWN TO THE BRITISH PEOPLE; *and the disadvantage to both countries, arising from that circumstance, is much greater than is generally supposed.*"

We might offer many other instances of the general advantages which society is likely to derive from the application of the new-born power of steam; but if our readers will only reflect on the immense improvement which, since the last Peace, has taken place in the manners of our countrymen, who, within these few years only, have left off hard-drinking, attending prize-fights, bull-baits, wearing Belcher neckcloths, affecting to dress, nod, spit, and meet each other like stage-coachmen, etc. etc. etc., they may calculate for themselves the aggregate advantages which the whole world will derive when, by the power of steam, every nation is enabled to see, without flattery, its own faults clearly reflected in its neighbour's mirror.

Among the various problems of minor importance which have arisen from a consideration of the general results of railroads, it is constantly asked, *In what manner will they affect our Metropolis?* There are many who argue that the facility with which people who are

now immured in London will be enabled to get into the country must have the effect of diminishing the population of the Metropolis. We must however differ from this opinion.

As travelling has been found by the Irish Railroad Commissioners invariably to increase in proportion to the facility with which it can be effected, it would follow that so many railroads, converging upon London as a centre, must, at all events, daily bring thither large crowds of passengers; besides which the railways would inject provisions in such quantities that their price would inevitably fall. On looking at those statistical tables which show the prices of provisions all over the United Kingdom, it is very curious to observe with what exactness these prices decline on the different roads, in proportion to the distance from the capital,—so that if a man with these tables in his pocket were to fall from the clouds upon any given road, by simply asking the first person he met to tell him the price of butter, for instance, and by then looking at his tables, he would be able to determine very nearly his precise distance from the Metropolis. Now, when London, instead of being supplied with expensive milk, fruits, and vegetables, produced on land and gardens of an exorbitant rent, can be readily furnished with these articles from a distance;—when bullocks, instead of being driven at great expense, "larding the lean earth" as they proceed, can be killed 100 or 200 miles off, and be thus despatched to, instead of in, the Metropolis, and when all sorts of provisions can be forwarded thither with equal facility, it must

inevitably follow that the prices of these commodities will be more equally adjusted throughout the country than they hitherto have been. London must thus become a place of much cheaper residence; and we think there can be no doubt that, in proportion as the pecuniary objections to living in it are removed, its population must increase. When a powder-magazine by exploding creates a vacuum in the atmosphere, the windows of the adjacent houses are not, as most people would be led to expect, forced *inwards*, but the air within their rooms breaks the glass *outwards* in rushing to restore the equilibrium of the atmosphere. On similar principles, the population of the country will, we conceive, rush towards the London markets, whenever by any commercial convulsion the price of provisions is suddenly lowered; and thus will the effect of the rail roads upon the Metropolis be, we conceive, centripetal, and not, as has been supposed by many, centrifugal.

It is true that the twenty minutes, thirty minutes, and sixty minutes City men (we mean those whose affluent fortunes allow them now to live those periods of time from the Metropolis) will, instead of residing at Hackney, Putney, and other such retreats, rush away to Maidenhead, Watford, Tunbridge, and other places from ten to thirty miles from London. The houses they abandon, falling in rent, will attract a new description of men, besides which, inasmuch as, where a man's treasure is, there is generally his heart, so, wherever these gentlemen may sleep, they will still *semi fide* be actual inhabitants of the Metropolis, indeed, in

stead of deserting the Metropolis, it may be justly said they will carry it with them, and that the real limits of London will become, as indeed they now are, that radius to which its population can at night conveniently retire to their pillows.

If our sole object was to advocate the railroad and steamboat system, we should now conclude our imperfect observations; but, as our desire is to bring the important subject of steam locomotive power fairly before the consideration of our readers, it is necessary that, in the words of Portia, we should say, "*Tarry a little, there is something yet!*"

"Your Lordship will observe," wrote the Duke of Wellington in his celebrated despatch from the field of Waterloo, "that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages gained, without great loss, and I am sorry to add, that ours has been immense." In science, as in warfare, victories, however brilliant they may appear to the public, invariably leave behind them anguish and misery which even the flourish of the trumpets cannot conceal from our ears. The invention of any new machinery in our manufactories has always, more or less, been productive of such results; but the power of steam is about to produce effects which it is not only painful but absolutely fearful to contemplate. It is undeniable that the wooden walls of Old England (we mean our navy as it floated in the days of Nelson) do not afford the same protection to our island, since the invention of vessels which, against wind and tide, and especially in calm weather,

can penetrate our fogs for the purpose of invasion. Our insular defence, which, during the reign of Napoleon, amounted, in round numbers, precisely to the quantum of difficulty that then existed in a fleet's crossing the British Channel, has of course been suddenly weakened exactly in the same ratio as that difficulty has been immensely diminished; and when we recall to mind with what confidence we have been accustomed to look to the British navy for defence, it is melancholy to reflect that men-of-war, whose names in letters brighter than gold are most gloriously recorded in the naval annals of our country, might now, in a dead calm, hear the cannon of our assailants,—without the power of pouring into them British broadsides, in the old boatswain's phraseology, "as hot as they could suck 'em." In short, the maritime defences of the country must be weakened.

On shore not only will the face of Old England be seared and furrowed by railroads, resembling the straight, cross-barred lines tattooed across the countenance of a New Zealander, but some of our noblest establishments have already received what may truly be termed their sentence of death.

The first among these is our mail-coach establishment, so long our just pride, and still the admiration and wonder of all other countries. Those well-built carriages which have hitherto with unerring accuracy conveyed our correspondence to the remotest points in the United Kingdom; those skilful coachmen who, against all weathers and in all seasons, have, with rarely an exception, kept their respective times; those guards who,

with unpretending courage, have faithfully protected the commercial treasure committed to their charge, must, it is foreseen, be soon cast aside. Our immense stage system, with all its coaches, coachmen, horses, and housekeepers, is nearly also on its last legs. Our posting system, with its expensive hotels, built at convenient sleeping-places by enterprising people for the comfort and luxury of travellers, post houses, post horses, and postilions, is undoubtedly in equal danger. Our public roads, as well as our private roads, have scarcely, at an enormous expense, been brought to a state of perfection, when it is notified to us that the M'Adam system has been supplanted by a new power which is to leave it deserted. It is estimated that there are about 90,000 commercial travellers; this intelligent body of men will be considerably injured. The communication from London to Leith and Aberdeen by smacks, which, at great expense, had been fitted up for public conveyance, is already superseded by the power of steam; and those noble American packets, so beautifully built, so liberally provided, and so ably navigated, are now about to make way for steamers, in the building of which the Bristol, Liverpool, and New York merchants are all combining against the "old liner," that faithful and veteran servant who has hitherto in all weathers transacted their business with credit and success.

We will now proceed to endeavour to apply the whole of the foregoing general observations on the power, progress, and probable effects of steam, to a useful and practical result.

Civilization has never been granted an opportunity of suddenly making such an immense step, or rather such an incalculable stride, as is now offered; nevertheless it is humiliating to reflect how little apprehension we have shown for the heavenly gift which has been imparted to us;—how strongly our conduct respecting it exemplifies the observation, "Nescis, mi fili, quantulâ sapientiâ gubernatur mundus!"

In private life a man would be considered as insane who should begin to build for himself a house before he had settled upon its plan; and yet we have scarcely become acquainted with the locomotive power of steam on land, than we have at once jumped upon its bare back, riding it roughshod in all directions before the breadth of the rails has been determined, or before the nation has settled, or even considered, upon what scientific principles these immense new works ought to be constructed.

In order to form some sort of notion of the responsibility which we are thus taking on us, let us for a moment, by multiplying the amount of work in a single railroad by the number which in such a hurry are to be constructed, roughly estimate the quantum of expense which either has been or is about to be incurred. Mr. David Stevenson says,—

"The Americans now number among their many wonderful artificial lines of communication a Mountain Railway, which, in boldness of design and difficulty of execution, I can compare to no modern work I have ever seen, excepting perhaps the Passes of the Simplon and Mont Cenis; but even these remark-

able Passes, viewed as engineering works, did not strike me as being more wonderful than the Alleghany Railway in the United States."

Mr. Lecount, Civil Engineer, speaking of an undertaking to which he has from the first been professionally connected, writes as follows:

"The London and Birmingham Railway is unquestionably the greatest public work ever executed, either in ancient or modern times. If we estimate its importance by the labour alone which has been expended on it, perhaps the Great Chinese Wall might compete with it; but when we consider the immense outlay of capital which it has required, the great and varied talents which have been in a constant state of requisition during the whole of its progress,—together with the unprecedented engineering difficulties, which we are happy to say are now overcome,—the gigantic work of the Chinese sinks totally into the shade.

"It may be amusing to some readers, who are unacquainted with the magnitude of such an undertaking as the London and Birmingham Railway, if we give one or two illustrations of the above assertion. The great Pyramid of Egypt, that stupendous monument which seems likely to exist to the end of all time, will afford a comparison.

"After making the necessary allowances for the foundations, galleries, etc., and reducing the whole to one uniform denomination, it will be found that the labour expended on the Great Pyramid was equivalent to lifting fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three million cubic feet of stone one foot high. This labour was performed, according to Diodorus Siculus, by three hundred thousand, to Herodotus by one hundred thousand men, and it required for its execution twenty years.

"If we reduce in the same manner the labour expended in constructing the London and Birmingham Railway to one

common denomination, the result is twenty-five thousand million cubic feet of material (reduced to the same weight as that used in constructing the Pyramid) lifted one foot high, or nine thousand two hundred and sixty-seven million cubic feet more than was lifted one foot high in the construction of the Pyramid; yet this immense undertaking has been performed by about twenty thousand men in less than five years.

"From the above calculation have been omitted all the tunnelling, culverts, drains, ballasting, and fencing, and all the heavy work at the various stations, and also the labour expended on engines, carriages, waggons, etc.; these are set off against the labour of drawing the materials of the Pyramid from the quarries to the spot where they were to be used,—a much larger allowance than is necessary.

"As another means of comparison, let us take the cost of the railway and turn it into pence, and allowing each penny to be one inch and thirty-four hundredths wide, it will be found that these pence laid together so that they all touch would more than form a continuous band round the earth at the Equator.

"As a third mode of viewing the magnitude of this work, let us take the circumference of the earth in round numbers at one hundred and thirty million feet. Then, as there are about four hundred million cubic feet of earth to be moved in the railway, we see that this quantity of material alone, without looking to anything else, would, if spread in a band one foot high and one foot broad, more than three times encompass the earth at the Equator."

We have lying before us descriptions of a similar nature of the Liverpool and Birmingham, of the Great Western, of the Brussels and Antwerp Railways, etc. etc., but the two sketches we have just given will probably be deemed sufficient as multiplicands, and with

these before the reader we will proceed to show by what immense figures they are about to be multiplied.

In the United States we have already stated that there were, in the year 1837, completed and in full operation, no less than fifty-seven railways, whose aggregate length amounted to upwards of 1600 miles; that thirty-three railways were in progress, which, when completed, would amount to 2800 miles; and that, in addition to this, upwards of one hundred and fifty railway companies had been incorporated.

In Great Britain, the Irish Railway Commissioners state that the amount of capital authorized to be raised for making railways, under Acts passed in 1833, 1834, 1835, and 1836, was £20,000,000. The estimate for those for which bills were Petitioned in 1837 was very near £31,000,000. In France, the Government, on the 15th of February, 1838, proposed, in the Chamber of Deputies, bills for a general system of railroads, which was to extend in aggregate length to the enormous distance of 1100 leagues of railway, without reckoning the branch-roads. The estimated expense mounted to £40,000,000 sterling. In Belgium, it is proposed to throw a network of railroads over the whole surface of the country, and vast projects are in contemplation in Holland, Prussia, and in various other countries in Europe.

In the development of this enormous new power, which is to compress the world quite as much as by a very small application of the same power we compress our hay and cotton for exportation, it cannot, we con-

ceive, be denied that the British nation, whether for good or for evil, is furiously leading the way.

We do not mean, by this observation, to withhold from the Americans the applause due to them for the activity and enterprise which in their railroad undertakings have distinguished that shrewd and industrious people, but we have already shown that their railroad system is one adapted only to their own peculiar political transitionary state, and that, between their course and ours, there exists the same important difference as between field and permanent fortification; and as it is our permanent, and not their temporary system, which is adapted to Europe, it would be with pride, if we could record that we were ably, or even to the best of our ability, performing the duties of the high station which we have been called upon before the world to occupy.

It is, however, with feelings of humiliation and regret, we must acknowledge, that we have failed to receive the new power which has lately visited the earth with the attention due to its importance. If an illustrious stranger had landed on our shores, considerable expenses would have been incurred, and deliberate arrangements would have been made, to have imparted to our guest the honours suited to his rank;—but this great mechanical Power which, without metaphor, we may say has lately descended from Heaven, permanently to reside with us on earth, has been most culpably neglected. Against prejudice and ignorance it was at first left to contend, unassisted and unattended; and even when, having trampled both these enemies under its

fast, it was seen in all directions moving triumphantly among us, by the Legislature as well as by the Government it was suffered for a considerable time to exist totally unnoticed.

If we were gravely to be asked, before the world, upon what system and upon what principles the various English railroad bills have hurriedly been passed into laws, with shame we have to confess that neither system nor principle has been considered. In the animal frame, Nature has not only, by great arteries, projected from the heart to every part of the body, however remote, nourishment exactly proportionate to its support, but, by astonishing foresight and reflection, she has placed these arteries in sheltered situations in which they are admirably protected from outward accidents; the good of every part has been scrupulously attended to, and yet in no instance has the general welfare of the whole been neglected. But in the arterial system of our railroads, no such considerations have for a single moment been attended to. Disregarding all private suffering, the Legislature has, on the face and surface of the country, made incisions here, and circumcisions there, of the most serious and lasting consequences. Unguided by science, and without due attention to the general anatomy of the country, we have decreed that a little artery shall diagonally flow here, and a large one there; one longitudinally in this place, another latitudinally, almost at right angles, in that. "It would be a good thing," argues one company of speculators before the Legislature, "to grant us a railroad here;" "It would be a very

fine thing, indeed," argues another self-interested body of engineers and attorneys, "to give us one there;"—the prayers of both have been conceded! And thus have monopolies been granted *for ever* to an incongruous mob of inexperienced joint-stock, zigzag Companies, who, strange to say, are to settle at what hours the British public is to travel,—at what rate it is to travel,—and, up to a certain point, at what price it is to travel!

The details have been as little regarded as the outline or building-plan. The width between the rails of one of our railroads has been decreed to be four feet eight inches and a half; of another, five feet; of another, four feet six inches; of another, six feet; and of another, seven feet. In the line from London to Liverpool, the space between the double sets of rails has been fixed at four feet eight inches and a half for the Liverpool and Manchester Company, and six feet for the rest of the distance, belonging to the other two brother Companies. Again, the driving-wheels of the engines of one Company are four feet; of another, four feet six inches; of another, five feet; of another, six; of another, seven; and of another, ten feet in diameter. In short, village lawyers, country surveyors, and speculators of all descriptions, who knew but *little* of the great principles upon which railroads should be constructed, have appeared before the Legislature, who knew *less*, to advocate the interest of the public, who, taken collectively, absolutely knew *nothing at all* on the subject.

That the blind have thus, not only in Europe, but in America, been led by the blind, will appear from the following statement:—

On the 8th of May, 1837, the French Government brought forward six bills for six railroads, whose united length amounted to two hundred and thirty leagues, all planned on the most different and inconsistent principles; and, on the 15th of February, 1838, a general system was proposed, *copying the British*. In Belgium various projects are in embryo. In the United States, Mr. Stevenson says that no two railroads are constructed alike. The fish-bellied rails of some, weighing forty pounds per lineal yard, rest upon cast-iron chairs weighing sixteen pounds each; in others, plate rails of malleable iron, two and a half inches broad and half an inch thick, are fixed by iron spikes to wooden rafters, which rest upon wooden sleepers; in others, a plate-rail is spiked down to tree-nails of oak or locust-wood, driven into jumper-holes bored in the stone curb; in others, longitudinal wooden runners, one foot in breadth, and from three to four inches in thickness, are embedded in broken stone or gravel; on these runners are placed transverse sleepers, formed of round timber with the bark left on; and wrought-iron rails are fixed to the sleepers by long spikes, the heads of which are countersunk in the rail; in others, round piles of timber, about twelve inches in diameter, are driven into the ground as far as they will go, about three feet apart; the tops are then cross-cut, and the rails are spiked to them.

The cost of the American railways, having generally only a single pair of rails, which are almost everywhere *of British manufacture*, was from £6000 a mile to £1800.

The cost of the Liverpool and Manchester was £30,000; of the Dublin and Kingstown, £40,000: the estimated cost of the French is about £15,000; of those to be made in Ireland, about £10,000 per mile.

This conflicting want of system was at last carried to an extent which, as our readers must perceive, has become truly alarming. Our unconnected projects received the sanction of Parliament, and yet, during the scrutiny which ought to have sifted these undertakings, there existed no master mind, no disinterested scientific authority, whose duty it was to collect and record the important facts which experience was daily eliciting, or to give to the Government, to the Legislature, or to the public, such scientific information or such sound advice as it might be deemed advisable to require.

The House of Lords, becoming at last fully sensible of the imminent danger of the course which had been pursued, resolutions and an address were moved by the Marquis of Lansdowne, in accordance with which his late Majesty was pleased, on the 20th of October, 1836, to appoint (after the mischief had been done in England) a Commission "*to inquire into the manner in which railway communication could be most advantageously promoted,*" and "*to consider and recommend a general system of Railways in IRELAND.*"

The Commissioners, Lieut. Thomas Drummond, R.E., Colonel Sir John Fox Burgoyne, R.E., Peter Barlow, and Richard Griffith, Esquires, thus appointed, delivered their first Report on the 11th of March, 1837; and their second and final Report on the 13th of June, 1838. The

recommendations contained in these important documents are as follows:—

1. The Commissioners "come to the conclusion that the two great lines which would open the country in the most advantageous manner, confer the most extensive accommodation at the smallest outlay, and afford the greatest return on capital," would be—

A. A railway from Dublin to Cork, with branch lines to Kilkenny, Limerick, and Waterford.

B. A railway from Dublin to Navan, at which point the said railway is to fork into two directions,—the one through Castleblaney and Armagh to Belfast, the other through Kells, Virginia, and Cavan, to Enniskillen.

2. The Commissioners recommend that a uniform breadth should exist between the rails of the railway lines in Ireland, and that this breadth be six feet two inches.

The Commissioners state as their opinion, that, if the utmost economy be observed; that, if provision be made by the Legislature, for reducing the great expense hitherto commonly incurred in obtaining railway bills, and for granting only a just and reasonable compensation to the Irish proprietors, £10,000 or £12,000 a mile may generally cover all the charges of construction and appointments on the two lines they have recommended.

The Commissioners estimate that, under these circumstances, the main trunk-line from Dublin to Cork would give a dividend of from 4·82 per cent. to 5·18 per cent.; the Kilkenny branch, of twenty-six miles and a half, one of two per cent.; the Limerick branch, of thirty-five

miles and a half, one of only $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. Total dividend of the main trunk-line and of these two branches, 3½ per cent. Ditto of the Waterford and Limerick branch, 3·8 per cent.

As regards the great north line, the Commissioners estimate that the dividend would be on an average about 4·75 per cent.

3. The Commissioners consider that, under present circumstances, Cork will answer every purpose for which a winter-port can be required to promote a steam-communication with America.

4. The Commissioners, after exposing several of the serious errors which have been committed, as regards the privileges granted to railroad companies in England, examining the great principles by which a general system of railways in Ireland should be regulated, and laying down the lines which, in their opinion, would be most beneficial to the country, offer very important suggestions as to the means and the manner of carrying these projects—either altogether or in part—into execution, with some sensible observations upon the principles on which railway bills should be framed, for the common benefit of the public and of the Companies, which we regret our limits do not allow us to extract.

It would of course have been possible, and there can be no doubt it would have been the safer course, for the Commissioners to have contented themselves with giving their opinions, or, as it may be termed, passing their judgment, on conflicting railway interests, without revealing to the public the high-roads and bye-roads through

which they had arrived at their decisions. They however determined on the opposite course; and, although giving reasons for difficult decisions is always attended with danger, especially where the verdict has been influenced by moral circumstances, which it is generally almost impossible to describe, yet they determined to throw before the public, without reserve, if not all, as many of their data as could possibly be collected. With this view, they appended to their Report a valuable mass of original maps and documents.

We have no desire, and even if we had, it would altogether exceed our limits, to attempt a discussion of the various local objections which have been raised against the recommendations of the Commissioners by those whose latent expectations they have disappointed, as well as by those whose private speculations they have in their Report openly opposed. Without personally alluding to any of these complainants, we will simply observe, that one might as well expect that a deep incision could be made in the human body without the infliction of pain, as that *any* public line of railroad could possibly be projected which would not give excruciating anguish in some private direction or other: indeed, the more lustily selfish theorists are heard to cry out, the greater reason is there for by-standers calmly to infer that the interest of the public is receiving adequate attention. The Commissioners have been blamed, especially by speculators in railways, for estimating the dividend to be produced by the lines of railways they have themselves recommended, at the low amount of 3½ or 4 per cent.

Had they felt themselves authorised to indulge in even their own *El Dorado* anticipations, they would probably have raised this dividend to a higher figure; but, as public servants, it was undoubtedly their duty, in the storm of speculation that was raging around them, to describe no more than they could clearly see; and if, under this conscientious feeling, they confined their calculations to plain black and white, whoever may be dissatisfied is, of course, at full liberty to colour their Indian-ink drawing as highly and as gaudily as he may choose.

Time alone will show whether the Commissioners have really underrated the profits of the great Irish railroads or not. In the meanwhile we have no hesitation in saying that, in our opinion, the anticipated profits of our English railroads is "a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain."

Against the Commissioners' Report there have been raised many other objections. On a consideration of the whole, however, we own that we feel disposed to approve of the two great lines they have proposed; and our reasons for so doing are positive and negative. First, their recommendation appears to us to be supported by facts and calculations unanswerable, and by arguments and observations sensible, and apparently disinterested. Secondly, we feel that, as no individual can be in possession of as much general information, united to as much local knowledge, as the Commission collectively has amassed, bad as may be its opinion, it is nevertheless, in our present circumstances, the best we can possibly obtain. Thirdly, we feel that we should appear before the civilized

world in a most extraordinary position, were we to continue, as we hitherto have done, to proceed on our railroad career in utter darkness; not because, as formerly, want of light was unavoidable, but because, when Science had presented to us her lamp, we no sooner received it than we wilfully blew it out and cast it from us!

The country may go wrong in following the two lines of railways recommended by the Commissioners, and it may go wrong in *not* following them (only one of these catastrophes can happen); but even supposing the chance equal, yet, in the opinion of the present age, as well as in history, there would be great excuse for the first error, none whatever for the second. If a man-of-war, groping its way through unknown waters on a voyage of discovery, were to run upon rocks during utter darkness, by all liberal men would the captain be acquitted; but if it were proved that he had wilfully prosecuted his course, after the man he himself had sent to the main-mast head sung out, in clear daylight, "*Breakers ahead!*" the commander's character, as well as his vessel, would be wrecked.

Although, however, we are disposed to approve of the professional recommendations of the Commissioners, so far as the two lines of railway are concerned, yet we certainly feel that their recommendations respecting what amount of assistance ought or ought not to be granted by Parliament to the undertaking,—as well as their opinions whether the work should be private or public property,—are questions extra-judicial. We therefore beg leave to join with the public in freely discussing these important questions.

There can be no doubt that the interference of Government in any *speculation* should be the exception rather than the rule.

In ordinary cases a wise Government should encourage, rather than presume to contend with, that daring spirit which has so remarkably characterized British capitalists. To check, to suppress, or to compete with it, would not only involve the Government in difficulty, and the nation in ruin, but we can conceive nothing more distasteful to our great capitalists than to be told that they can never embark in a voyage of speculative discovery until they shall have received from the Government its "*passe-avant.*"

Nay, it has become theoretically a maxim in political economy, that a Government has a dull, heavy, lumbering gait about it,—that in pursuit of small objects it is practically incompetent to move with the activity or nimbleness of private speculators.

Indeed, nothing but a most violent competition between man and man could have so lowered the prices, and so hastened the pace at which the British public has hitherto travelled. If any single capitalist had, a few years ago, been offered by Government the exclusive privilege of carrying heavy people every five minutes from Paddington to the Bank for sixpence, he would most surely have conceived that the secret object of her Majesty's Ministers was to ruin him; and if alone he had accepted the undertaking, there can be no doubt he would have been ruined: but when all our horse-keepers and coach-proprietors were encouraged openly to compete for the job, such a variety

of economical arrangements were invented, that the speculation has not only answered, but the London public has so materially benefited by it, that it is now truly observed, "It has become cheaper to ride than to walk."

Again; as regards the sea, how justly would the public have complained if the Government had attempted to monopolize, or even to interfere with, the transport of our merchandise and of our passengers? For it is a fact which cannot be denied, that the British merchant's steam-vessel practically crossed the Atlantic before any Government steamer dared to do so. And if the power of steam, elicited by private enterprise, has just beaten Government arrangements on the aqueous surface of the globe, why, it may be boldly asked, should it not be permitted to proceed equally free and unfettered on land? With no object in view, but to arrive, if possible, at a just conclusion, we will endeavour to answer this important question.

If our present locomotive engines were like steam-vessels, or like public or private carriages, there could be adduced no more reason for Government interfering with the former than with the latter; but the cases are widely different. If steam-vessels are badly constructed, the public cease to embark in them. If they are missuited to one water, they can sail to another, just as the 'Sirius' steamer, when found too small for the New York passage, was despatched to St. Petersburg. As new inventions arise, this process can be extended;—vessels which are now on the ocean may ply in channels;—those on channels may retire into rivers; and even if

they were all suddenly to vanish, the noble element on which they had moved would be left uninjured, trackless, and unaltered.

Again, if any description of *land* conveyance be found to be dangerous, it can be avoided. If stages on any particular road are no longer required, they, and their horses, and their horse-keepers, may go where they are wanted, or, in simpler terms, where they choose. If our omnibuses should be superseded by a better conveyance, the public can at once leave them to be sold or destroyed, as their proprietors think best. The Strand, Oxford-street, and Cheapside, would remain, however, as they were; and in like manner if every public carriage in England, in consequence of some new invention, were to be suddenly removed, housed, and the horses turned out to grass, there would, after the first shower, be left on the roads scarcely a mark of the tires of the wheels, or an impression of the horses' iron-shod feet. In all these changes the public would continue, as they ever ought to continue, on sea and land, the lords and masters of the way on which they travel; this right being unsurrendered, the competition of capitalists would always, as we have shown, be made subservient to the interest, and subject to the sovereign will and pleasure of the community; and if steam-carriages could contend with mails and stages *on public roads*, they would in like manner take their chance of being either patronized or condemned, as the community might think proper. But on railways, the case, as regards the public, is essentially different;—and it is with pain we reflect that, when our

English railway bills were brought forward, the Legislature as completely neglected to calculate what was to be the real result of the simple-sounding petition before them, as in common life two young people, barely able to provide for themselves, come before the altar hand in hand, without ever having reflected how fearfully their marriage must multiply their wants.

The petitioners who most humbly applied for an Act of Parliament in favour of their railroad, avowed their desire to possess themselves of whatever private property might stand in their way;—but they did not avow, nor did the country appear to perceive, that, in addition to this request, the projectors hoped, expected, and indeed perfectly well knew, that they would draw all the passenger traffic to their line,—or, in plainer words, that they would ruin every mail-coach, stage-coach, chaise, and public carriage in the neighbourhood; in short, that they were about to desolate the M'Adam road, which, for aught they cared, might be again "peopled with wolves, its old inhabitants."

Now let us suppose for a moment that twenty years ago any body of ignorant speculators, however respectable, had obtained from the Legislature an Act by which the property in all the leading *roads* in the country, with all the horses, carriages, waggons, and other means of conveyance whatsoever, had been consigned to them, to be dealt with as they might think proper:—that the public were to travel on the said roads, at such pace as the said "body" pleased, at such hours only as it pleased, and very nearly at such prices as it pleased;—that this

monoply was to last, not for ten years, or for twenty years, or for a hundred years, but for ever and ever; should we not now most reasonably complain of the improvidence and injustice of this Act? Yet such is precisely what will take place, so soon as the English railroads shall have superseded, as from their nature they *must* supersede, all other modes of travelling on the lines where they are established.

Again, suppose that on the discovery of some new system of paving, the property in *streets*, which had hitherto belonged to the public, had also by Act of Parliament been surrendered in like manner to the profit, caprice, and exaction of another "body" of capitalists, we should now be at its mercy to get out of our houses;—just as we shall soon be at the mercy of railroad companies to get out of our towns.

If our English railway companies had petitioned Parliament to be allowed to avail themselves of an invention, the whole and sole product of their own brains, still we maintain that for no pecuniary advantage whatever should the public have been directly or indirectly deprived by Parliament of their right of way, which by competent legal authorities has been thus defined:—"every way from town to town may be called a highway, because it is *common to all the King's subjects*; the freehold of the highway is in him that hath the freehold of the soil; but the free passage is for all the King's liege people." (1 Haw. c. 76, § 1.) Again, "In books of the best authority a river common to all men is called a highway." (1 Russ, 448.) But the grand discovery, we mean the

locomotive power of steam on the terrestrial surface of the globe, which has secured to the English railway companies an absolute monopoly of "*the way from town to town*," was not *their* property, but the property of the public, the gift of Heaven to mankind; and the Legislature might as well have granted to a London company the exclusive use of the compass, or to a Birmingham company the exclusive use of daylight, as have granted to a Stock Exchange railway company privileges over private property amounting in fact to the exclusive use of the locomotive power of steam on land;—and yet it has been and still is gravely argued, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, that because open competition on the road has hitherto invariably been found to succeed, private railroad monopolies ought to be established! In every point of view the contradiction is monstrous.

We are told that, to make way for a railroad, private property of every description must be sacrificed and surrendered *to the public;* and yet, seizing this property under false pretences, we no sooner possess it, than, by a mis-translation of the word *respublica*, we hand it over to a company of *private* individuals, whose undisguised object in obtaining it is to deprive by it, the public, of their most ancient right; in short, to make the public the servants, instead of the masters, of the high-road or "way from town to town."

It is rumoured that some of these railroad companies already talk of not allowing the public to travel on Sundays.—Now suppose that the great railway between London and Manchester were suddenly to become the

property of wealthy Jews, who, under the same conscientious feeling, were to declare, on the day they had purchased a majority of the shares, that they could not think of allowing the British public to travel on Saturdays:—could any of us plead that a Jew's Sabbath ought not to be as sacred to him as a Christian's? And if it were attempted by force to persuade him to the contrary, might he not, in demanding his right to stop the public, exclaim with Shylock,—

> "If you deny me, fie upon your laws!
> There is no force in the decrees of Venice!"

Under controlling circumstances of this nature, in what a predicament would the public be placed! What would become of the commercial correspondence of the country,—or, in moments of emergency, of the transport of our troops? A company of high-spirited sporting young proprietors of railway stock might take a pride in hurrying the mails and the public infinitely faster than was safe; a company of old gentlemen might, from over-caution, convey them too slowly;—and if the extremity of a long line were to be found not to be profitable in winter, any company might merely continue to work the rich portion of their lode, and for half the year leave the poorer vein very nearly untouched,

But let us suppose that all these conjectures are visionary, and that the railway companies, although there is no locomotive power to compete with them, will honestly carry the public as fast, as safely, and as cheaply as they can afford to do, still it is necessary to consider what

compensation the public can receive for the loss of their *right* of way.

The advocates of our English monopolies answer this question very shortly, by saying that the travelling community will be carried *cheaper* by what they oddly enough term "public competition," than they could be carried if the railroads were, as they are in Belgium (*where the fares are excessively low and the accommodation most admirable*), the property of the public; but when our readers consider that (thanks to the power of steam) nothing can compete with the railroad, say from London to Liverpool, and that this line is governed by three sets of directors, who, with infinitely more respectability than experience, may meet perhaps but for a few hours every week;—sometimes one set of wealthy individuals, sometimes another,—without responsibility or control,—and well knowing that whatever may be the expenses they incur, they can make the public pay for them all;—it must surely be evident that a network of railroads, under such a variety of systems, must in the end be infinitely *more expensive to the public*, than if it were placed under the control of scientific persons selected for the purpose, having no other business to attend to, no interest to consider but that of the traveller, and responsible to Government, the Legislature, and public opinion, for the safety, comfort, economy, and speed of the conveyance.

If the right of way thus belonged, as it ought to do, to the public, and if a control over the creation as well as the management of our great arterial railroads were thus vested, as in law it surely ought to be, in the

Government, as large, and perhaps a much larger field for real competition might be opened to enterprising capitalists by these railways being made, maintained, and worked by public tender. We fully acknowledge that the less Government meddles with the details the better: all we desire is, that the great arterial railroads of the country should be the property of the public:—we mean that they should be the Queen's and not the Company's highways; and that, for the protection of life and limb, and for the maintenance of low fares, they should be scientifically controlled by a responsible authority.

If all the great railroads in the country, instead of being disjointed into separate interests, belonged to *one* great body of capitalists, the latter desideratum, namely their scientific management and responsible government, might be, perhaps, as perfect as if they were the property of the State; but it appears to us that one might as well expect that our blood, instead of receiving one noble impulse from the heart, could be healthily propelled throughout our body by a variety of little independent zigzag forwarding authorities, as that the mail and passenger traffic of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland can be successfully transported by a vertebration of railroads, no one bone of which professes even to think of any broader object, interest, or profit, than its own marrow.

There can be no doubt that the public ought to be made to pay a fair remunerating price for the luxury of travelling, or rather of flying, by railroads; and if these gigantic concerns were under the supervision of one

authority, this price might everywhere be settled, if not to the satisfaction, at least for the interest, of the public; but if it be left to a series of disjointed authorities, those speculators who by Act of Parliament have cunningly got possession of the great towns, with all their restless inhabitants, will be as much overpaid, as the proprietors of railways passing through more remote, unpeopled districts will be underpaid; and it should happen, as it probably will, that the unprofitable portions must eventually be purchased and worked by the Government, shall we not then deeply regret the narrow-sighted policy which has so incautiously alienated from the public to the Stock Exchange the profitable portions of our railroads for ever?

Again, in answer to those who strangely argue that the interests of the public and of private monopolists *must* necessarily be identical, we beg leave to observe that a toll is abstractedly a very imperfect measure of the public utility of an undertaking, and, consequently, that a railroad, though it does not "pay" its proprietors, may be productive of immense revenue to the country.

Even common roads may be enormously beneficial to the public, without being remunerative to those who make them. For instance, a mile gained by cutting through, say Highgate Hill, is a mile gained, not only to the inhabitants of Barnet, etc., who pay for it, but to all the inhabitants of every town and village between London and John-o'-Groat's. Waterloo Bridge, as far as the speculation affects its proprietors, has hitherto proved a total failure; but let any one who recollects the swamps

and desolate places which existed on the Surrey side of the Thames, compare that picture with the wide handsome streets and lofty buildings which in all directions have undeniably been created by the project of the new bridge, and he will admit that that noble undertaking, though as yet unfortunate for the proprietors, has in fact been highly beneficial to the *public*. And if the addition of one bridge to half-a-dozen, if the opening of a communication of a few hundred yards, has been productive of this immense benefit, how overwhelming are the ideas which rush into the mind, of the incalculable advantages which the public *might* derive from a scientific, well-organised system of railways throughout the United Kingdom,—never mind whether they everywhere paid their proprietors or not!

The trifling example of Waterloo Bridge might, we are aware, possibly induce a person without reflection to argue that "as fools build houses that wise men may live in them," so we should allow capitalists to ruin themselves in making railroads for the public use. We answer that, though Waterloo Bridge has not yet paid, it is nevertheless firmly retained by its proprietors, who would be enabled to obtain for it almost any price, if all the other bridges (like our M'Adam's roads) could be suddenly ruined. But, after all, the cases are not identical, for, however poor might be the proprietors of a railway, and however inadequate their funds might be to continue to work their line, yet there are plenty of long-headed people on the Stock Exchange, who know very well that railroad shareholders can always hold out, or

rather stand still, longer than the public; that, having once tasted the speed of the locomotive engine, however fiercely they might threaten it, the latter would never relish returning to their old roads; and, consequently, that every company which found their speculation did not answer, could always, with apparent fairness, offer it to the country "for no more than it had cost." And thus would every item of fraud, extortion, improvidence, and ignorance, in all our railroad undertakings throughout the empire, be eventually saddled *upon the public* at prime cost, while all that was really profitable on the different lines might be irrevocably withheld from them; —by which system, not only would the general price of travelling on our railroads be raised, but, as it appears from a very sensible letter addressed by Mr. Loch, M.P., to Lord Morpeth,* that high rates are repellent, and low rates powerfully attractive, it would follow that the country would lose by the friction of high fares a very large proportion of the immense fiscal advantages which the establishment of the *cheapest possible system* would have obtained for it.

For the foregoing reasons, we must say, we cordially agree with the Irish Railway Commissioners in their recommendations that the two arterial lines of railway they propose should be treated as one great concern, and that no monopoly of the most productive portions only should be bestowed upon any party. We must also confess our opinion, that, although the execution and even the

* Appendix A. to the Second Report from the Railway Commissioners, Ireland, page 78.

working of these two lines should, as much as possible, be offered to capitalists, yet that the property and control of these Irish railroads, instead of being taxed by an annual profit to companies of speculators, should be vested in the State, for the sole benefit and protection of the public.

Having now laid before our readers the reflections which have occurred to us during an attentive perusal of the Reports of the Railroad Commissioners for Ireland, we shall conclude our notice of these two public documents by endeavouring to extract from them a useful moral.

No one, we think, can read the many voluminous Reports of the Parliamentary committees on railroad bills, without appreciating the anxiety which both Houses have evinced to investigate as deeply as possible the new power suddenly forced upon their attention; but the masses of evidence to which we allude, demonstrate that much delusive as well as irrelevant matter was artfully made the subject of reiterated discussions.

The enormous expenses (exceeding in many instances £1000 a mile) which railroad companies have incurred before Parliament by the conflicting statements and opinions of individuals more or less professionally interested in the struggle;—the repetition of these expenses in consequence of a separate investigation being required before each House;—the heavy bribes which (concealed by a fictitious valuation of the property required for the railroad) have been paid to people of large property in order to secure their support,—the unconscionable demands

for compensation which have been awarded;—the fictitious opposition, got up by interested parties, under the names of landowners caring nothing about the matter;—the illusory lines got up as competition lines without any intention of ever being made;—the common habit of landowners disputing and even opposing a railroad merely for the sake of getting an excessive price for their land, notwithstanding they well know the measure will confer great benefits on their property;—the erroneous estimates which, though "PROVED" before Parliament, have turned out (in one instance by more than a million and a half) to be deficient;—the extravagant haste with which railroads have occasionally been constructed;—all these unnecessary expenses must, it is evident, in the form of a tax which to the poorest classes will almost amount to prohibition, eventually fall as heavily upon the public, as the responsibility of these measures must in history rest upon the Parliament which sanctioned them.

In the meanwhile, the experience gained on railroads which are actually to be paid for by public traffic, surely ought to be national property; whereas Mr. Joseph Pease, M.P., in his honest letter to the Irish Railroad Commissioners, states, "The Reports, Plans, and Acts of Parliament, respecting the Stockton and Darlington Railway, have long ago disappeared, having been bought up at extravagant prices. Whither to go to find them I should not know, though I have belonged to the undertaking since the first prospectus. I am literally stripped of these documents."

To conclude. Under this miserable want of system

must the public suffer, so long as our Parliamentary committees shall continue to be unreasonably saddled with the whole responsibility of deciding upon railroad bills, without the assistance of an Official Board competent (like the establishment of the "Ponts et Chaussées" in France) to afford to the country such professional information and reports as new measures may require. Not only does our national character require that we should scientifically, instead of ignorantly, govern and direct the new power which has been bestowed upon us; but, as railroad scars cannot easily be obliterated, surely it is our duty to save the surface of our country from being barbarously disfigured by any more rude unskilful incisions. We desire not the creation of irresponsible power; but feeling confident that, under sound legislation, the public would be in favour of, instead of being prejudiced against, railways;—that landowners would, under a sensible, honest system, come forward to assist, rather than to oppose them;—and that the revenue would be enormously increased if the public were, under the ægis of science, to be conveyed in the cheapest, safest, and quickest possible manner;—we feel it our duty to urge the absolute necessity of constituting, without further delay, a Department, or Board of Government officers, in Downing-street, competent, among other duties, to exercise, cautiously, firmly, and scientifically, such control over the railroads of the Empire as the Imperial Parliament from time to time may think proper, *pro bono publico*, to direct.

BRITISH POLICY.

A STRANGE STORY.

THE law-officers of the Crown, in England, having reported that a certain ordinance, issued at Quebec by Lord Durham, was illegal—an opinion confirmed by the highest legal authorities in the realm—her Majesty, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, deemed it necessary, by an Act of Parliament, to screen or shelter the Lord High Commissioner from the consequences of his illegal proceeding. Not only, however, did their Act of Indemnity carefully abstain from passing the slightest censure upon his Lordship, but her Majesty's Minister, in a despatch dated 15th August, 1838, generously, and, we think, very properly, transmitted the said Act to his Lordship, with the following febrifuge:—

"I cannot conclude this despatch without expressing the deep regret which her Majesty's Government have felt at the embarrassment to which you will have been subjected by the recent proceedings in Parliament, regarding the difficult and delicate question of the disposal of the persons charged with treason in Lower Canada. On a deliberate review of the whole case, her Majesty's Government are enabled distinctly to repeat their approbation of the spirit in which those measures

were conceived, and to state his conviction that those measures have been dictated by a judicious and enlightened humanity, and were calculated, under your authority, to satisfy the ends of justice, although in some respects they involve a departure from its ordinary forms. The Government are also persuaded that your Lordship will be equally anxious with themselves to avoid, as far as possible, giving even a plausible ground of cavil or objection to hostile criticism.

"It only remains for me to assure you of the undiminished confidence which her Majesty's Government repose in you; and of their earnest desire to afford you the utmost support in the discharge of the arduous duties with which you are entrusted.

"I have, etc.,

"GLENELG."

On the receipt of the foregoing communication, it must, of course, have been evident to Lord Durham that if his ordinance, which on such high authority had been declared to be illegal, was legal, the Act of Indemnity became null and void, its effect inoperative, its protection worthless, and its provisions discreditable to the Parliament from which it had proceeded; and as, proverbially, there is no finer sight than that of a just man struggling with adversity, so there never was offered to any individual, conspicuously holding an arduous and important station, a nobler opportunity of dutifully submitting to an authority which he was bound to obey those arguments by which truth and justice, in every region of the globe, invincibly support a man labouring in an honest cause. Had the Lord High Commissioner adopted this course however omnipotently and however obstinately Parliament might have adhered to its deci

sion—the voice of the country would loudly have reversed it by a verdict of acquittal.

But Lord Durham was pleased to adopt an opposite course. Instead of appealing to the justice of his Sovereign, to the wisdom and liberality of Parliament, or to the consideration of her Majesty's Government, his Lordship determined, without authority, and in defiance of authority, to abandon his post, although, in his own opinion, and in the opinion of Parliament, the safety and security of the Canadas rested upon his protection.

At a moment when the Lower Province was in open rebellion against its Sovereign, and when it required the presence of a powerful army to suppress the conspiracy, which existed not only in the Canadas, but in the United States, to subvert the authority of the British Crown, his Lordship was pleased, not intemperately and abruptly to throw down his powers, but, with wilful mischief and with malice prepense, deliberately to exercise them, by issuing, under the Queen's Great Seal, a proclamation, in which, as her Majesty's accredited representative in the North American colonies, he directly appealed, not *unto* Cæsar, but *against* Cæsar—TO THE PEOPLE!

In this document, as well as in others of a similar tendency, which we shall quote, Lord Durham strongly contrasts a solemn Act of the Queen and both Houses of the Imperial Parliament, which he reviles, with his own conduct, upon which he passes the highest encomiums.

"A PROCLAMATION.

"In conformity with one of its provisions, I have this day proclaimed the Act 1 and 2 Victoria, chap. 112.

"I have also to notify the disallowance by her Majesty of the ordinance 2nd Victoria, chap. 1, entitled, 'An Ordinance to provide for the security of the Province of Lower Canada.'

"I cannot perform these official duties without at the same time informing *you, the people of British America*, of the course which the measures of the Imperial Government and Legislature make it incumbent on me to pursue."

After detailing in glowing terms the benefits he had intended to perfect, his Lordship proceeds to address the inhabitants of the British American Colonies as follows:—

"In these just expectations I have been painfully disappointed. From the very commencement of my task, the minutest details of my administration have been exposed to incessant criticism, in a spirit which has evinced an entire ignorance of the state of this country, and of the only mode in which the supremacy of the British Crown can here be upheld and exercised. . . . I also did believe," adds his Lordship, "that, even if I had not the precedents of these Acts of Parliament, a Government and a Legislature, anxious for the peace of this unhappy country and for the integrity of the British Empire, would not *sacrifice to a petty technicality* the vast benefits which my entire policy promised."

Instead of obeying the explicit recommendations of her Majesty's Government, by concurring with the Spe-

cial Council in an ordinance to prevent the persons he had illegally banished to Bermuda from returning to the province without the Royal permission, Lord Durham thus deliberately, under the Great Seal, officially sanctions their return :—

"Her Majesty having been advised to refuse her assent to the exceptions, the amnesty exists without qualification. *No impediment therefore exists* to the return of the persons who had made the most distinct admission of guilt, or who had been excluded by me from the province on account of the danger to which its tranquillity would be exposed by their presence. . . .

"If the peace of Lower Canada is to be again menaced, it is necessary that its Government should be able to reckon on a more cordial and vigorous support at home than has been accorded to me."

Not satisfied with this appeal to the people of the British North American colonies in general, against the solemn Act of the British Legislature, and against the deliberate instructions of her Majesty's Government, Lord Durham, as the representative of his Sovereign, addressed to the deputies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, a written proclamation, of which the following is an extract :—

"I assumed the Government of the North American provinces, with the pre-determination to provide for the future welfare and prosperity of them all. . . . In this, I trust useful course, I have been suddenly arrested by the *interference* of the British Legislature, in which the responsible advisers of the Crown have deemed it their duty to acquiesce."

As the representative of his Sovereign, his Lordship next addressed to the inhabitants of the capital of Lower Canada a similar communication, of which the following is an extract:—

"I do not return to England from any feelings of *disgust* at the treatment I have personally experienced in the House of Lords. If I could have been influenced by any such motives, I must have re-embarked in the very ship which brought me out; for that system of *Parliamentary persecution*, to which I allude, commenced from the moment I left the shores of England.

"I return for those reasons, and those alone,—the proceedings in the House of Lords, acquiesced in by the Ministry, have deprived the Government, in this province, of all moral power and consideration. They have reduced it to a state of executive nullity, and rendered it dependent on one branch of the Imperial Legislature for the immediate sanction of each separate measure. In truth and in effect, the Government here is now administered by *two or three Peers, from their places in Parliament.*"

In re-publishing the above sentiments, the Toronto 'Patriot' thus informs its readers of the effect they had produced at Quebec:—

"Various placards have been posted in different parts of the town, expressive of the feelings of *disgust* entertained by the loyal portion of the inhabitants at the conduct of the Lords who have assailed Lord Durham, and interfered in his administration of the government of this country. As a specimen of the spirit in which they are conceived, we select the following:—

"'*The Earl of Durham proceeds to England to defend his conduct from unjust and cowardly aggression. The British*

and Irish population, confident in the justice of their cause, have all to hope from his talents, his integrity, and his firmness, where he shall have not HIS FOES *within the walls of Parliament.*'"

As the representative of the Queen, Lord Durham next addressed to the inhabitants of the capital of Upper Canada a written communication, of which the following are extracts:—

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen. For the reasons which have induced me to return to England, I must refer you to my proclamation of this day's date, in which they are fully set forth, and the state and condition of the Canadas amply adverted to.

"It is at the same time a great consolation to me to reflect, that, notwithstanding my having been so abruptly arrested *by the proceedings in the House of Peers*, in the arduous task of restoring peace, and providing for your future prosperity, I have yet done much to justify your confidence and gain your approbation. What was the state of the Canadas when I assumed the government? Rebellion had been but recently quelled; martial law had been proclaimed, and the Habeas Corpus suspended!

"*In three months what was the change?* Martial law was superseded, the Habeas Corpus restored, not a political criminal remained in confinement in the Lower Province, nor was there any symptom of the existence of any seditious or treasonable movements until the arrival of the intelligence of *the interference of the House of Lords.*"

As the Queen's representative, Lord Durham addressed to her Majesty's Secretary of State a despatch, dated 25th September, 1838, of which the following are extracts:—

"The proceedings in the House of Lords, from the moment of my leaving the shores of England, showed but too distinctly that the support so essential to my success was not extended to me. I allude in particular *to the speech of the Duke of Wellington* on the 4th July, and to the expressive silence of the Prime Minister on that occasion. . . . In forty-eight hours after the speech attributed to the Duke of Wellington had been published here, the tone of that part of the press which represents *the disaffected* exhibited a remarkable change;—giving evidence, no longer of submission, however unwilling, to extraordinary powers unhesitatingly exercised, but of discontent, irritation, and *seditious hopes*. . . . You will easily understand, therefore, that no sufficient allowance was made here for the nature of those *party motives* which had dictated the proceedings of *the Opposition and the Government* in respect to my mission."

This *series* of documents proves that Lord Durham did not apoplectically fall from his post in a fit of passion: for it is undeniable that his Lordship could not have penned the elaborate documents we have quoted without having had ample time to reflect upon their consequences as to his own character, as well as the colonies to which they were to be addressed.

Lord Durham's proclamation and mischievous appeals, not only to "*the People*," but to the officers of the Queen's Guards, having been promulgated, the seeds of sedition having been sown and harrowed in, his Lordship became of opinion that the hour for the abandonment of his post had at last arrived, and accordingly, having by an act of political arson set fire with his own hands to his own authority, he took unauthorised possession of

one of her Majesty's ships of war, and then retiring from the flames of a rebellion which naturally enough burst out only four days after his departure, as a private gentleman *functus officio*, he sailed in the 'Inconstant' from Quebec, and after a blustering passage arrived off Plymouth, accompanied by a storm singularly emblematic of the political state of the provinces he had abandoned, and of the boisterous reception in the House of Lords which he was fairly entitled to expect.

Although in sight of an English harbour, the raging elements for several days still claimed him as their own. The thunder rolled around him; the lightning flashed upon his brow; the winds, as if proud of their victim, refused to surrender him; and certainly if the Demon of Discord himself had majestically visited our shores, he could not have come attended by more terrific honours; but the gale at last subsided, the tempest at last relented, and accordingly, after having been grievously shaken both in body and soul, his Lordship safely landed on British soil.

As Lord Durham's authority over the North American colonies, having devolved upon Sir John Colborne, could not occupy two places at the same time, his Lordship in England was no longer, as the representative of his Sovereign, answerable for any opinions he might publicly promulgate; and being therefore undeniably as much at liberty as any other nobleman or gentleman in the country to utter whatever political sentiments he chose, it is irrelevant to our present inquiry to consider what he may have thought proper to say, after having railed the

seal from his commission, he had returned to and mingled with the community in "plain clothes:" still, however, a few short extracts, from his written replies to addresses he received, may be adduced as being singularly characteristic, not of the Lord High Commissioner, but of the unquenchable vanity of "*the man.*"

To an address from the borough of Plymouth his Lordship read a reply, of which the following is an extract:—

"Gentlemen,—If I have, *as I have*, more numerous testimonies of regard from all classes in the North American provinces than ever before were presented to any of their rulers, it has been owing to my determination to recognize no party distinctions, to act with justice and impartiality to all, and to lay the foundation of those wise and safe ameliorations in the institutions of the Colonies, which were so imperatively required.

"I have the happiness to know that, in *effacing the remains* of a disastrous rebellion, and administering justice, I have not found it necessary to shed one drop of blood, or confiscate the property of a single individual.

"I had *conciliated the esteem* of a great and powerful nation, in which were to be found all the elements of danger or security to our North American possessions; I had seen commerce and enterprise reviving, public confidence restored, etc. etc.

"In this career of, I humbly but fearlessly venture to assert, *complete success*, I have been suddenly arrested."

To the people of Devonport his Lordship read a communication, of which the following is an extract:—

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—You will *never* have reason

to repent the confidence you have placed in me, or the declaration which you have this day made, of your approbation of my government in British North America. Upon that subject I shall, when Parliament meets, be prepared to make a representation of *facts wholly unknown here*, and disclosures of which the Parliament and people of this country have no conception; *I shall then fearlessly demand from the assembled Legislature* that justice which neither they nor the people of England will ever deny to a public servant who has faithfully and honestly discharged the duties assigned to him."

But before Lord Durham, the trumpet-major of his own procession, could pomposly reach Exeter, intelligence had arrived from Quebec by a fast-sailing vessel (propelled by the very gale which had prevented his landing at Plymouth), detailing a general outbreak in Lower Canada, and an invasion by the Americans, which made it necessary for his Lordship immediately to change his tone—not at all as regarded self-adulation, but, with respect to the assertions he had made at Plymouth, that "he had effaced the remains of a disastrous rebellion—that he had conciliated the esteem of a great and powerful nation—that he had seen commerce and enterprise reviving, and public confidence restored." Accordingly, in his written reply to the Corporation of Exeter (of which the following are extracts), it will appear that, while he still most affectionately lauded himself,—while he still reiterated the circumstances, "deeply to be deplored," which had caused his return; yet his Lordship felt it prudent no longer to conceal the awkward truth, that it was from the field of battle, and not from the bosom of peace, that he had so suddenly decamped!

"I am proud," says his Lordship, "to say that my administration of affairs in British America, which you are pleased to praise, *has won me the regard and confidence* of all the loyal, well-affected, and enlightened classes in that vast country.

"You know, and have adverted to, the circumstances which compelled me to terminate this course of action, They are, indeed, deeply to be deplored. And the late intelligence from Canada shows how injuriously the best interests of the empire are affected by proceedings founded on party feeling and political animosity.

"That the lamentable events in Canada would inevitably take place *was foreseen by me;* and every preparation was made, consistently with the means at my disposal, for *meeting* them vigorously and efficiently."

In Honiton, Totness, Ashburton, and elsewhere, he managed to address as many of a certain class of her Majesty's subjects as could be induced to assemble: but his march of glory came to an end, and his Lordship at last found himself once again in Cleveland-row—"the monarch of all he surveyed."

On his arrival at this residence, his Lordship haughtily forbore personal communication with her Majesty's Ministers; his noble consort resigned her appointment in the Queen's household; and these notes of war having been sounded, his Lordship appeared to expect that Parliament would immediately be convened to receive him. Many concurred in this opinion: indeed, such was the excitement in the mother country, as well as in the colonies, that the Queen's proclamation, appointing the meeting of Parliament at the usual period, was treated by the newspapers as an affected calmness

on the part of the Cabinet, strangely contrasted with the fearful tempest which raged within it.

Now, if at this awful moment any man had dared to prophesy that on the meeting of Parliament a single day would be permitted to elapse without her Majesty's Ministers arraigning Lord Durham for the serious consequences of the insults which from the Castle of Quebec he had, under her Majesty's Great Seal, offered to the Queen's authority, to the authority of Parliament, and to themselves, would even their enemies have credited so extraordinary a prediction? Would any one but a maniac have ventured to foretell that Parliament, taking its regular holidays at Easter and Whitsuntide, would remain in session *seven months*, without a single member demanding of Lord Durham by what authority he had re-appeared among them, by what authority he had abandoned his post in the hour of danger, and in virtue of what clause of his commission he had presumed to appeal to "the people" of the Canadas against a solemn Act of the Imperial Parliament.

When Lord Durham, on the very first day of the session, with unexampled recklessness obtruding himself upon notice, interrupted the grave consideration of the Queen's Address by claiming the previous attention of the House to his own personal case; when on following nights his Lordship again and again reiterated the same demand for precedence, with what breathless attention would the House of Peers have listened,—with what feelings would Lord Durham have shrunk for ever into retirement, had the veteran leader of the House—that

soldier of our empire who has ever yet faced with triumph the enemies of his Sovereign—risen from his seat but calmly to exclaim, "*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ?*" But neither by her Majesty's Ministers, nor by their opponents, nor by either House of the Imperial Parliament, was Lord Durham thus arraigned or conjured: on the contrary, in the face of all parties, and in flagrant violation of public pride and public principle, a deed was imagined and perpetrated by her Majesty's Ministers, which we venture to assert stands unparalleled in the political history of the world.

Of all the weaknesses which characterise human nature, there is no one more common than that of lingering over by-gone subjects which once strongly attracted the attention. When a man has suddenly been divested of authority, his mind almost invariably flies back to the unwholesome food from which it has been weaned: and, accordingly, it is proverbial, that, of all the button-hanging bores who pester society, an ex-Governor of a Colony is the most annoying: for until he has cleansed his mind by the publication of some heavy book, or of a series of pamphlets which, like a string of boils, eventually restore him to health, it is in the nature of the animal unceasingly to rave about his own abolished consequence,—about what he might, could, should, or would have done had he continued in power, and about some political nostrum only to be obtained from the laboratory of his own pocket.

This being the case (and that it *is* the case, our readers'

experience as well as the records of the Colonial Office will abundantly testify), it was reasonably to be expected, that, inasmuch as Lord Durham's most unusual powers had suddenly expired, a literary phœnix of magnitude would ere long be seen to arise out of the pale ashes of his extinguished authority.

Accordingly, the strangers who had accompanied him employed the interval between his arrival in England and the meeting of Parliament, in collecting from individuals residing in the Canadas, motley opinions on various subjects. On the meeting of Parliament a portion only of these data had arrived;—several were "supposed" to be on their passage;—several actually had not left Quebec; however, his Lordship framed his report without its foundation, and having transmitted this *omnium gatherum* to the Colonial Department, of which he well knew it might justly be said,—

"Ante foræ atri fœcunda papavera florent,"

and *printed copies of it having been simultaneously transmitted to the 'Times' newspaper and to Lower Canada*, he next day stood up in the House of Lords, and before even the amiable Secretary of State had read the Report, he expressed his impatience that it should be immediately considered by Parliament.

Now, without taking into consideration Lord Durham's repeated acts of insubordination, we beg leave to observe that very grave, and, we must add, insuperable *primâ facie* objections existed against even her Majesty's Government *receiving*, as an official report from the ex-Lord

High Commissioner of the Canadas (the government of which had, by his own act and deed, devolved upon Sir John Colborne), a *pamphlet* signed, rather than written, by Lord Durham—after he had been superseded in his office, and of which the appendix actually had not arrived from Quebec.

If Lord Durham had been relieved from his station with the most honourable encomiums that ever were heaped by a British Government upon a retiring Viceroy, yet it would have established a bad precedent to have continued to treat him as the Governor of the Colony after his authority had been extinguished; for, setting all personalities aside, every man who has wielded authority must surely know, that unless a public servant be heavily laden with the responsibility of his station, he can never safely declare what measures he would really recommend.

If an ex-Governor can, as from his grave, continue officially to report after his authority is defunct, there seems to be no reason why Parliament should not consider as Secretary of the Colonies, not the individual virtually responsible for the Department, but him out of all preceding secretaries—who may be deemed to be gifted with the highest talent. But as regards my Lord Durham and his pamphlet, the case was altogether different; for, instead of having been regularly relieved from a post of high confidence, his Lordship had, without waiting to be relieved, abandoned it; instead of having received encomiums from his Sovereign and from Parliament, his Lordship had unconstitutionally appealed to "the people"

against the solemn act of both. His very appearance in his place in the House of Lords was an act of insubordination, as well as a contempt of Sovereign authority; and therefore, whatever might be the intrinsic value of his unfinished pamphlet, even to *receive* it as an official document, after he had suicidally annulled his own commission, was, on the part of the Queen's Government, to ratify desertion and sanction mutiny. But could any one have believed that besides receiving among themselves this pamphlet as a "Report," her Majesty's Ministers would have advised a youthful, inexperienced, and confiding Queen not only to accept it- not only to pass unnoticed Lord Durham's proclamation against her in Canada--but, as if in approbation of his Lordship's unauthorized return to England, herself to transmit his opinions to both Houses of Parliament, as official instruction to the very Legislature whose character and motives he had branded with reproach --whose solemn Act of Indemnity he had publicly reviled?

What were our Colonies to think of such a recommendation from the British Crown? What were the Courts of Europe to think of it? What was the civilized world to think of it? Could five months' experience possibly enable Lord Durham to offer to Parliament any information that could compensate for this irreparable violation of just pride and principle? Would any mercantile body of Directors, who had been openly denounced to their shareholders by their agent, before as well as after he had, without authority, abandoned their service, deign to transmit to them his advice? Would any private gentle-

man in England, who upon his own estate had been publicly insulted by his factor, transmit to the consideration of his tenants any opinion, however valuable, written and addressed to him by the said agent *after he had contemptuously thrown up his trust?*

As there is no limit to the mercy of the British Sovereign, so Lord Durham's offences, whatever they might have been, might, in her Majesty's wisdom, have been graciously overlooked—forgiveness would perhaps have been the most appropriate punishment that could have been inflicted; but for the Queen to force his Lordship upon both Houses of Parliament as their legal and political adviser, ought surely, as the act of Ministers, to have been made (especially by the Peers) the subject of immediate, respectful, but unflinching remonstrance.

Will posterity believe that in neither House of Parliament did there rise up a single member boldly to say to the Ministers of the Crown, Why do you insult us by requiring of us to participate in our own dishonour? What reason have you to urge, for forcing upon our consideration this posthumous Report, until at least we shall have received from its pretended author some atonement for the indignity he has publicly offered to the Sovereign, to us, and to the public service? If Pope's maxim, "*How can we reason but from what we know,*" be correct, upon what is Lord Durham's claim upon our attention based? Is it upon the legal ignorance he has shown in framing ordinances which have been annulled, and which made it necessary for Parliament to grant to him an Act of Indemnity? Is it upon the unconciliatory disposition he has

evinced in removing twenty Special Councillors appointed by his predecessor as possessing the highest character, greatest experience, and largest stake in the country, and replacing them by five of his own household or personal staff, of whom, to say the least, it was perfectly impossible that the people of the Provinces could feel the slightest assurance that they either knew or cared for their wants or interests? Is it upon the utter disregard he has shown for the welfare of the British North American Colonies, by deserting them at a moment pregnant, as he himself has avowed, with difficulties and dangers? Is it upon the want of deference he has shown to the advice and injunctions of the Sovereign and of the Ministers from whom he received his authority? What public principle has Lord Durham observed in his ephemeral government of the Canadas, but an utter disregard of the control of his superiors, an entire want of consideration of any authority but his own? Ought we, with the eyes of the world upon us, even to listen to the advice of a public servant to whom her Majesty's Ministers have declared in a despatch (which they themselves have published), that the terms of his Lordship's proclamation to the inhabitants of our Colonies have "*appeared to her Majesty's Ministers calculated to impugn the reverence due to the Royal authority—to derogate from the character of the Imperial Legislature—to excite among the disaffected hopes of impunity, and to enhance the difficulties with which his Lordship's successor would have to contend?*"

It is with the deepest regret we record that no such

questions were asked—no such objections raised. Lord Melbourne has since unblushingly declared (at a moment when the houses of respectable inhabitants of Birmingham had been gutted and their chattels fired by the Chartists) *"that in his opinion a man's being a member of a political union ought not to operate as a disqualification for subsequent employment as a magistrate in the public service!"* On precisely the same principle her Majesty's Ministers advised their Sovereign to transmit Lord Durham's London Report to both Houses of Parliament.

"Fas est ab hoste doceri."

Let us now proceed to consider whether her Majesty's Government and the Imperial Parliament have duly considered the allegations contained in Lord Durham's Report?

When an individual or a legislature departs from the direct road of honour and principle, the angle of aberration is often so acute, that a considerable time elapses before the error is detected. One petty offence insensibly leads to the commission of another; and thus it every year happens, that it is not until the criminal has received the awful sentence of death, that, of his own accord, he attributes his miserable fate to an early desecration of the Sabbath, to an unfortunate introduction to a vicious companion, or to some small evil propensity the consequences of which he had neglected to anticipate. It might, therefore, have happened that the objectionable presentation by her Majesty's Ministers to Parliament of the pamphlet of a nobleman who had in-

sulted the authority of the Legislature and of the Crown might for a considerable time have been productive of no serious inconvenience, and that those who had weakly argued, "*What harm will it do?*" might with equal fallacy for a considerable time, have demanded, with apparent triumph, "*What harm has it done?*" Such, however, has not been the case, for the fatal effects of this misconduct have already become apparent;—the punishment has already followed the offence;—the cause and effect are visibly in juxtaposition; indeed, the thunder of heaven does not more surely follow the momentary flash in the firmament, than the loud murmuring of despair is now throughout our North American Colonies following that fatal, ill-advised message of her Majesty, which transmitted to Parliament Lord Durham's posthumous Report.

What in theory might have been expected from the angry counsel of a proud radical nobleman who had contumaciously fled from difficulties he had neither time nor temper to investigate, is an idle speculation, which it is not now necessary to pursue, because the actual result is before us to speak for itself.

We will not offer to our readers anything so little worthy of their attention as our own opinions of this extraordinary document, of which we will merely say, that it accurately fulfils what might have been expected from its real authors; but will simply state what have been the official opinions of the most competent authorities on the subject.

As regards Lord Durham's observations on *Lower*

Canada, it seems to be generally admitted that his Lordship is as accurate in his declaration, as voluminous in his proofs, that the rebellion in that province "*is a war between races.*" Considering, however, that long before Lord Durham left England for Quebec, the British population and the British troops on one side were ranged together, in open day and in open conflict, against Monsieur Papineau and his deluded French adherents on the other, it must be observed that it did not require a magician, or even a politician, to make this sagacious discovery. As regards his Lordship's Report on *Upper* Canada—(that keystone of our North American Colonies)—we must observe that his allegations against the Lieutenant-Governor, Executive Council, Legislative Council, Commons House of Assembly, and people, have been unreservedly, and, in most instances, officially, denied and disproved by the following competent authorities, whom we will name in the order in which they have expressed themselves:—

1. Sir F. Head, the late Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada.
2. The North American Colonial Association.
3. Sir John Colborne, Governor-General of the Canadas.
4. Sir George Arthur, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.
5. The Executive Council of Upper Canada.
6. The Legislative Council of Upper Canada.
7. The Commons House of Assembly of Upper Canada.

8. Her Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor General.
9. The Grand Jury of the Newcastle District.
10. Lieut.-Gen. Sir Peregrine Maitland, who was ten years Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.

The following brief extracts will, we believe, sufficiently show the nature of the evidence to which we have referred.

1. Sir Francis Head, in his 'Narrative,' has thus replied to Lord Durham's allegations:—

"With respect to Lord Durham's report to the Queen, that my Executive Council 'seem to have taken office almost *on the express condition of being mere ciphers*,' I beg leave most solemnly to declare that such a condition was neither expressed nor understood. . . .

"With respect to the allegation affecting my own character, namely, that 'the elections were carried by the unscrupulous exercise of the influence of the Government,' I beg leave calmly, but unequivocally, *to deny it*. . . .

"It would not be difficult to proceed with the whole of Lord Durham's Report on Upper Canada as I have commenced, but as I have no desire unnecessarily to hurt his Lordship, I have sufficiently shown its inaccuracy, to vindicate my own character from its attacks," etc. etc.

2. The North American Colonial Association, composed of most respectable merchants in the City of London, declared, in a series of formal Resolutions, that Lord Durham's—

"statements and opinions relative to the condition of parties in Upper Canada and the other North American Colonies appear calculated to shock and irritate the great body of loyal inhabitants, and to induce a belief in the people of this country

that the disloyal class is numerous and respectable, instead of being, as it really is, a comparatively small and contemptible minority."

8. The present Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, Sir George Arthur, in a despatch, dated Toronto, 17th April, 1839, says, with reference to Lord Durham's Report

"The Members of both Houses, I find, generally consider parts of the Report which refer to Upper Canada to be in many particulars incorrect; and a Committee of the House of Assembly has been consequently appointed to draw up a Report upon the subject.

"*They report the Earl of Durham's scheme for the future government of Canada as essentially the same as that which was advocated by Mr. Bidwell, Dr. Ralph, and Mackenzie*, and to which the great majority of the people of this Province expressed their unequivocal dissent."

9. A Report from the Legislative Council of Upper Canada states

"After an attentive and disinterested consideration of this subject, your Committee are led to the conclusion that the adoption of the plan proposed by the Earl of Durham must lead *to the overthrow of the great Colonial Empire of England*."

10. The Commons' House of Assembly of Upper Canada, in an Address to the Queen, dated 11th of May, 1839, and by her Majesty's command laid before both Houses of the Imperial Parliament, state

"Since the commencement of the present Session of the Provincial Parliament, the final Report of your Majesty's High Commissioner on the affairs of British North America has been received in this country. In this Report your Majesty's faithful

subjects find many statements deeply affecting the social and political relations and conditions of Upper and Lower Canada, and the recommendations of several important changes in the form and practice of the Constitution. It is with much concern that your Majesty's faithful subjects find that your Majesty's High Commissioner has strongly urged the adoption of these changes by your Majesty and the Imperial Parliament, without waiting for the opinion that may be formed of them by the people who are to be most deeply and immediately affected by them. Under these circumstances, we have caused a Report to be drawn up by a Select Committee of the House of Assembly, which contains matter relating to this subject, which we respectfully submit for your Majesty's consideration."

The Report above alluded to, submitted to the Queen by the House of Assembly, states

"A document, purporting to be the Report of her Majesty's late High Commissioner, the Earl of Durham, addressed to her Majesty, on the affairs of British North America, contains matter so deeply affecting the social as well as political relations of all the Provinces, especially of Upper Canada, that it would ill become your Committee to pass it over in silence. At this late period of the Session, it is impossible to give the statements and opinions advanced by his Lordship the extensive investigation their importance demands; but your Committee will apply themselves with calmness to vindicate the people of Upper Canada, their Government and Legislature, from charges that imply a want of patriotism and integrity, which they know to be *unjust*, which they did not expect, and which they grieve to find advanced by a nobleman who had been sent to these Provinces to heal rather than foment dissensions, and who certainly should have carefully guarded against giving currency *to unfounded, mischievous, and illiberal rumours, for the truth of which he admits he is unable to vouch.*"

The Committee conclude their Report with the following observations:—

"Your Committee will here close their remarks on the various allegations, in the Report of the High Commissioner, that appeared to them to require particular animadversion. If, in the course of their remarks, they have been betrayed into too strong an expression of reproach or indignant refutation, they trust that it will not be ascribed to a wanton indifference to that courtesy and respectful deference that should mark the proceedings of a public body towards those of high rank and station; and, on the other hand, they trust that they will not be denied the credit of having forborne to apply animadversions of far greater severity than they have used to many parts of a Report which they can truly affirm, and which they believe they have clearly proved to be, most unjust and unfounded, and which are calculated to have a most mischievous influence on the future destinies of these Colonies.

"Your Committee, however, are not willing to believe that the great nation to which these Provinces belong, and which has hitherto extended to them its powerful, its parental protection, will hastily, and without the most full and ample information, adopt the opinions and act upon the recommendations of any individual, however high his rank, or great his talents, that involve the future destinies of her Majesty's faithful subjects in these Provinces."

6. The Grand Jury of the Newcastle District (which contains two counties, forming one of the most valuable sections of Upper Canada) *unanimously* adopted a Presentment, of which the following is an extract:

"*District of Newcastle, to wit:* } The Jurors of our Lady the Queen upon their oaths present, that a printed book or pamphlet, entitled 'Report on the Affairs of

British North America, from the Earl of Durham, her Majesty's High Commissioner, etc. etc. etc.,' has been brought under their notice; and the Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, further present, that they have carefully examined the said book or pamphlet; and the Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, further present, *that the said book or pamphlet is calculated to excite public contempt and odium against the Government and Magistracy of this Province;* and the Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, further present, that the said book or pamphlet is also calculated *most injuriously to mislead the Members of the Imperial Parliament and the British public,* by creating in their minds erroneous and false opinions relative to the state and condition of this Province, and with respect to the wants, feelings, sentiments, and wishes of a very large majority of the inhabitants thereof; *to disseminate and perpetuate, in this Province, principles of democracy wholly incompatible with monarchical institutions*; to loosen the bonds *of affection which unite us to our gracious Sovereign,* to the British Empire, and to the venerated constitution of our ancestors; to resuscitate and foment that factious discontent and disorder which produced such deplorable and disastrous consequences, but which, though not extinguished, had in a great measure subsided; and, generally, *to endanger the peace, happiness, and prosperity of this Province, against the peace of our said Sovereign Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity.*

"*Grand Jury Room, May* 15, 1830."

7. Lieutenant-General Sir Peregrine Maitland, who during ten years was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada; who was afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia; and who has lately returned from an important government in India, avowed "*his decided condemnation, with full liberty to disclose his sentiments, of Lord Durham's Report; his opinion that it gives an*

inaccurate and unfair description of the Province and people of Upper Canada, and that it censures, ignorantly and unjustly, those who have administered the government of that Province."

Now with this overwhelming mass of evidence (almost the whole of which has been printed and presented to Parliament before them, were not her Majesty's Ministers and the Imperial Parliament bound by honour and common justice to repair the error that had been committed?

If the meanest of her Majesty's subjects, having been accused before Parliament by the most powerful Peer in the realm, had submitted, in vindication of his innocence, one-twentieth part of as unanswerable evidence as that which has been just adduced in defence of the Legislature and people of Upper Canada, would the Imperial Parliament have left him, at the prorogation, without relief without the acquittal to which it knew him to be entitled? Would any court of justice, would any jury in the country, with such a case before them, have withheld from a man, falsely accused, their verdict? And if a solitary individual would have received this common act of justice from those before whom he had been arraigned, how infinitely more entitled to acquittal were a brave and loyal people, who, under severe sufferings, and by the most determined bravery, had repelled her Majesty's enemies in all directions and who, through the severity of two Canadian winters, had maintained for the British Crown its noblest dependencies! And when the whole history of their loyalty, when the mass of corroborative evidence

which we have just adduced is weighed against the assertions of an individual who had insubordinately fled from his post;—and who had brought away from it nothing but the records of five months' blundering legislation, which it had required the interference of Parliament not only to correct but to palliate; it seems incredible that the legislative authorities of Upper Canada should, in the name of the people of that Province, have demanded in vain that this painted butterfly should publicly be broken on the wheel upon which of his own accord he had alighted! The Imperial Parliament, however, not only neglected to resent the insults offered to them by this public servant,—they not only failed to arraign him for having deserted his post, and for his seditious appeal to "the people" against the Sovereign authority; but although, during the whole session, there were recommended to their consideration remedial measures based on a "Report," which they perfectly well knew had been written by others and not by himself, they averted their minds from the mass of evidence by which it had been contradicted, and actually allowed a bill to be proposed, argued, and passed for the government of Lower Canada, —they even allowed Lord Durham himself to stand up before them in his place, and publicly address them on the subject, without one Member rising to offer a single objection to his conduct, or a solitary observation on the calumnies he had unofficially submitted to them!

Among those who listened to him with mysterious silence there were many who could have chilled him by their frown, and who could have annihilated him by their

reply; but his triumph was inexplicable, and, as if gifted with the power of repressing the noble elements that surrounded him, the imperious Dictator passed through the ordeal of the Session unharmed, unpunished, and even unanswered!

Without pausing to reflect upon the consequences at home of such silence, what, we ask, were our North American Colonies to think of this denial to them of justice? What other moral could they possibly draw from it than that, in return for their loyalty,—in return for the sacrifices they had made in defence of their glorious institutions,—the Imperial Parliament had condemned them to be democrats, and, consequently, that it was useless, as it was hopeless, for them to avert the decree?

Under those appalling circumstances, who can wonder that the loyal population of the Canadas now feel it is necessary to secure their lives, their families, and their farms, by bending to the storm which they have not power to resist? Accordingly, men who have hitherto been distinguished both in the field and in the Senate for their loyalty and devoted attachment to British institutions are now, we have too much reason to *know*, prudently yielding to circumstances, and are adapting their political confessions to those democratic principles of government which her Majesty's Ministers and the Imperial Parliament seemed determined to establish. The accounts which by every packet arrive from Canada attest the fatal influence of Lord Durham's uncontradicted Report.

Besides the testimony of the provincial press, we have before us many letters from persons in Canada, some connected with the Government and Legislature, others not so circumstanced, but feeling and possessing a deep interest in the Colony, stating in the strongest language the incalculable injury which Lord Durham's Report is doing in the hands of the most notorious enemies of the Crown.

One gentleman (a Canadian) says:—

"Lord Durham's name is used as a cloak for *the most treasonable designs*: indeed, anything may now be attempted under the pretext of sustaining the plans proposed in the 'Report.'"

Another letter from a Canadian of great talent, probity, and influence, states:—

"Lord Durham's Report is working its sure and certain mischief: it has revived the schemes and spirits of the Revolutionary party. 'DURHAM AND REFORM,' 'DURHAM AND LIBERTY,' are now inscribed on flags, and paraded about by those, and those *only*, who are known to be disloyal, and who aim at separation from the mother country. Whatever may be said to the contrary by a venal press, there is not an honest or loyal man in Upper Canada that does not execrate Lord Durham as the greatest curse that has ever yet been inflicted on these Provinces."

Another letter from Sir George Arthur, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the Provinces, states:—

"The 'Report' has set all the Reformers and Republicans in motion again, and whilst they were cautious under M'Kenzie's banner, they are exceedingly *bold* under the Earl of Durham's colours."

What an affecting and melancholy picture do the foregoing letters portray!

Our argument ends in a circle at the point from which it started. *Why*, we ask, *was Lord Durham allowed to act officially as Lord High Commissioner of the Canadas* AFTER HE HAD DESERTED FROM HIS POST?

As a question diametrically opposite to the above, let us now ask, why have her Majesty's Government and the Imperial Legislature neglected to weigh evidence contained in public documents which, early in the Session, like Lord Durham's "Report," were printed and laid before both Houses of Parliament?

On the Duke of Wellington forcing Lord Melbourne (notwithstanding his Lordship's prophecy that it would prove "exceedingly inconvenient") to produce Sir Francis Head's despatches, it appeared that the late Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, in his concluding despatch from Toronto, dated 19th December, 1837, had made, through the Government, to his Sovereign the following plain statement:—

"My Lord, It has long been notorious to every British subject in the Canadas, that your Lordship's under-Secretary, the author of our Colonial despatches, is a rank Republican. His sentiments, his conduct, and his political character, are here alike detested, and I enclose to your Lordship Mr. M'Kenzie's last newspaper, which, traitorous as it is, contains nothing more conducive to treason than the extracts which, as its text, it exultingly quotes from the published opinions of her Majesty's Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies!

"As I entertain no sentiments of animosity against Mr. Stephen, it has been with very great reluctance that I have

mentioned his name; but, being deeply sensible that this Province has been signally protected by an Omnipotent Providence during the late unnatural rebellion, I feel it my duty, in retiring from this continent, to divulge, through your Lordship, to my Sovereign, my opinion of the latent cause of our unfortunate misgovernment of the Canadas.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, etc. etc.,

"(Signed) F. B. HEAD."

This plain statement to the Queen by her Lieutenant-Governor was corroborated by the following official documents,* addressed to her Majesty by the two other branches of the Canadian Parliament:—

1. Extract of a "Report, dated 8th February, 1838, of a Select Committee of the Commons' House of Assembly, on the Political State of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Printed by order of the House, with an Address to the Queen."

"In the year 1828, James Stephen, Esquire, then Counsel, and since advanced to the office of Under Secretary of State to the Colonial Department, in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the affairs of Canada, advanced the following opinions with reference to these Provinces:—

"'The ties by which the people are bound to their Sovereign are not of the same strong and enduring character as the corresponding obligations between the King and the people of the old European States. It is impossible to suppose the Canadians dread your power; it is not easy to believe that the abstract *duty* of loyalty, as distinguished from the sentiment of loyalty, *can be very strongly felt*. The *right* of rejecting

* These two documents and the concluding remarks are taken from Sir F. Head's subsequent publications.

European dominion has been so often asserted in North and South America, *that revolt can scarcely be esteemed in those continents as criminal or disgraceful.* Neither does it seem to me that the sense of national pride and importance is in your favour. It cannot be regarded as an enviable distinction *to remain the only dependent portion of the New World.*'

"Your Committee pretend not to say that any individual was influenced by the use made of Mr. Stephen's opinions—they hope otherwise; but they well know that their promulgation has excited a deep feeling of regret in the minds of a very numerous and respectable class of the learned gentleman's fellow-subjects in these Provinces, and has led many to consider whether past maladministration of our affairs may not fairly be attributable to the influence necessarily exercised by a person holding his highly responsible and confidential situation in Downing Street; and if so, whether that influence can be continued without danger to our future prosperity."

2. Extract of a "Report and Address to the Queen, dated 28th February, 1838, by the Honourable the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, and 'printed by order of the House':"—

"Neither the rebels in these Provinces, nor their American auxiliaries, thought it by any means certain that the British Government would make the exertion necessary for retaining these Colonies. They persuaded themselves, on the contrary, that they would not. They have, for many years past, observed some of the more influential journals in the mother country denouncing the impolicy of retaining the Canadas; and they have read declarations openly made to a Committee of the House of Commons by a gentleman in the Colonial Department, who, from his station and duties, has probably exercised, and still exercises, as great an influence in the government of the American colonies as any other individual in the Empire—

in which declaration the positions are advanced, that allegiance to the British Crown must be expected to be regarded in Canada rather as a sentiment than a duty; that no fear of the power of Great Britain can reasonably be entertained by its inhabitants; that 'revolt against European dominion cannot be considered anywhere upon the continent of America as criminal or disgraceful; and that it can be regarded as no enviable distinction to be the only dependent portion of the New World.'* From all which, it would follow that rebellion in Canada would be merely matter of taste; that it would be a safe experiment as far as British power is concerned; that it could neither be looked upon as wrong or disreputable; and that, in fact, it will be rather a reflection upon the spirit of the people of Canada, if they remain attached to the British Crown longer than they can help. It is fit the British nation should know that the feelings and consciences of the great mass of the people of Upper Canada revolt against these sentiments."

Now, as it was notorious in England as well as throughout our North American Colonies, that Sir Francis Head had been removed from Upper Canada, by the Colonial Office, for having adhered to the loyal majority of its inhabitants, and, *per contra*, for having refused to elect and place above them on the bench of justice an individual whose whole life had been hostile to British rule, and who has since, in the United States, publicly "abjured his allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain," it might have been expected that the Imperial Parliament would have deemed it their duty to investigate—

* As an encouragement to rebellion, these words were quoted and placarded by Mr. M'Kenzie on the day of his insurrection in Upper Canada.

1. The allegations against the loyalists in Upper Canada contained in that "Report," signed by Lord Durham, which three Lieutenant-Governors and the Legislature of Canada had declared to be untrue, and utterly unsafe to be relied on.

2. A counter-allegation by the three branches of the Canadian Parliament, complaining of a well-known democratic influence in the Colonial Office.

Without, however, bothering themselves with either of these investigations, the Imperial Parliament, under the protest of the late Duke of Wellington, determined to adopt or swallow as the basis of a new system of legislation for the Canadas, and for the rest of our North American Colonies, Lord Durham's posthumous Report, although they well knew that a considerable portion of it had been written by two persons who had been convicted by the tribunals of England of offences of an unusual character. Indeed, that not only had one of them, as a felon, been sentenced to imprisonment in Newgate for three years, but that on the 6th of June, 1827 (see Hansard), Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, in denouncing "the fraud, the forgery, and the villany he had practised, added: "*Hundreds of delinquents, much less guilty, had been convicted of capital felonies, and had forfeited their lives.*"

As a single example of the natural consequences of an Imperial Parliament presuming to legislate on the allegations and recommendations of such persons, we will briefly state that—

Dr. John Rolph, a practising midwife at Toronto, for whose apprehension "for a traitorous attempt to subvert the Government of Upper Canada" a reward of £500 was offered by Royal Proclamation, dated December 11, 1837;

Who, on the 18th of December, 1837, had been expelled "as a traitor" from the Canada Militia;

Who, on the 20th of January, 1838, had been unanimously expelled "as a traitor" from the Commons' House of Assembly;

Who, on the 21st of December, 1837, had been denounced by the American Minister-at-War, in a communication laid before Congress as "one of the leaders of the insurrection in Upper Canada;"

Who, in a despatch, dated 26th January, 1838, and laid before both Houses of the Imperial Parliament, from Lieutenant-Governor Sir Francis Head, had been described "as the most crafty, the most bloodthirsty, the most treacherous, the most cowardly, and, taking his character altogether, the most infamous of the traitors who lately assailed us;"

Who, in a despatch, dated 17th of April, 1839, from Lieutenant-Governor Sir George Arthur, had been described as "a leader of the late rebellion;"

Who, in the printed journals of the Canadian Legislature, had been publicly designated by Mr. M'Kenzie "as a despicable and deceitful coward, that had instigated him to the rebellion, and then, like a coward, had deserted him, and sneaked off to the United States;"

This Dr. Rolph (under the new system framed by the

Imperial Parliament, from Lord Durham's Report) was, in the Queen's 'Gazette,' headed by Her Royal Arms, selected and appointed—

1. President of the Canadian Board of Agriculture, with a salary of £800 a year.

2. Head of the Medical Board of Canada.

3. Her Majesty's Commissioner of Crown Lands, and of Clergy Reserves in Canada.

4. President of the Privy or Executive Council of Canada (by whose advice the Governor-General is constitutionally obliged to act).

Lastly. By a Royal 'Gazette' *Extraordinary*, which conferred upon Dr. Rolph the title of "HONOURABLE," he was authorized for the remainder of his life to take precedence in society of almost every loyal British subject in the Canadas!

In the Mother Country, besides receiving a pension and a lucrative appointment, Mr. Stephen was created one of her Majesty's Privy Councillors, also a Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath. Mr. Lafontaine, who on being charged by Governor-General Sir John Colborne with treason had absconded from Lower Canada, was made a Baronet. The Canadian Loyalists were treated with marked neglect; and thus ends, *for the present*, what the English historian,

"With a smile on his lips, and a tear in his eye,"

will, no doubt, in due time, briefly designate

A STRANGE STORY.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

"AND *noo, ma freends,*"—some fifty years ago, said an old Highland preacher, suddenly lowering a voice which for nearly an hour had been giving fervid utterance to a series of supplications for the welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, of his flock,—"*And noo, ma freends*"—the good man repeated, as, wiping his bedewed brow, he looked down upon a congregation who, with outstretched chins, sat listening in respectful astonishment to this new proof that their pastor's subject, unlike his body, was still unexhausted; "*And noo, ma freends*"—he once more exclaimed, with a look of parental benevolence it would be utterly impossible to describe—"*Let us praigh for the puir Deil! There's* NAEBODY *praighs for the puir Deil!*"

To our literary congregation, we beg leave to repeat very nearly the same two exclamations, for, deeply as we all stand indebted to the British press, it may truly be said "There's naebody thinks of its puir deils," nor of the many kindred spirits, "black, white, and grey," who, above ground as well as below, inhabit the great printing-

houses of the land we live in. We shall, therefore, at once proceed to one of these establishments, and by our sovereign power summon its motley inmates before us, that they may rapidly glide before our readers in *review*.

In a raw December morning, just before the gas-lights are extinguished, and just before sunrise, the streets of London form a twilight picture which it is interesting to contemplate, inasmuch as there exists perhaps no moment in the twenty-four hours in which they present a more guiltless aspect; for at this hour luxury has retired to such rest as belongs to it—vice has not yet risen. Although the rows of houses are still in shade, and although their stacks of chimneys appear fantastically delineated upon the grey sky, yet the picture, *chiaro-oscuro*, is not altogether without its lights. The wet streets, in whatever direction they radiate, shine almost as brightly as the gilt printing over the barred shops. At the corners of the streets, the gin-palaces, as they are passed, appear splendidly illuminated with gas, showing an elevated row of lettered and numbered yellow casks, which in daylight stand on their ends unnoticed. The fashionable streets are all completely deserted, save by a solitary policeman, who, distinguished by his warm great-coat and shining belt, is seen standing at a crossing, drinking the cup of hot saloop or coffee he has just purchased of an old barrow-woman, who, with her smoking kettle, is quietly seated at his side, while the cab and hackney coach horses, with their heads drooping, appear as motionless as the brass charger at Charing Cross.

An Irish labourer with an empty hod over his shoulder,

a man carrying a saw, a tradesman with his white apron tucked up for walking, a few men, "few and far between," in fustian jackets, with their hands in their pockets to keep them warm, are the only perceptible atoms of an enormous mass of a million and a half of people; all the rest being as completely buried from view as if they were lying in their graves.

But as our vehicle proceeds, every minute imparts life to the scene, until, by the time Blackfriars Bridge is crossed, the light of day illumines the figures of hundreds of workmen who, unconnected with each other, are, in various directions, steadily proceeding to their tasks.

Among them, from their dress, gait, and general appearance, is it not difficult here and there to distinguish that several are printers; and as we have now reached the gate of one of the principal buildings to which they are marching, we must alight from our "cab," that we may, by a slight sketch, delineate its interior for our readers.

The printing-establishment of Messrs. Clowes, on the Surrey side of the Thames (for they have a branch-office at Charing-Cross), is situated between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges. Their buildings extend, in length, from Princes-street to Duke-street, and in breadth about half the distance. The entrance is by rather a steep declivity into a little low court, on arriving at which, the counting-houses are close on the left; the great steam-presses, type and stereotype-foundry, and paper-warehouse, on the right; and the apartments for compositors, *readers*, etc., in front.

In the last-mentioned building there are five compositors' halls, the largest of which (on two levels, the upper being termed by the workmen "the quarter deck") is two hundred feet in length. The door is nearly in the centre, and, on entering this apartment at daybreak, the stranger sees at a *coup d'œil* before him, on his right and left, sixty compositors' frames, which, though much larger, are about the height of the music-stands in an orchestra. At this early hour they are all deserted, their daily tenants not having arrived. Not a sound is to be heard save the slow ticking of a gaudy-faced wooden clock, the property of the workmen, which faithfully tells when they are entitled to refreshment, and which finally announces to them the joyful intelligence that the hour of their emancipation has arrived. On the long wall opposite to the range of windows hang the printed regulations of a subscription fund, to which every man contributes 2*d.*, and every boy 1*d.* per week, explaining how much each is entitled to receive in the sad hour of sickness, with the consoling intelligence that £5 is allowed to bury him if he be a man, £2. 10*s.* if merely a boy. Along the whole length of the building, about a foot above the floor, there is a cast-iron pipe heated by steam, extending through the establishment upwards of three-quarters of a mile, the genial effect of which modestly speaks for itself.

On the right hand, touching each frame, stands a small low table, about two feet square. A hasty traveller would probably pronounce that all these frames were alike, yet a few minutes' attentive observation not only dispels the

error, but by numerous decipherable hieroglyphics explains to a certain extent the general occupation of the owners, as well as the particular character of each.

For instance, the height of the frames at once declares that the compositors must perform their work standing, while the pair of easy slippers, which are underneath each stand, suggest that the occupation must be severely felt by the feet. The working jacket or apron, which lies neatly as it was cast aside the evening before, shows that freedom in the arms is a requisite to the craft. The good workman is known by the regularity with which his *copy* hangs neatly folded in the little wooden recess at his side; the slovenly compositor is detected by having left his MS. on his type, liable to be blown from the case; while the apprentice, like "the carpenter, known by his chips," is discovered by the quantity of type which lies scattered on the floor on which he stood.

The relative stature of the workmen can also be not inaccurately determined by the different heights of their frames. The roomy stools which some have purchased (and which are their private property, for be it known that the establishment neither furnishes nor approves of such luxuries) are not without their silent moral; those with a large circumference, as well as those of a much smaller size, denoting the diameter of a certain corpulent body, while the stuffed stool tells its own tale. The pictures, the songs, the tracts, the caricatures, which each man, according to his fancy, has pasted against the small compartment of whitewashed wall which bounds his tiny dominions, indicate the colour of his leading propensity:

One man is evidently the possessor of a serious mind, another is a follower of the fine arts. A picture of the Duke of Wellington denotes that another is an admirer of stern moral probity and high military honour; while a rosy-faced Hebe, in a very low evening-gown, laughingly confesses for its owner that which we need not trouble ourselves to expound. In the midst of these studies the attention of the solitary stranger is aroused by the appearance of two or three little boys dressed in fustian jackets and paper caps, who in the grey of the morning enter the hall with a broom and water. These are young aspiring devils, who, until they have regularly received their commissions, are employed in cleaning the halls previous to the arrival of the compositors. Besides ventilating the room by opening the windows in the roof, beginning at one extremity, they sweep under each frame, watering the floor as they proceed, until they at last collect at the opposite end of the hall a heap of literary rubbish; but even this is worthy of attention, for, on being sifted through an iron sieve, it is invariably found to contain a quantity of type of all sizes, which more or less has been scattered right and left by the different compositors. To attempt to restore these to the respective families from which they have emigrated would be a work of considerable trouble; they are therefore thrown into a dark receptacle or grave, where they patiently remain until they are remelted, recast into type, and thus once again appear in the case of the compositor. By this curious transmigration Roman letters sometimes reappear on earth in the character of Italics; the lazy

finds itself converted into the ubiquitous s; the full stop becomes perhaps a comma; while the hunchbacked mark of interrogation stands triumphantly erect, a note of admiration to the world!

By the time the halls are swept some of the compositors drop in. The steadiest generally make their appearance first; and on reaching their frames their first operation is leisurely to take off and fold up their coats, tuck up their shirt sleeves, put on their brown holland aprons, exchange their heavy walking shoes for the light brown easy slippers, and then unfolding their copy they at once proceed to work.

By eight o'clock the whole body have arrived. Many in their costume resemble common labourers, others are better clad, several are very well dressed, but all bear in their countenances the appearance of men of considerable intelligence and education. They have scarcely assumed their respective stations, when blue mugs, containing each a pint or half a pint of tea or coffee, and attended either by a smoking hot roll stuffed with yellow butter, or by a couple of slices of bread and butter, enter the hall. The little girls, who with well combed hair and clean shining faces bring these refreshments, carry them to those who have not breakfasted at home. Before the empty mugs have vanished, a boy enters the hall at a fast walk with a large bundle under his arm of morning newspapers. This intellectual treasure the compositors, by a friendly subscription, allow themselves to enjoy. From their connection with the different presses, they manage to obtain the very earliest copies; and thus the news of

the day is known to them—the leading articles of the different papers are criticized, applauded or condemned—an hour or two before the great statesmen of the country have received the observations, the castigation, or the intelligence they contain. One would think that compositors would be as sick of reading as a grocer's boy is of treacle; but that this is not the case is proved by the fact that they not only willingly pay for these newspapers, but often indemnify one of their own community for giving up his time in order to sit in the middle of the hall on a high stool and read the news aloud to them while they are labouring at their work: they will, moreover, even pay him to read to them any new book which they consider to contain interesting information. It of course requires very great command of the mind to be able to give attention to what is read from one book, while men are intently employed in the creation of another. The apprentices and inferior workmen cannot attempt to do this, but the greater number, astonishing as it may sound, can listen without injury to their avocation. Very shortly after eight o'clock the whole body are at their work, at which it may be observed they patiently continue, with only an hour's interval, until eight o'clock at night.

It is impossible to contemplate a team of sixty literary labourers, steadily working together in one room, without immediately acknowledging the important service they are rendering to the civilized world, and the respect which, therefore, is due to them from society. The minutiæ of their art it might be deemed tedious to detail;

yet with so many operators in view it is not difficult, even for an inexperienced visitor, to distinguish the different degrees of perfection at which they have individually arrived.

Among compositors, as in all other professions, the race is not always gained by him who is apparently the swiftest. Steadiness, coolness, and attention are more valuable qualifications than eagerness and haste; and, accordingly, those compositors who at first sight appear to be doing the most, are often, after all, less serviceable to themselves, and consequently to their employers, than those who, with less display, follow the old adage of "slow and sure."

On the attitude of a compositor his work principally depends. The operation being performed by the eyes, fingers, and arms, which, with considerable velocity, are moved in almost every direction, the rest of the body should be kept as tranquil as possible. However zealous, therefore, a workman may be, if his shoulders and hips are seen to be moved by every little letter he lifts, fatigue, exhaustion, and errors are the result; whereas, if the arms alone appear in motion, the work is more easily, and consequently more successfully, executed. The principle of Hamlet's advice to the players may be offered to compositors:—

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you. Do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the *action* to the *word*, the *word* to the *action*."

Before a compositor can proceed with his *copy*, his first business must evidently be to fill his "cases," which contain about a hundred pounds weight of type of nine sorts, viz. 1. capitals; 2. small capitals; 3. Roman letters (for Italics separate cases are used); 4. figures; 5. points and references; 6. spaces; 7. em and en quadrats, or the larger spaces; 8. double, treble, and quadruple quadrats; 9. accents. There are two "cases;" the upper of which is divided into ninety-eight equal compartments; the lower into fifty-three divisions, adapted in size to the number of letters they are to contain.

In the English language the letter *e* inhabits the largest box; *a*, *c*, *d*, *h*, *i*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, live in the next-sized apartments; *b*, *f*, *g*, *k*, *l*, *p*, *v*, *w*, *y*, dwell in what may be termed the bedrooms, while *j*, *q*, *x*, *z*, *æ*, and *œ*, double letters, etc., are more humbly lodged in the cupboards, garrets, and cellars. And the reason of this arrangement is, that the letter *e* being visited by the compositor sixty times as often as *z* (for his hand spends an hour in the former box for every minute in the latter) it is evidently advisable that the letters oftenest required should be the nearest. Latin and French books devour more of *c*, *i*, *l*, *m*, *p*, *q*, *s*, *u*, and *v*, than English ones, and for these languages the "cases" must be arranged accordingly.

The usual way of filling cases with letters is by distributing the type pages of books which have been printed off. Although the ideas or words of one author would not, especially in his own opinion, at all suit those of his brother writer (for instance, suppose the type pages of

'The Diary of the Times of George IV.' were distributed to set up the 'The Bishop of Exeter's Charge to his Clergy') yet the letters which compose them are found in practice to bear to each other exactly the same proportion. The most profligate pages are, therefore, quite as acceptable to the compositor who is about to print a sermon, as a volume on cookery, or even on divinity; and thus, in death, books, like their authors, are all democratically equal.

The distributing of the letters from the type pages, into the square dens to which they respectively belong, is performed with astonishing celerity. If the type were jumbled, or, as it is technically termed, "in pie," the time requisite for recognizing the tiny countenance of each letter would be enormous; but the compositor, being enabled to grasp and read one or two sentences at a time, without again looking at the letters, drops them one by one, here, there, and everywhere, according to their destination. It is calculated that a good compositor can distribute 4000 letters per hour, which is about five times as many as he can compose; just as in common life all men can spend money at least twenty times as readily as they can earn it.

As soon as the workman has filled his cases, his next Sisyphus labour is by composition to exhaust them. Glancing occasionally at his copy before him, he consecutively picks up, with a zigzag movement, and with almost the velocity of lightning, the letters he requires. In arranging these types in the "stick," or little frame, which he holds in his left hand, he must of course place

them with their heads or letter-ends uppermost: besides which they must, like soldiers, be made all to march the same way; for otherwise one letter in the page would be "eyes right," one "eyes left," another "eyes front," while another would be looking to the rear. This insubordination would produce, not only confusion, but positive errors, for *p* would pass for *d*, *n* for *u*, *q* for *b*, etc. To avoid this, the types are all purposely cast with a "nick" on one of their sides, by which simple arrangement they are easily recognized, and made to fall into their places the right way; and compositors as regularly place the nicks of their type all outermost, as ladies and gentlemen scientifically seat themselves at dinner, with their nicks (we mean their mouths) all facing the dishes. In short, a guest sitting with his back to his plate is not, in the opinion of a compositor, a greater breach of decorum, than for a letter to face the wrong way. The composing-stick contains the same sort of relative proportion to a page as a paragraph. It holds a certain measure of type, and, as soon as it is filled, the paragraph, or fragment of paragraph, it contains, is transplanted into the page to which it belongs. This process is repeated until the pages composing a sheet, being completed, are firmly fixed by wooden quoins or wedges into an iron frame called a "chase," which then assumes the name of a "form;" and after having thus been properly prepared for the proof-press, a single copy is "pulled off," and the business of correction then begins.

As the compositor receives nothing for curing his own mistakes, they form the self-correcting punishment of

his offence. The operation is the most disagreeable, and, by pressure on the chest incurred in leaning over the form, it is also the most unhealthy part of his occupation. "A sharp bodkin and patience" are said by the craft to be the only two instruments which are required for correction. By the former a single letter can be abstracted and exchanged; by the latter, if a word has been improperly omitted or repeated, the type in the neighbourhood of the error can be expanded or contracted (technically termed "driven out" or "got in"), until the adjustment be effected. But the compositor's own errors are scarcely put to rights before a much greater difficulty arrives, namely, the *author's* corrections, for which the compositors are very properly paid 6*d.* an hour.

It can easily be believed that it is as difficult for a compositor to produce a correct copy of his MS., as it is for a tailor to make clothes to fit the person he has measured; but the simile must stop here, for what would be the exclamations of Mr. Stultz, or Madame Maradan Carson, if they were to be informed that the gentleman or the lady whom they had but a few days ago measured, had, while their clothes were a-making, completely altered in shape, form, and dimensions?—that, for instance, the gentleman had lost his calves—had "an increasing belly, and a decreasing leg"—that from being a dwarf, he had swelled into a giant—or that his arms had become shorter—and that his frame had shrivelled into half its bulk;—that, again, Miladi's waist had suddenly expanded—that her "bustle" had materially increased, while her lovely daughter, who, but a

week ago, was measured as a mop-stick, had all at once what is usually termed "come out."

Now, ridiculous as all these changes may sound, they are—to say nothing of the heart-ache caused by "bad copy," in which, besides being almost illegible, the author himself evidently does not know what he means to say—no more than those with which compositors are constantly afflicted. Few men can dare to print their sentiments as they write them. Not only must the framework of their composition be altered, but a series of minute posthumous additions and subtractions are ordered, which it is almost impossible to effect; indeed, it not unfrequently happens that it would be a shorter operation for the compositor to set up the types afresh, than to disturb his work piecemeal, by the quantity of codicils and alterations which a vain, vacillating, crotchety writer has required.

A glance at the different attitudes of the sixty compositors working before us is sufficient to explain, even to a stranger whether they are composing, distributing, correcting, or *imposing*: which latter occupation is the fixing corrected pages into the iron frames, or "forms," in which they eventually go to Press. But our reader has probably remained long enough in the long hall, and we will therefore introduce him to the very small cells of the *Readers*.

In a printing establishment "the reader" is almost the only individual whose occupation is sedentary; indeed the galley-slave can scarcely be more closely bound to his oar than is a reader to his stool. On entering his

cell, his very attitude is a striking and most graphic picture of earnest attention. It is evident, from his outline, that the whole power of his mind is concentrated in a focus upon the page before him; and as in midnight the lamps of the mail, which illuminate a small portion of the road, seem to increase the pitchy darkness which in every other direction prevails, so does the undivided attention of a reader to his subject evidently abstract his thoughts from all other considerations. An urchin stands by, reading to *the reader* from *the copy*—furnishing him, in fact, with an aditional pair of eyes; and the shortest way to attract his immediate notice is to stop his boy; for no sooner does the stream of the child's voice cease to flow than the machinery of the man's mind ceases to work;—something has evidently gone wrong! he accordingly at once raises his weary head, and a slight sigh, with one passage of the hand across his brow, is generally sufficient to enable him to receive the intruder with mildness and attention.

Although the general interests of literature, as well as the character of the art of printing, depend on the grammatical accuracy and typographical correctness of "the reader," yet from the cold-hearted public he receives punishment, but no reward. The slightest oversight is declared to be an error; while, on the other hand, if by his unremitted application no fault can be detected, he has nothing to expect from mankind but to escape and live uncensured. Poor Goldsmith lurked a reader in Samuel Richardson's office for many a hungry day in the early period of his life!

In a large printing establishment, the real interest of which is to increase the healthy appetite of the public by supplying it with wholesome food of the best possible description, it is found to be absolutely necessary that "the readers" should be competent to correct, not only the press, but the author. It is requisite not only that they should possess a microscopic eye, capable of detecting the minutest errors, but be also enlightened judges of the purity of their own language. The general style of the author cannot, of course, be interfered with; but tiresome repetitions, incorrect assertions, intoxicated hyperbole, faults in grammar, and above all, in punctuation, it is the reader's especial duty to point out. It is, therefore, evidently necessary that he be complete master of his own tongue. It is also almost necessary that he should have been brought up a compositor, in order that he may be acquainted with the mechanical department of that business; and we need hardly observe that, from the intelligent body of men whose presence we have just left, it is not impossible to select individuals competent to fulfil the important office of readers.

But even to these persons, however carefully selected, it is not deemed safe solely to entrust the supervision of a work; out of them *one* is generally selected, upon whom the higher duty devolves of scrutinizing their labours, and of finally writing upon their *revises* the irrevocable monosyllable, "Press."

We have already observed that while "the reader" is seated in his cell, there stands beside him a small intelligent boy, who is, in fact, the *reader*, that is to say,

he reads aloud from the *copy*, while the man pores upon and corrects the corresponding print. This child—for such he is in comparison with the age of the master he serves—cannot be expected to take any more interest in the heterogeneous mass of literature he emits, than the little marble Cupids in Italy can be supposed to relish the water which is made everlastingly to stream from their mouths. The subject these boys are spouting is generally altogether beyond their comprehension; and even if it were not so, the pauses that ensue while "the reader" is involved in reflection and correction would be quite sufficient to break its thread: but it often happens that they read that which is altogether incomprehensible to them. Accordingly in one cell we found the boy reading aloud to his patron a work in the French language, which he had never learned, and which therefore he was thus most ludicrously pronouncing exactly as if it were English. "Less ducks knee sonte pass," etc. etc. (*i. e.* Les ducs ne sont pas, etc.) To "the reader's" literary ears this must have been almost as painful as, to common nerves, the setting of a saw: yet he patiently listened, and laboriously proceeded with his task. On entering another cell, a boy, who apparently had never known sickness, was monotonously reading, with a shrill plaintive voice, from a page entitled "Tabular Abstract of the Causes of Death," the following most melancholy catalogue, of the dismal roads by which eleven hundred and four of our fellow-countrymen had just departed from life:—

Cholera.	Erysipelas.	Delirium Tremens.	Teething.
Influenza.	Syphilis.	Laryngitis.	Gastro-Enteritis.
Smallpox.	Hydrophobia.	Quinsey.	Peritonitis.
Measles.	Cephalitis.	Bronchitis.	Tabes Mesenterica.
Scarlatina.	Hydrocephalus.	Pleurisy.	Ascites.
Hooping-cough.	Apoplexy.	Pneumonia.	Ulceration.
Croup.	Paralysis.	Hydrothorax.	Hernia.
Thrush.	Convulsions.	Asthma.	Colic.
Diarrhœa.	Tetanus.	Consumption.	Constipation.
Dysentery.	Chorea.	Decline.	Worms.
Ague.	Epilepsy.	Pericarditis.	Hepatitis.
Typhus.	Insanity.	Aneurism.	Jaundice.

As soon as the last "reader" has affixed his *imprimatur* on the labours of the compositor, the forms containing the type are securely fixed, and they are then carried to the Press-room, to which, with them, we will now proceed.

Descending from the "readers'" cells to the ground-floor, the visitor, on approaching the northern wing of Mr. Clowes's establishment, hears a deep rumbling sound, the meaning of which he is at a loss to understand, until the doors before him being opened, he is suddenly introduced to twenty-five enormous steam-presses, which, in three compartments, are all working at the same time. The simultaneous revolution of so much complicated machinery, crowded together in comparatively a small compass, coupled with a moment's reflection upon the important purpose for which it is in motion, is astounding to the mind; and as broad leather straps are rapidly revolving in all directions, the stranger pauses for a moment to consider whether or not he may not get entangled in the process, and, against his inclination, as authors generally say in their prefaces, go "to press."

We will not weary *our* reader by attempting a minute delineation of the wonderful picture before him, or even introduce to his notice the intelligent engineer, who, in a building apart from the machinery, is in solitude regulating the clean, well-kept, noiseless steam-engine which gives it motion; we will merely describe the literary process.

The lower part of each of the twenty-five steam-presses we have mentioned consists of a bed or table, near the two ends of which lie prostrate the two sets of "forms" containing the types we have just seen adjusted, and from which impressions are to be taken.

By the power of machinery these types, at every throb of the engine, are made horizontally to advance and retire. At every such movement, they are met halfway by seven advancing black rollers, which diagonally pass over them, and thus, by a most beautiful process, impart to them ink sufficient only for a single impression. As quickly as the types recede, the seven rollers revolve backwards till they come in contact with another large roller of kindred complexion, termed the "doctor," which supplies them with ink, which he, the "doctor," himself receives from a dense mass of ink, which, by the constant revolution of Æsculapius, assumes also the appearance of a roller.

When iron first began to be substituted in our Navy for purposes for which it had hitherto been deemed to be totally inapplicable, it is said that an honest sailor, gravely turning his quid, observed to his comrade, "*Why, Jack, our purser tells me that the Admiralty are going*

to provide us with cast-iron persons!" The "doctor" of a steam printing press is already composed of this useful material, but the other seven rollers are of an infinitely softer substance. They are formed of a mixture of treacle and glue; and in colour, softness, and consistency they are said, by those who have studied such subjects, exactly to resemble the arm of a young Negro girl.

Above the table, the forms, and the rollers we have described, are, besides other wheels, two very large revolving cylinders, covered with flannel; the whole apparatus being surmounted by a boy, who has on a lofty table by his side a pile of quires of white paper.

Every time the lower bed has moved, this boy places on the upper cylinder a sheet of paper, which is ingeniously confined to its station by being slipped under two strings of tape. It is however no sooner affixed there, than, by a turn of the engine, revolving with the cylinder, it is flatly deposited on the first of the "forms," which, by the process we have described, has been ready inked to receive it; it is there instantaneously pressed, is then caught up by the other cylinder, and, after rapidly revolving with it, it is again left with its white side imposed upon the second "form," where it is again subjected to pressure, from which it is no sooner released than it is hurried within the grasp of another boy at the bottom part of the machinery, who, illumined by a gaslight, extricates it from the cylinder, and piles it on a heap by his side.

By virtue of this beautiful process, a sheet of paper, by two revolutions of the engine, with the assistance

only of two boys, is imprinted on both sides, with not only, say sixteen pages of letter-press, but with the various wood-cuts which they contain. Excepting an hour's intermission, the engines, like the boys, are at regular work from eight A.M. till eight P.M., besides night work when it is required. Each steam press is capable of printing 1000 sheets an hour.

The apartments to the left of the machinery we have described contain no less than twenty-three common or hand-presses of various constructions; besides which, in each of the compositors' rooms there is what is termed a proof-press. Each of these twenty-three presses is attended by two pressmen, one of whom inks the form, by means of a roller, whilst the other lays and takes off the paper very nearly as fast as he can change it, and by a strong gymnastic exertion, affording a striking feature of variety of attitude, imparts to it a pressure of from a ton to a ton and a half, the pressure depending upon the size and lightness of the *form*; this operation being performed by the two men turn and turn about.

By his steam and hand presses Mr Clowes is enabled at this moment to be printing simultaneously, Brown's folio Bible, Vyse's 'Spelling Book,' 'First Report of St. Martin's Subscription Library,' 'Religious Tracts,' 'Penny Cyclopædia,' 'Penny Magazine,' 'The Harmonist' (in musical type), 'The Imperial Calendar,' Booksellers' Catalogues, 'Registration Reports,' 'The Christian Spectator,' 'Pictorial Shakspere,' Henry's folio Bible, Butler's 'Lives of the Saints,' 'Registration of Births and Deaths,' Heathcroyd's Bible, 'Life and Ad-

ventures of Michael Armstrong,' 'Palestine, or the Holy Land,' 'The Way to be Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise' (300,000 copies, of which 20,000 are delivered per day), 'The Quarterly Review,' etc.

Notwithstanding the noise and novelty of this scene, it is impossible either to contemplate for a moment the machinery in motion we have described, or to calculate its produce, without being deeply impressed with the inestimable value to the human race of the Art of Printing,—an art which, in spite of the opposition it first met with, in spite of the "envious clouds which seemed bent to dim its glory and check its bright course," has triumphantly risen above the miasmatical ignorance and superstition which would willingly have smothered it.

In the fifteenth century (the era of the invention of the Art) the brief-men, or writers, who lived by their manuscripts, seeing that their occupation was about to be superseded, boldly attributed the invention to the Devil, and, building on this foundation, men were warned from using diabolical books "written by victims devoted to hell." The monks in particular were its inveterate opposers; and the Vicar of Croydon, as if he had foreseen the Reformation which it subsequently effected, truly enough exclaimed, in a sermon preached by him at St. Paul's Cross, "*We must root out printing, or printing will root us out!*" Nevertheless the men of the old school were soon compelled to adopt the novelty thus hateful: in fact, many of the present names of our type have been derived from their having been first

employed in the printing of Romish prayers; for instance, "Pica," from the service of the Mass, termed *Pica* or *Pie*, from the glaring contrast between the black and white on its page; "Primer," from *Primarius*, the book of Prayers to the Virgin; "Brevier," from the *Breviary*; "Canon," from the *Canons* of the Church; "St. Augustin," from that Father's writings having been first printed in that sized type, etc. etc.

How reluctantly however the old prejudice was parted with, even by the classes most interested in the advancement of the new device, may be inferred from Shakspere's transcript of the chronicle in which Jack Cade, the Radical spouter of his day, is made to exclaim against Lord Say, "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in *erecting a grammar-school*; and whereas before our forefathers had no other books but the score and tally, thou hast caused *Printing to be used*; and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast *built a paper-mill!*"

But we must pause in our quotations, for the wooden clocks in the compositors' halls have just struck "ONE," the signal throughout the whole establishment (which, we may observe, contains 340 workmen) that the welcome hour for rest and refreshment has arrived. The extended arm of the distributor falls as by paralysis to his side—the compositor as suddenly lays down his stick—the corrector his bodkin—the impositor abandons his quoins, reglet, gutters, scaleboard, chases, shooting-sticks, side-sticks, and his other "furniture"—the wearied "reader" slowly rises from his stool, his boy, like a young kid,

having already bounded from his side. The wheels of the steam-presses abruptly cease to revolve—"the doctor" even becomes motionless,—the boys descend from the literary pinnacles on which they had been stationed,—the hand-presses repose—and, almost before the paper-men, type-founders, and other workmen can manage to lay down their work, in both Duke-street and Stamford-street printers' boys of various colours are seen either scudding away in all directions, or assembled in knots to play at leapfrog, or at whatever other game may happen to be what is technically called "in." A fat, ruddy-faced boy, wearing a paper-cap, is seen vaulting over the back of a young, tight-made devil, while "a legion of foul fiends" appear gambolling in groups, or jumping over each other's shoulders.*

While this scene is passing in the middle of the street, steady workmen who are going to their dinners are seen issuing in a stream out of the great gate, while at the same moment, by a sort of back current, there is enter-

* Whenever a printer's devil, in the morning, at noon, or at night, is about to be let loose upon an author, "the proofs" he is ordered to convey are secured in a leathern bag, strapped round his waist. Some time ago, however, a young, thoughtless imp, from Messrs. Clowes's establishment, chose to carry upon his *head* a heavy packet, addressed by his employer to "Lieut. Stratford, R.N., Somerset House." "You young rascal!" exclaimed a tall thief, who, after having read the inscription cunningly, ran up to him, "Lieutenant Stratford has been waiting for the last two hours for this parcel. Give it to me!" The devil, conscience stricken and crest fallen at the recollection that he had twice stopped on his road to play at marbles, delivered up his packet to the *conveyancer*, who, on opening it in his den, must have been grievously disappointed to find that it contained nothing but some proofs of "The Nautical Almanac for 1840."

ing the yard a troop of little girls with provisions for those who prefer to dine at their posts. Most of these children are bearers of one or more sixpenny portions of smoking-hot meat, with penny portions of potatoes or cabbage, in addition to which some of the little girls, with their longing eyes especially fixed on the dish, are carrying great twopenny lumps of apple-pudding, or of heavy pieces of a cylindrical composition, commonly called "rolly-polly pudding," which very closely resembles slices of the "doctor." Besides these eatables, a man is seen gliding hastily down the declivity of the yard, carrying in each hand a vertical tray glistening with bright pewter pint-pots.

A remarkable silence now pervades the establishment. The halls of the compositors appear to be empty; for while enjoying their humble meal, sick of standing, they invariably seat themselves underneath their frames, and thus, like rats in their holes, they can scarcely be discovered. The care-worn reader, in solitude, is also at his meal; but whatever it may consist of, it would be hard to say which he enjoys most food for the body, or rest for the mind. The great steam-engine, which works the twenty-five printing-presses, is also at its dinner, which consists of a liberal allowance of good neat's-foot oil and tallow.

As this scene of rest and enjoyment is to last for a whole hour, we perhaps cannot better employ a small portion of the interim than by a few reflections on the history of printing.

The *labour* attendant upon propagating manuscript

copies of volumes has been thus very feelingly described by William Caxton:—

"Thus end I this book; and for as moche as in wrytyng of the same my penne is worn, myn hande wery, and myn eyne dimmed with overmoche lookyng on the whit paper, and that age crepeth on me dayly . . ."

Accordingly fifty years were sometimes employed in producing a single volume. At the sale of Sir W. Burrell's books, May, 1796, there was displayed a MS. bible on vellum, beautifully written with a pen, and illuminated, which had taken upwards of half a century to perform; the writer, Guido de Jars, began it in his fortieth year, the period of life at which Sir Walter Scott began 'Waverley'), and yet did not finish it till he was upwards of ninety.

The *expense* attendant upon the ancient operation will be sufficiently explained by the following extract of a translated epistle from Antonio Bononia Beccatello to Alphonso, King of Naples:—

"You lately wrote to me from Florence that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold in very handsome books, and that the price of each book is 120 crowns of gold: therefore, I entreat your Majesty that you cause to be bought for us 'Livy,' whom we used to call the king of books, and cause it to be sent hither to us. I shall in the meantime procure the money which I am to give for the price of the book. One thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I or Poggius have done best: he, who, that he might buy a country-house near Florence, sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fair hand; or I, who, to purchase Livy, have exposed a piece of land to sale? Your goodness and modesty have en

couraged me to ask these things with familiarity of you. Farewell, and triumph!"

Gaguin, in writing from France to a friend who had sent to him from Rome to procure a Concordance, says,—

"I have not to this day found a Concordance, except one that is greatly esteemed, which Paschasius the bookseller has told me is to be sold, and it may be had for a hundred crowns of gold" (about £83).

On the last leaf of a folio manuscript of the 'Roman de la Rose' (the property of the late Mr. Ames) there is written,—

"Cest lynir costa au palas de Parys quarante coronnes dor, sans mentyr."

About the time of Henry II. the works of authors were, it has been said, read over for three days successively before one of the Universities, or before other judges appointed for the service, and, if they met with approbation, copies of them were then permitted to be taken by monks, scribes, illuminators, and readers, brought up or trained to that purpose for their maintenance. But the labours of these monks, scribes, illuminators, etc., after all, were only for the benefit of a very few individuals, while the great bulk of the community lived in a state of ignorance closely resembling that which has ever characterized, and which still characterizes, savage tribes.

The heaven-born eloquence of many of these tribes has been acknowledged by almost every traveller who

has enjoyed the opportunity of listening to it with a translator.

Nothing, we may affirm, can be more striking than the framework of their speech, which, commencing with an appeal to "the Great Spirit" that governs the universe, gradually descends to the very foundation of the subject they are discussing. Nothing more beautiful than the imagery with which they clothe their ideas, or more imposing than the intellectual coolness with which they express them. From sunrise till sunset they can address their patient auditors; and, such is the confidence these simple people possess in their innate powers of speech, that a celebrated orator was, on a late occasion, heard to declare, "That had he conceived the young men of his tribe would have so erred in their decision, he would have attended their council fire, and would have spoken to them for a fortnight!"

But what has become of all the orations which these denizens of the forest have pronounced? What moral effect have they produced, beyond a momentary excitement of admiration, participated only by a small party of listeners, and which, had even millions attended, could only, after all, have extended to the radius of the of the speaker's voice?

From our first discovery of their country to the present day, their eloquence has passed away like the loud moaning noise which the wind makes in passing through the vast wilderness they inhabit, and which, however it may affect the traveller who chances to hear it, dies away in the universe unrecorded.

Unable to read or write, the uncivilized orator of the present day has hardly any materials to build with but his own native talent; he has received nothing from his forefathers he can bequeath or promulgate little or nothing to posterity; whatever, therefore, may be his eloquence, and whatever may be his intelligence, he is almost solely guided by what resembles brute instinct rather than human reason, which, by the art of writing, transmits experience to posterity.

Before the invention of printing almost the whole herd of mankind were in a state of moral destitution, nearly equal to that which we have thus described; for, although various manuscripts existed, yet the expense and trouble of obtaining them was, as we have endeavoured to show, so great, that few could possess them in any quantities, except sovereign princes, or persons of very great wealth. The intellectual power of mankind was consequently completely undisciplined there was no such thing as a combination of moral power the experience of one age was not woven into the fabric of another, in short, the intelligence of a nation was a rope of sand. Now, how wonderful is the contrast between this picture of the dark age which preceded the invention of printing, and the busy establishment which only for a few moments we have just left!

The distinction between the chrysalis and the butterfly but feebly illustrates the alteration which has taken place, since by the art of printing science has been enabled to wing its rapid and unerring course to the remotest regions of the globe. Every man's information

is now received and deposited in a common hive, containing a cell or receptacle for everything that can be deemed worth preserving. The same facility attends the distribution of information, which characterizes its collection. The power of a man's voice is no longer the measured range to which he can project his ideas; for even the very opinion we have just uttered, the very sentence we are now writing—faulty as they may both be—printed by steam, and transported by steam, will be no sooner published than they will be wafted to every region of the habitable globe,—to India, to America, to China, to every country in Europe, to every colony we possess, to our friends and to our foes, wherever they may be. In short, the hour has at last arrived at which the humblest individual in our community is enabled to say to those, whoever they may be, who are seen to wield authority wickedly,—

> "Si vous m'opprimez, si vos grandeurs dédaignent
> Les pleurs des innocens que vous faites couler,
> Mon vengeur est au ciel! apprenez à trembler!"

As railroads have produced traffic, so has printing produced learned men; and "to this art," says Dr. Knox, "we owe the Reformation." The cause of religion has been most gloriously promoted by it; for it has placed the Bible in everybody's hands. Yet, notwithstanding the enormous mass of information it has imparted, it is however a most remarkable fact, that printing is one of those busybodies who can tell every man's history but his own.

Although four centuries have not elapsed since the in-

vention of the noble art, yet the origin of this transcendent light, veiled in darkness, is still a subject of dispute! No certain record has been handed down fixing the precise time when, the person by whom, and the place whence, this art derived its birth. The latent reason of this mystery is not very creditable to mankind; for printing having been as much the counterfeit as the substitute of writing, from sheer avarice it was kept so completely a secret, that we are told, an artist, upon offering for sale a number of Bibles, which so miraculously resembled each other in every particular that they were deemed to surpass human skill, was accused of witchcraft, and tried in the year 1400.

Gutenberg, we all know, is said to have been the father of printing; Schoeffer, the father of letter-founding; Faust, or Fust, the generous patron of the art; and by Hansard these three are termed "the grand typographical triumvirate." On the other hand, Hadrianus Junius, who wrote the history of Holland in Latin, published in 1578, claims the great art for Haarlem, assigning to Laurentius Coster the palm of being the original inventor. Neither our limits nor our inclination allow us to take any part in the threadbare discussion of the subject. On the front of the house inhabited by Gutenberg, at Mentz, there is the following inscription:

"JOHANNI GUTTEMBERGENSI
Moguntino,
Qui Primus Omnium Literas Ære
Imprimendas Invenit,
Hac Arte De Orbe Toto Bene Merenti."

Besides this, a fine statue by Thorwaldsen, erected in the city, was opened amidst a burst of enthusiasm. "For three days," says a late writer, "the population of Mayence was kept in a state of high excitement. The echo of the excitement went through Germany, and GUTENBERG! GUTENBERG! was toasted in many a bumper of Rhenish wine, amidst this *cordial* and enthusiastic people." But while "GUT! *Gutes!* GUTENBERG!" are thus resounding through Germany, the web-footed inhabitants of the city of Haarlem, nothing daunted, still paddle through their streets, with their burgomasters at their head, holding annual festivals, and making public speeches, in commemoration of the grand discovery of the art by their "*beloved* COSTER," to whom various monuments have been erected.

But two o'clock has arrived, and we therefore most readily abandon the history of printing, to return with Mr Clowes's people to his interesting establishment.

On entering the door of a new department, a number of workmen, in paper caps, and with their shirt sleeves tucked up, may be seen at a long table, immediately under the windows, as well as at another table in the middle of the room, intently occupied at some sort of juggling operation; but what wholly engrosses the first attention of the stranger is the extraordinary convulsive attitudes of ten men, who, at equal distances from each other, are standing with their right shoulders close to the dead wall opposite to the windows.

These men appear as if they were all possessed with St Vitus' Dance, or as if they were performing some Druidical

or Dervishical religious ceremony. Instead however of being the servants of idolatrous superstition, they are in fact its most destructive enemies: for, grotesque as may be their attitudes, they are busily fabricating grains of intellectual gunpowder to explode it; we mean, they are type-casting.

This important operation is performed as follows: In the centre of a three-inch cube of hard wood, which is split into two halves like the shell of a walnut, there is inserted the copper matrix or form of the letter to be cast. The two halves of the cube when put together are so mathematically adjusted that their separation can scarcely be detected, and accordingly down the line of junction there is pierced, from the outer face of this wood, to the copper matrix, a small hole, into which the liquid metal is to be cast, and from which it can easily be extricated by the opening or bisection of the cube. Besides this piece of wood, the type-caster is provided with a little furnace, and a small caldron of liquid metal, projecting about a foot from the wall, on his right. This wall is protected by sheet-iron, which is seen shining and glittering in all directions with the metal that in a liquid state has been tossed upon it to a great height.

On the floor, close at the feet of each "caster," there is a small heap of coals, while a string or two of onions hanging here and there against the wall, sufficiently denote that those who, instead of leaving the building at one o'clock, dine within it, are not totally unacquainted with the culinary art.

The ladles are of various denominations, according to

the size of the type to be cast. There are some that contain as much as a quarter of a pound of metal, but for common-sized type the instrument does not hold more than would one-half of a shell of a small hazel-nut.

With the mould in the left hand, the founder with his right dips his little instrument into the liquid metal, instantly pours it into the hole of the cube, and then, in order to force it *down* to the matrix, he jerks *up* the mould higher than his head; as suddenly he lowers it, by a quick movement opens the cube, shakes out the type, closes the box, re-fills it, re-jerks into the air, re-opens it—and, by a repetition of these rapid manœuvres, each workman can create from 400 to 500 types an hour.

By the convulsive jerks which we have described, the liquid is unavoidably tossed about in various directions; yet, strange to say, the type-founder, following the general fashion of the establishment, performs this scalding operation with naked arms, although in many places they may be observed to have been more or less burned.

As soon as there is a sufficient heap of type cast, it is placed before an intelligent little boy (whose pale wan face sufficiently explains the effect that has been produced upon it by the antimony in the metal), to be broken off to a uniform length: for, in order to assist in forcing the metal down to the matrix, it was necessary to increase the weight of the type by doubling its length. At this operation a quick boy can break off from 2000 to 3000 types an hour, although, be it observed, by handling new type a workman has been known to lose his thumb and forefinger from the effect of the antimony.

By a third process the types are rubbed on a flat stone, which takes off all roughness, or "*bur*," from their sides, as well as adjusts their "beards" and their "shanks." A good rubber can finish about 2000 an hour.

By a fourth process, the types are, by men or boys, fixed into a sort of composing-stick about a yard long, where they are made to lie in a row with their "nicks" all uppermost: 3000 or 4000 per hour can be thus arranged.

In a fifth process, the bottom extremities of these types, which had been left rough by the second process, are, by the stroke of a plane, made smooth, and the letter-ends being then turned uppermost, the whole line is carefully examined by a microscope; the faulty type, technically termed "fat-faced," "lean-faced," and "bottle-bottomed," are extracted; and the rest are then extricated from the *stick*, and left in a heap.

The last operation is that of "telling them down and papering them up," to be ready for distribution when required.

By the system we have just described, Mr. Clowes possesses the power of supplying his compositors with a stream of new type, flowing upon them at the rate of 50,000 per day!

Type-founding has always been considered to be a trade of itself, and there is not in London, or we believe in the world, any other great *printing* establishment in which it is comprehended; but the advantages derived from this connection are very great, as types form the life-blood of a printing-house, and therefore whatever

facilitates their circulation adds to its health and promotes science.

Small, insignificant, and undecipherable as types appear to inexperienced eyes, yet, when we reflect upon the astonishing effects they produce, they forcibly remind us of that beautiful parable of the grain of mustard-seed, "*which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.*" But, casting theory aside, we will endeavour to demonstrate the advantages which not only the establishment before us, but the whole literary world, *bond fide* derives from a cheap, ready, and never-failing supply of type.

By possessing an ample store of this *primum mobile* of his art, a printer is enabled, without waiting for the distribution or breaking up of the type of the various publications he is printing, to supply his compositors with the means of "setting up" whatever requires immediate attention;—literary productions, therefore, of every description are thus relieved from unnecessary quarantine, the promulgation of knowledge is hastened, the distance which separates the writer from the reader is reduced to its minimum.

But besides the facility which the possession of abundance of type gives both to the publisher and to the public, the printer's range, or in other words the radius, to the extent of which he is enabled to serve the world, is materially increased; for with an amply supply he can manage to keep type in "forms" until his proofs

from a distance can be returned corrected. In a very large printing establishment, like that before us, this radius is very nearly the earth's diameter; for Messrs. Clowes are not only enabled, by the quantity of type they possess, to send proofs to the East and West Indies, but they are at this moment engaged in printing a work, regularly published in England every month, the proof-sheets which are sent by our steamers to be corrected by the author in America!

Again, in the case of books that are likely to run into subsequent editions, a printer who has plenty of type to spare can afford to keep the forms standing until the work has been tested; and then, if other editions are required, they can, on the whole, be printed infinitely cheaper than if the expense of composition were in each separate edition to be repeated:—the publisher, the printer, and the public, all therefore are gainers by this arrangement.

In bye-ways as well as in high-ways, literary labourers of the humblest description are assisted by a printing establishment possessing abundance of type. For instance, in its juvenile days, the 'Quarterly Review' (which, by the way, is now thirty years old) was no sooner published than it was necessary that the first article of the following number should go to press, in order that the printer might be enabled, article by article, to complete the whole in three months. Of the inconvenience to the *editor* attendant upon this "never-ending-still-beginning" system, we deem it proper to say nothing: our readers, however, will at once see the scorbutic incon-

venience which they themselves must have suffered by having been supplied by us with provisions, a considerable portion of which had unavoidably been salted down for nearly three months. Now, under the present system, the contents of the whole number lie open to fresh air, correction, and conviction,—are ready to admit new information, to receive fresh facts, to so late a moment, that our eight or ten articles may be sent to the printer on a Monday with directions to be ready for publication on the Saturday.

But notwithstanding all the examples we have given of the present increased expenditure of type, our readers will probably be surprised when they are informed of the actual quantity which is required.

The number of sheets now standing in type in Messrs. Clowes's establishment, each weighing on an average about 100 lbs., are above 1600. The weight of type not in forms amounts to about 100 tons!—the weight of the stereotype plates in their possession to about 2000 tons the cost to the proprietors (without including the original composition of the types from which they were cast) about £200,000. The number of woodcuts is about 50,000, of which stereotype-casts are taken and sent to Germany, France, etc.

Having mentioned the amount of stereotype plates in the establishment, it is proper that we should now visit the foundry in which *they* are cast. The principal piece of furniture in this small chamber is an oven, in appearance such as is commonly used by families for baking bread. In front of it there stands a sort of dresser; and

close to the wall on the right, and adjoining the entrance door, a small table. The "forms" or pages of types, after they have been used by the printer, and before the stereotype impression can be taken from them, require to be cleaned, in order to remove from them the particles of ink with which they have been clogged in the process of printing. As soon as this operation is effected, the types are carefully oiled, to prevent the cement sticking to them; and when they have been thus prepared, they are placed at the bottom of a small wooden frame, where they lie in appearance like a schoolboy's slate. In about a quarter of an hour the plaster-of-Paris, which is first dabbed on with a cloth and then poured upon them, becomes hard, and the mixture, which somewhat resembles a common Yorkshire pudding, is then put into the oven, where it is baked for an hour and a half. It is then put into a small iron coffin with holes in each corner, and buried in a caldron of liquid metal, heated by a small furnace close to the oven; the little vessel containing the type gradually sinks from view, until the silvery glistening wave rolling over it entirely conceals it from the eye. At the bottom of this caldron it remains about ten minutes, when, being raised by the arm of a little crane, it comes up completely incrusted with the metal, and is put for ten minutes to cool over a cistern of water close to the caldron. The mass is then laid on the wooden dresser, where the founder unmercifully belabours it with a wooden mallet, which breaks the brittle metal from the coffin, and the plaster-of-Paris cast being also shattered into pieces, the stereotype impression, which, during this

rude operation, has remained unharmed, is introduced for the first moment of its existence into the light of day. The birth of this plate is to the literary world an event of no small importance, inasmuch as 100,000 copies of the best impressions can be taken from it, and with care it can propagate a million! The plates, after being rudely cut, are placed on a very ingenious description of Procrustesian bed, on which they are by a machine not only all cut to the same length and breadth, but with equal impartiality planed to exactly the same thickness.

The plates are next examined in another chamber by men termed "pickers," who, with a sharp graver, and at the rate of about sixteen pages in six hours, cut out or off any improper excrescences; and if a word or sentence is found to be faulty, it is cut out of the plate and replaced by real type, which are soldered into the gaps. Lastly, by a circular saw the plates are very expeditiously cut into pages, which are packed up in paper to go to press.

We have already stated that in Messrs. Clowes's establishment the stereotype plates amount in weight to 2000 tons. They are contained in two strong rooms or cellars, which appear to the stranger to be almost a mass of metal. The smallest of these receptacles is occupied entirely with the Religious Tract Society's plates, many of which are fairly entitled to the rest they are enjoying, having already given hundreds of thousands of impressions to the world. It is very pleasing to find in the heart of a busy bustling establishment, such as we are reviewing, a chamber exclusively set apart for the propagation of religious knowledge; and it is a fact creditable

to the country in general, as well as to the art of printing in particular, that, including all the publications printed by Messrs. Clowes, one-fourth are self-devoted to religion. The larger store, which is a hundred feet in length, is a dark *omnium gatherum*, containing the stereotype plates of publications of all descriptions. But even in *this* epitome of the literature of the age, our readers will be gratified to learn that the sacred volumes of the Established Church maintain, by their own intrinsic value, a rank and an importance, their possession of which has been the basis of the character and unexampled prosperity of the British Empire. Among the plates in this store there are to be seen reposing those of thirteen varieties of bibles and testaments, of numerous books of hymns and psalms, of fifteen different dictionaries, and of a number of other books of acknowledged sterling value. We have no desire, however, to conceal that the above are strangely intermixed with publications of a different description. For instance, next to 'Doddridge's Works' lie the plates of 'Don Juan'; close to 'Hervey's Meditations' lie 'The Lives of Highwaymen,' 'Henderson's Cookery,' 'The Trial of Queen Caroline,' and 'Macgowan's Dialogue of Devils.' In the immediate vicinity of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' repose the 'Newgate Calendar' (6 vols.) and 'Religious Courtship;' and lastly, in this republic of letters, close to 'Sturm's Reflections,' 'Ready Reckoner,' 'Goldsmith's England,' and 'Hutton's Logarithms,' are to be found 'A Whole Family in Heaven,' 'Heaven taken by Storm,' 'Baxter's Shove to *****-***** Christians,' etc. etc. etc.

On the whole, however, the ponderous contents of the chamber are of great literary value; and it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the stranger beholds before him, in a single cellar, a capital, principally devoted to religious instruction, amounting to no less than £200,000!

In suddenly coming from the inky chambers of a printing-office into the paper-warehouse, the scene is, almost without metaphor, "as different as black from white." Its transition is like that which the traveller experiences in suddenly reaching the snowy region which caps lofty mountains of dark granite.

It must be evident to the reader that the quantity of paper used by Messrs. Clowes in a single year must be enormous.

This paper, before it is despatched from the printer to the binder, undergoes two opposite processes, namely wetting and drying, both of which may be very shortly described. The wetting-room, which forms a sort of cellar to the paper-warehouse, is a small chamber, containing three troughs, supplied with water, like those in a common laundry, by a leaden pipe and cock. Leaning over one of these troughs, there stands, from morning till night, with naked arms, red fingers, and in wooden shoes, a man, whose sole occupation, for the whole of his life, is to wet paper for the press. The general allowance he gives to each quire is two dips, which is all that *he* knows of the literature of the age; and certainly, when it is considered that, with a strapping lad to assist him, he can dip two hundred reams a day, it is evident

that it must require a considerable number of very ready writers to keep pace with him. After being thus wetted, the paper is put in a pile under a screw-press, where it remains subjected to a pressure of 200 tons for twelve hours. It should then wait about two days before it is used for printing, yet, if the weather be not too hot, it will, for nearly a fortnight, remain sufficiently damp to imbibe the ink from the type.

We have already stated that, as fast as the sheets printed on both sides are abstracted by the boys who sit at the bottoms of the twenty-five steam-presses, they are piled in a heap by their sides. As soon as these piles reach a certain height, they are carried off, in wet bundles of about one thousand sheets, to the two drying-rooms, which are heated by steam to a temperature of about 90° of Fahrenheit. These bundles are there subdivided into "lifts," or quires, containing from fourteen to sixteen sheets; seven of these lifts, one after another, are rapidly placed upon the transverse end of a long-handled "peel," by which they are raised nearly to the ceiling, to be deposited across small wooden bars ready fixed to receive them; in which situation it is necessary they should remain at least twelve hours, in order that not only the paper, but the ink, should be dried. In looking upwards, therefore, the whole ceiling of the room appears as if an immense shower of snow had just suddenly been arrested in its descent from Heaven. In the two rooms about four hundred reams can be dried in twenty-four hours.

When the operation of drying is completed, the "lifts"

are rapidly pushed by the "peel" one above another (like cards which have overlapped) into a pack, and in these masses they are then lowered; and again placed in piles, each of which contains the same "signature," or, in other words, is formed of duplicates of the same sheet. A work, therefore, containing twenty-four sheets—marked or *signed* A, B, C, and so on, to Z—stands in twenty-four piles, all touching each other, and of which the height of course depends upon the number of copies composing the edition. A gang of sharp little boys, about twelve years of age, with naked arms, termed *gatherers*, following each other as closely as soldiers in file, march past these heaps, from every one of which they each abstract, in regular order for publication, a single sheet, which they deliver as the complete work to a "collator," whose duty it is rapidly to glance over the printed signature letters of each sheet, in order to satisfy himself that they follow each other in regular succession; and as soon as the signature letters have either by one or by repeated gatherings been all collected, they are, after being pressed, placed in piles about eleven feet high, composed of complete copies of the publication, which, having thus undergone the last process of the printing establishment, is ready for the hands of the binder.

The group of gathering-boys, whose "march of intellect" we have just described, usually perform per day a thousand journeys, each of which is, on an average, about fourteen yards. The quantity of paper in the two drying-rooms amounts to about 3000 reams, each weighing about 25 lbs. The supply of white paper in store,

kept in piles about twenty feet high, averages about 7000 reams; the amount of paper printed every week and delivered for publication amounts to about 1500 reams (of 500 sheets), each of which averages in size 380¾ square inches. The supply, therefore, of white paper kept on hand, would, if laid down in a path 22¼ inches broad, extend 1290 miles; the quantity printed on both sides per week would form a path of the same breadth and 209 miles in length. In the course of a year Messrs. Clowes consume, therefore, white paper enough to make petticoats of the usual dimensions (ten demys per petticoat) for three hundred and fifty thousand ladies!

The *ink* used in the same space of time amounts to about 12,000 lbs.

The cost of the paper may be about £100,000; that of the ink exceeding £1500.

In one of the compartments of Messrs. Clowes's establishment, a few men are employed in fixing metal-type into the wooden blocks of a most valuable and simple machine for impressing coloured maps, for which the inventor has lately taken out a patent.

The tedious process of drawing maps by hand has long been superseded by copper engravings; but, besides the great expense attendant upon these impressions, there has also been added that of *colouring*, which it has hitherto been deemed impossible to perform but by the brush. The cost of maps, therefore, has not only operated, to a considerable degree, as a prohibition of their use among the poor, but in general literature it has

very materially checked many geographical elucidations, which, though highly desirable, would have been too expensive to be inserted.

By this beautiful invention, the new artist has not only imparted to woodcut blocks the advantages of impressing, by little metallic circles and by actual type, the positions as well as the various names of cities, towns, rivers, etc., which it would be difficult as well as expensive to delineate in wood, but he has also, as we will endeavour to explain, succeeded in giving, by machinery, that bloom, or, in other words, those colours to his maps, which had hitherto been laboriously painted on by human hands.

On entering the small room of the house in which the inventor has placed his machine, the attention of the stranger is at once violently excited by seeing several printer's rollers, which, though hitherto deemed to be as black and as unchangeable as an Ethiopian's skin, appear before him bright yellow, bright red, and beautiful blue! "Tempora mutantur," they exultingly seem to say, "*nos* et mutamur in illis!" In the middle of the chamber stands the machine, consisting of a sort of open box, which, instead of having, as is usual, one lid only, has one fixed to every side, by which means the box can evidently be shut or covered by turning down either the lid on the north, on the south, on the east, or on the west.

The process of impressing with this engine is thus effected. A large sheet of pure white drawing-paper is, by the chief superintendent, placed at the bottom of the

box, where it lies, the emblem of innocence, perfectly unconscious of the impending fate that awaits it. Before however it has any time for reflection, the north lid, upon which is embedded a metal plate coloured *blue*, suddenly revolves over upon the paper, when, by the turn of a press underneath the whole apparatus, a severe pressure is instantaneously inflicted. The north lid is no sooner raised, than the south one, upon which is embedded a metal plate coloured *yellow*, performs the same operation; which is immediately repeated by the eastern lid, the plates of which are coloured *red*; and, lastly, by the western lid, whose plates contain nothing but *black* lines, marks of cities, and names.

By these four operations, which are consecutively performed, quite as rapidly as we have detailed them, the sheet of white paper is seen successfully and happily transformed into a most lovely and graphic picture, in SEVEN colours of oceans, empires, kingdoms, principalities, cities, flowing rivers, mountains (the tops of which are left white), lakes, etc., each not only pronouncing its own name, but declaring the lines of latitude and longitude under which it exists. The picture, or, as it terms itself, "The Patent Illuminated Map," proclaims to the world its own title: it gratefully avows the name of its ingenious parent to be *Charles Knight*.

A few details are yet wanting to fill up the rapid sketch or outline we have just given of the mode of imprinting these maps. On the northern block, which imparts the first impression, the oceans and lakes are cut in wavy lines, by which means, when the whole block is

coloured *blue*, the wavy parts are impressed quite light, while principalities, kingdoms, etc., are deeply designated, and thus by one process *two blues* are imprinted.

When the southern block, which is coloured *yellow*, descends, besides marking out the principalities, etc., which are to be permanently designated by that colour, a portion of it recovers countries which by the first process had been marked *blue*, but which, by the admixture of the *yellow*, are beautifully coloured *green*. By this second process, therefore, *two* colours are again imprinted. When the eastern lid, which is coloured *red*, turning upon its axis, impinges upon the paper, besides stamping the districts which are to be designated by its own colour, it intrudes upon a portion of the *blue* impression, which it instantly turns into *purple*, and upon a portion of the *yellow* impression, which it instantly changes into *brown*; and thus, by this single operation, *three* colours are imprinted.

But the three lids conjointly have performed another very necessary operation, namely, they have moistened the paper sufficiently to enable it to receive the typographical lines of longitude and latitude, the courses of rivers, the little round marks denoting cities, and the letterpress, all of which, by the last pressure, are imparted, in common black printer's ink, to a map, distinguishing, under the beautiful process we have described, the various regions of the globe, by light blue, dark blue, yellow, green, red, brown, and purple.*

* We ought to observe that an analogous invention has already been brought to great perfection, by Mr. Hulmandell, in the department of

By Mr. Knight's patent machine, maps may be thus furnished to our infant schools at the astonishingly low rate of 4½*d.* each.

Before the wooden clocks in the compositors' halls strike eight,—at which hour the whole establishment of literary labourers quietly return to their homes, excepting those who, for extra work, extra pay, and to earn extra comforts for their families, are willing to continue their toilsome occupation throughout the whole night, resuming their regular work in the morning as cheerfully as if they had been at rest,—we deem it our duty to observe that there are many other printing establishments in London which would strikingly exemplify the enormous physical power of the British Press—especially that of the 'Times' Newspaper, which, on the 28th of November, 1814, electrified its readers by unexpectedly informing them that the paper they held in their hands had been printed by *steam*; and it is impossible for the mind to contemplate also, for a single moment, the *moral* force of the British Press, without reflecting, and without acknowledging that, under Providence, it is the only engine that can now save the glorious institutions of the British Empire from

Lithography. By using consecutively six, ten, or a dozen stones, each charged with its separate colour, the effect of a fine water-colour drawing is reproduced in most wonderful lightness and brilliancy, while (the colour used being all oil-colour) a depth is given to the shadows which the cleverest master of the water-colour school cannot reach in his own original performance. A set of views of French scenery and architecture, done in this way, may now be seen in the shops: they are, in fact, beautiful pictures; and you get, we believe, twenty-six of them for eight guineas.

the impending ruin that inevitably awaits them, unless the merchants, the yeomanry, and the British people, aroused by the loud warning of the said Press, shall constitutionally disarm the hands of the destroyers. We will however resolutely arrest ourselves in the utterance of these very natural reflections, because we have determined not to pour a single bitter drop into a literary cup which we have purposely concocted only for Christmas use.

To "the Governor" of the building through which we have perambulated we cordially offer, in return for the courtesy with which he has displayed it, "the compliments of the season;" and with equal gratitude let us acknowledge the important service rendered to the social family of mankind by the patient labour of each overseer, compositor, reader, pressman, and type-founder in his noble establishment. Let us give them the praise which is due to their Art, and, to conclude,

"LET US GIVE TO THE DEVIL HIS DUE!"

THE RED MAN.

◆

There exists no trait more characteristic of that innate generosity which has always distinguished the British nation, than the support which an individual, in proportion as he is weak, friendless, and indeed notwithstanding his faults, has invariably received from it whenever he has been seen, under any circumstances, ruined and overwhelmed in a collision with superior strength. It little matters whether it be the Poles overpowered by the Russians, or merely a school-boy fighting with a man, for, without the slightest inquiry into the justice of the quarrel, the English public are always prone to declare themselves in favour of the "little one;" and this assistance is so confidently relied upon, that it is well known the basest publishers, when they find they can attract nothing but contempt, as a last resource wilfully incur a *Government prosecution.*

Yet, while this has been the case among us at home, the Aborigines of America in both hemispheres have been constantly fading before our eyes; and this annihilation of the real proprietors of the New World has

excited no more sympathy than has been felt for the snow of their country, which every year has rapidly melted under the bright sun of heaven! Sovereigns from time immemorial of the vast territory bestowed upon them by the Almighty, they have gradually been superseded by the usurpers of their soil, until thousands of miles have been so completely dispeopled, that there does not remain a solitary survivor to guard the revered tombs of his ancestors, or to stand among them, the mourner and representative of an extinguished race! By an act of barbarism unexampled in history, their title of "*Americans*" has even been usurped by the progeny of Europe, and, as if to perpetuate the ignorance which existed at the period of their discovery, we continue, in the illiterate jargon of that day, to call them "*Indians*," although the designation is as preposterous as if we were to persist in nicknaming them "*Persians*" or "*Chinese*."

If the annihilation of our Red brethren had been completed, it might be declared to be now as useless, as it certainly would be unpopular, to enter into any painful speculation on the subject; but a portion of their race still exists. By the bayonet, by the diseases we bring among them, by the introduction of spirituous liquors, by our vices, and last, though not least, by our proffered friendship, the work of destruction is still progressing; and if, in addition to all this, it be true, as in documentary evidence it has confidently been asserted, that every day throughout the year the sun sets upon a thousand Negroes, who, in anguish of mind and under

sea-sickness, sail as slaves from the coast of Africa — *nunquam redituri* surely the civilized world is bound to pause ere it be too late, in an equally merciless course of conduct towards the "Indians," which must sooner or later bring upon us a day of retribution, the justice of which we shall not be able to deny. But even dismissing from our minds the flagrant immorality of such conduct, as well as its possible results, it certainly appears unaccountable that we should have interested ourselves so little in the philosophical consideration of the condition of man in that unlettered, simple state, in which only a few centuries ago we found him on the two continents of America.

If a flock of wild grey geese, with outstretched necks following their leader in the form of the letter >, and flying high over our heads at the rate of a thousand miles a day, be compared with the string of birds of the same species which at the same moment are to be seen in single file waddling across their "short commons" to their parish puddle; — if a flight of widgeon, hundreds of miles from land, and skimming like the shadow of a small cloud over the glassy surface of the boundless ocean, be compared with a brood of "lily-white ducks" luxuriously dabbling in a horse-pond; — if the wild boars, which with their progeny are roaming through the forests of Europe and Asia in quest of food, be compared to our stye-fed domestic animals, which, with every want supplied, lie with twinkling eyes grunting in idle ecstasy as the ruddy-faced, bacon-fed attendant scratches their hides with the prongs of his pitchfork; — if a herd of

buffalo with extended tails, retreating across their plains at their utmost speed from that malignant speck on the horizon which proclaims to them the fearful outline of the human form, be compared with a Devonshire cow chewing the cud before a barn-door, while keeping time with John's flail, honest Susan, leaning her blooming cheek against her favourite's side, with her bright tin milk-pail at her feet, pulls, pulls, pulls, so long as she can say, as John Bunyan said of his book, "still as I pull'd it came;" —if the foregoing, as well as many similar comparisons which might be brought before the mind, were duly considered, it would probably be declared that there does not exist in the moral world, and that there can scarcely exist in the physical, a more striking contrast than that which distinguishes the condition and character of birds and animals in a wild and in an artificial condition.

Nevertheless there is a contrast in nature even stronger than any we have mentioned,—we mean that which exists between man in his civilized and uncivilized—or, as we term the latter, his "savage"—state; and yet, great as the contrast is, and self-interesting as it undoubtedly ought to be, it is most strange how small a proportion of our curiosity has been attracted by it. The scientific world has waged civil war in its geological discussions on the Huttonian and Wernerian theories. In exploring the source of the Nile;—in seeking for the course of the Niger;—in making voyages of discovery, in order triumphantly "to plant the British flag on the North Pole of the earth," man has not been wanting in enterprise. In his endeavours to obtain the most

accurate knowledge of every ocean, sea, or river; of every country; of every great range of mountains; of every cataract, or even volcano; and of every extraordinary feature of the globe; in the prosecution of these and of similar inquiries he has not been wanting in curiosity or courage. Into the natural history of almost every animal, and even of insects, he has microscopically inquired. To every plant and little flower he has prescribed a name. He has dissected the rays of light, and has analyzed and weighed even the air he breathes; and yet, with volumes of information on all these subjects, it is astonishing to reflect how little correct philosophical knowledge we possess of the real condition of man in a state of nature.

The rich mine which contained this knowledge has always been before us; and yet, although its wealth was almost lying on the surface, we have been too indolent to dig for it. In short, between the civilized and uncivilized world a barrier exists, which neither party is very desirous to cross; for the wild man is as much oppressed by the warm houses, by the short tether, and by the minute suffocating regulations of civilized men, as they suffer from sleeping with him under the great canopy of heaven, or from following him over the surface of his trackless and townless territory; besides which, if we reflect for a moment how grotesque the powdered hair, pig-tails, and whole costume of our fathers and forefathers now appear to our eyes, and how soon the dress we wear will, by our own children, be alike condemned; we need not be surprised

at the fact, which all travellers have experienced, namely, that on the first introduction to uncivilized tribes, the judgment is too apt to set down as ridiculous, garments, habits, and customs, which on a longer acquaintance it often cannot be denied are not more contemptible than many of our own; in fact, in the great case of "Civilization *versus* the Savage" we have proved to be but bad judges in our own cause.

But even supposing that our travellers had been determined to suspend their opinions and to prosecute their inquiries, in spite of hardships and unsavory food, yet when the barrier has apparently been crossed, the evidence which first presents itself bears false witness in the case;—for just as the richest lodes are covered at their surface with a glittering substance (termed by miners "mundic") resembling metal, but which on being smelted flies away in poisonous fumes of arsenic, so is that portion of the uncivilized world which borders upon civilization always found to be contaminated, or, in other words, to have lost its own good qualities, without having received in return anything but the vices of the neighbouring race.

It is from the operation of these two causes, that so many of our travellers in both continents of America, mistaking the mundic for the metal, have overlooked the real character of the Red Man,—first, from a disinclination to encounter the question; and, secondly, having attempted to encounter it, from having been at once, and at the outset, disgusted with the task. In order, therefore, to take a fair view of the Indian, as we are pleased

to term him, it is evidently necessary that we should overleap the barrier we have described, and thus visit him either in the vast interminable plains, — in the lofty and almost inaccessible mountains, — or in the lonely interior of the immense wilderness in which he resides. — In each of these three situations we have had a very transient opportunity of viewing him, but on the more ample experience of others we shall submit the following sketches and observations.

It is a singular fact, that while in Europe, Asia, and Africa, there exist races of men whose complexion and countenances are almost as strongly contrasted with each other as are animals of different species, the aborigines of both continents of America everywhere appear like children of the same race: indeed the ocean itself under all latitudes scarcely preserves a more equable colour than does the Red Man of America in every situation in which he his found.

Wherever he has been unruffled by injustice, his reception of his White brother is an affecting example of that genuine hospitality which is only to be met with in what we term *savage* tribes. However inferior the stranger may be to him in stature or in physical strength, he at once treats him as a superior being. He is proud to serve him: it is his highest pleasure to conduct him, — to protect him,—and to afford him, without expecting the slightest recompense, all that his country can offer — all that his humble wigwam may contain. If his object in visiting the Indian country be unsuspected, the stranger's life and property are perfectly secure: under

such circumstances, we believe there has scarcely ever been an instance of a white man having been murdered or robbed. Mr. Catlin, who has had, perhaps, more experience of these simple people than any other white inhabitant of the globe, unhesitatingly adds his testimony to this general remark. From the particular objects of his visit to the *Indians*, he had more baggage than any individual would usually carry. At no time, however, was his life in greater danger than theirs, and in no instance was he pilfered of a single article;—indeed, it was not until he reached the contaminated barrier (the region of land occupied by half-castes) that it became necessary even to watch over his baggage; and, it was not until he returned to people of his *own colour*, that he found it almost impossible to protect the various items of his property.

The Indians talk but little; and though their knowledge is of course limited, yet they have at least the wisdom never to speak when they have nothing to say; and it is a remarkable fact, which has repeatedly been observed, that they neither curse nor swear.

When an Indian arrives with a message of the greatest importance to his tribe, even with intelligence of the most imminent danger, he never tells it at his first approach, but sits down for a minute or two in silence, to recollect himself before he speaks, that he may not evince fear or excitement; for though these people admit that when individual talks to individual any license may be permitted, they consider that in all dealings between nation and nation the utmost dignity should be preserved.

The public speakers are accordingly selected from the most eloquent of their tribes; and it is impossible for any one who has not repeatedly listened to them, to describe the effects of the graceful attitude, the calm argument, and the manly sense with which they express themselves. Indeed, it seems perfectly unaccountable how men—who have never read a line, who have never seen a town, who have never heard of a school, and who have passed their whole existence either among rugged mountains, on boundless plains, or closely environed by trees,—can manage, all of a sudden, to express themselves without hesitation, in beautiful language, and afterwards as calmly and as patiently listen to the reply.

It has often been said *ex cathedra* that the Indians are inferior to ourselves in their powers of body and mind. With respect to their physical strength, it should on the outset be remembered that men, like animals, are strong in proportion to the sustenance they receive. In many parts of America, where the country, according to the season of the year, is either verdant or parched, it is well known that not only the horses and cattle are infinitely stronger at the former season than at the latter, but that the human inhabitants who feed on them are sympathetically fat and powerful at the one period, and lean and weak at the other. Even in our own country, a horse or a man in condition* can effect infinitely more than when

* The Indians train themselves for war by extra food, and by sweating themselves in a vapour bath, which they ingeniously form by covering themselves over with a skin, under which they have placed hot stones, kept wet by a small stream of water.

they are taken either from a meadow or a gaol; and accordingly a sturdy well-fed Englishman may, with truth, declare that he has been able to surpass in bodily strength his Red brother; but let him subsist for a couple of months on the same food, or on only twice or thrice the same quantity of food, and he will soon cease to despise the physical powers of his companion. The weights which Indian carriers can convey, the surprising distances which their runners can perform, the number of hours they can remain on horseback, and the length of time they can subsist without food, are facts which unanswerably disprove the alleged inferiority of their strength.

In one of the most remote and mountainous districts of their country, when it was completely enveloped in snow, we happened, at the bottom of a deep mine, to see a naked Indian in an adit, or gallery, in which he could only kneel. We had been attracted towards him by the loud and constant reverberation of the heavy blows he was striking; and so great was the noise he was making that we crawled towards him unobserved, and for a minute or two knelt close behind him. Not the slightest perspiration appeared on his deep-red body; but with the gad or chisel in his left hand, he unremittingly continued at his work, until we suddenly arrested his lean sinewy right arm; and as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment, we induced him to surrender to us the hammer he was using, which is now in our possession. Its weight is no less than eighteen pounds, exactly twice as much as a blacksmith's double-handed hammer; and we can confidently assert that no miner

or labourer in this country could possibly wield it for five minutes; and that, among all the sturdy philosophers who congregate at Lord Northampton's *soirée* or Mr. Babbage's *conversazione*, hardly one except Professor Whewell could use it for a tenth of that time.

Mr. Catlin states that, in another very distant part of America, a short, thick-set warrior, known by the appellation of "the Brave," amicably agreed, before a large party of spectators, to wrestle with some of the most powerful troopers in a regiment of United States' Dragoons; and that the Indian, grappling with one after another, dashed them successively to the ground, with a violence which they did not at all appear to enjoy, although with about as much ease, seemingly, to himself as they had been so many maids-of-honour.

With respect to the *moral* power of the Red aborigines, in addition to the few short specimens of their speeches and replies, which we mean by-and-by to notice, we must observe, that the tortures which these beardless men can smilingly and exultingly endure, must surely be admitted as proofs of a commanding fibre of mind, of a self-possession,—in short, of a moral prowess which few of us could evince, and which we ought to blush to deny to them as their due. In justice therefore to them, we deem it a painful duty to quote a single authenticated instance of the triumph of their mind over the anguish of their body. We hope that "the better-half" of our readers will pass it over unread, as revolting to the soft feelings of their nature; but the question is too important for us to shrink from the production of real evi-

dence; and, having undertaken fairly to portray the character of the Red Man, we feel we should not be justified in suddenly abandoning our task, from the apprehension lest any man should call it "unmannerly to bring a slovenly unhandsome corse betwixt the wind and his nobility."

The Hon. Cadwallader Colden, who, in 1750, was one of His Majesty's Counsel, and Surveyor-General of New York, in his 'History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada,'* says,—

"The French, all this summer, were obliged to keep upon the defensive within their forts, while the Five Nations, in small parties, ravaged the whole country, so that no man stirred the least distance from a fort but he was in danger of losing his scalp.

"The Count de Frontenac was pierced to the heart when he found he could not revenge these terrible incursions; and his anguish made him guilty of such a piece of monstrous cruelty, in burning a prisoner alive after the Indian manner, as, though I have frequently mentioned to have been done by the Indians, yet I forbore giving the particulars of such barbarous acts, suspecting it might be too offensive to Christian ears, even in the history of savages. . . .

"The Count de Frontenac, I say, condemned two prisoners of the *Five Nations* to be burnt, publicly, alive. The Intendant's lady entreated him to moderate the sentence; and the Jesuits, it is said, used their endeavours for the same purpose; but the Count de Frontenac said, 'There is necessity of making such an example, to frighten the *Five Nations* from approaching the plantations.' But, with submission to the politeness of the French Nation, may I not ask whether every (or any)

* We quote from the London edition, 8vo, p. 487 (1750).

horrid action of a barbarous enemy can justify a civilized nation in doing the like? When the Governor could not be moved, the Jesuits went to the prison to instruct the prisoners in the mysteries of our holy religion, viz. of the Trinity, the Incarnation of our Saviour, the joys of Paradise, and the punishments of Hell, to fit their souls for Heaven by baptism while their bodies were condemned to torments. But the *Indians*, after they had heard their sentence, refused to hear the Jesuits speak; and began to prepare for death in their own country manner, by singing their death song. Some charitable person threw a knife into the prison, with which one of them despatched himself. The other was carried out to the place of execution by the Christian Indians of Loretto, to which he walked, seemingly, with as much indifference as ever martyr did to the stake. While they were torturing him, he continued singing, that he was a warrior brave, and without fear; that the most cruel death could not shake his courage; that the most cruel torments should not draw an indecent expression from him; that his comrade was a coward, a scandal to the *Five Nations*, who had killed himself for fear of pain; that he had the comfort to reflect that he had made many Frenchmen suffer as he did now. He fully verified his words; for the most violent torments could not force the least complaint from him, though his executioners tried their utmost skill to do it. They first broiled his feet between two red-hot stones; then they put his fingers into red-hot pipes, and though he had his arms at liberty, he would not pull his fingers out; they cut his joints, and, taking hold of the sinews, twisted them round small bars of iron. All this while, he kept singing and recounting his own brave actions against the *French*. At last they flayed his scalp from his skull, and poured scalding-hot sand upon it, at which time the Intendant's lady obtained leave of the Governor to have the *coup de grâce* given; and I believe she thereby likewise obtained

a favour to every reader, in delivering him from a further continuance of this account of French cruelty."

We have selected this terrific story out of many, because it offers a double moral; for it not only evinces the indomitable power of an Indian mind, but it at once turns the accusation raised against the cruelty of his nature, upon a citizen of one of the politest and bravest nations of the civilized globe; and with this fact before him, well might the Red Man say, "*Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo!*"

With a view, however, to show that an Indian heart is not *always* unsusceptible of the horror we must all feel at the torture they are in the habit of inflicting upon their prisoners of war, we have pleasure in offering, especially to the fairer sex, the following anecdote related by Captain Bell and Major Long, of the United States' Army, and certified by Major O'Fallan the American agent, as also by his interpreter who witnessed it.

A few years ago a young Pawnee warrior, son of '*Old Knife*,' knowing that his tribe, according to their custom, were going to torture a Paduca woman, whom they had taken in war, resolutely determined, at all hazards, to rescue her, if possible, from so cruel a fate. The poor creature, far from her family and tribe, and surrounded only by the eager attitudes and anxious faces of her enemies, had been actually fastened to the stake; her funeral pile was about to be kindled, and every eye was mercilessly directed upon her, when the young chieftain, mounted on one horse, and, according to the habit of his country, leading another, was seen approaching the ceremony at full gallop. To the astonishment of every

one, he rode straight up to the pile, extricated the victim from the stake, threw her on the loose horse, and then, vaulting on the back of the other, he carried her off in triumph!

"She is won! we are gone—over bank, bush, and scaur;
'They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar."

The deed, however, was so sudden and unexpected—and, being also mysterious, it was at the moment so generally considered as nothing less than the act of the Great Spirit, that no efforts were made to resist it; and the captive, after three days' travelling, was thus safely transported to her nation and to her friends. On the return of her liberator to his own people, no censure was passed upon his extraordinary conduct—it was allowed to pass unnoticed.

On the publication of this glorious love-story at Washington, the boarding-school girls of Miss White's seminary were so sensibly touched by it, that they very prettily subscribed among each other to purchase a silver medal, bearing a suitable inscription, which they presented to the young *Red*-skin, as a token of the admiration of *White*-skins at the chivalrous act he had performed, in having rescued one of their sex from so unnatural a fate. Their address closed as follows:—

"Brother! accept this token of our esteem; always wear it for our sakes; and when again you have the power to save a poor woman from death, think of this, and of us, and fly to her relief."

The young Pawnee, although unconscious of his merit, was not ungrateful:—

"'Brothers and sisters!' he exclaimed, extending towards them the medal which for some moments had been hanging on his red naked breast, 'this will give me ease more than I ever had, and I will listen more than I ever did to White Men.

"'I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance; but I now know what I have done.

"'I did it in ignorance, and did not know that I did good; but by giving me this medal I KNOW IT!'"

Like the great Atlantic Ocean, the tranquillity and serenity that characterise an Indian in time of peace are strangely contrasted with the furious passions which convulse him in war. The moral thermometer which, in the English character, is generally somewhere about "temperate," is with the Indians either many degrees below zero or high above the point at which it is declared that "*spirits* boil." The range of the Red Man's emotions is infinitely greater than that of his White brother; and to all who have witnessed only the calmness, the patience, the endurance, and the silence of the Indians, it seems almost incredible that the most furious passions should be lying dormant in a heart that seems filled with benevolence; and that under the sweet countenance, which blossoms like the rose, there should be reposing in a coil a venomous serpent which is only waiting to spring upon its enemy!

Although, therefore, it might perhaps be said, that if the two extremes of the Indian character were allowed to compensate each other, they would not be far distant from the mean of our own, yet vices and virtues ought not to be thus considered. In designating the human character, there should be no compromise of principle,

no blending of colours; and accordingly we confess, without hesitation, that nothing can be more barbarous than the manner in which the Indians occasionally treat their prisoners of war: yet in this also they have two most remarkable extremes of conduct; for on presenting their captives to those who have lost relations in battle, if they are accepted, they immediately become free, and enjoy all the privileges of the persons in lieu of whom they have been received. In fact they are adopted, and in one moment suddenly find themselves surrounded by people who address them, and who act towards them, as brothers, sisters, parents, and even as wives! On the other hand, if they are rejected by the families of the slain, then their doom is fixed, their torture is prepared; and when the fatal moment arrives, there again appear before the observer of the Indian character two extremes, in both of which they infinitely surpass us. For the noblest resignation, the purest courage, the most powerful self-possession are contrasted in the same Red race with the basest vengeance, the most barbarous cruelty, and the most unrelenting malice that it is possible even for poetry to conceive.

"About the time," says Cadwallader Colden, "of the conclusion of the Peace at Reswick, the noted Thenoret died at Montreal. The French gave him a Christian burial in a pompous manner, in consequence of the priest that attended him at his death having declared that he died a true Christian. 'For,' said the priest, 'while I explained to him the passion of our Saviour, whom the Jews crucified, he cried out, *Oh, had I been there I would have revenged his death, and brought away their scalps!*'"

We have no desire to attempt to wash out the "damned spot" which we have just described. Its stain upon the Indian character is indelible; at the same time we must offer a few observations on the subject.

The feelings which actuate the great armies of Europe are altogether different from those under which two tribes of Indians meet each other in battle. In the former case the soldiers but imperfectly understand the political question in dispute, and therefore they come into action very much in the same state of mind in which an individual would take his ground to fight a duel for his friend with a person he had never before seen, in defence of some unknown lady, who had received some sort of insult which he could not clearly comprehend. Accordingly, the word of command regulates their attack; and at the sound of the bugle or the trumpet they advance or retreat, as the judgment of a distant individual may deem it proper to ordain.

Nevertheless, though they be in cool possession of their senses, let any man,—after having witnessed the misery and anguish of a field of battle, after having mourned over this dreadful sacrifice of human life, and after having, perhaps a few days later, found on the plain, still writhing, hundreds of wounded men, robbed of their clothes by sutlers, and even by women, who, like a flock of vultures, follow every civilized army to prey upon the fallen,—declare whether, on reflecting upon such a scene, he has not devoutly wished that it could wholly be attributed to the angry passions of man, rather than to the deliberate judgment of the statesmen of the

nations that had been engaged. But although to fight in ignorance of the question in dispute is not the habit of the Indians, yet, on the other hand, if a foreign tribe, with faces painted for war, invade their territory to deprive them of the game on which they subsist; if in time of peace they treacherously murder any of their families, carry off their women, offend their rude notions of honour by an insult; in short, when enmity against an individual or against a tribe, under such provocation, is once imbibed, it flows in their veins, at every pulsation it reaches their heart, and continues to infect it, until revenge has washed away the injury that has been received! With their passions violently self-excited by every artifice in their power, they accordingly prepare for death or vengeance, and, under these circumstances, the sole object they have in view is to take the life of their enemy, or, if he surrenders, to demonstrate the inferiority of his tribe by subjecting him to a torture which they themselves, be it always remembered, are fully prepared to endure with songs of triumph, should the fortune of war sentence them to the test.

However revolting such barbarous cruelty must be to every mind, yet surely no one can deny that the difference between the two pictures we have described is nothing but the necessary consequence of two opposite systems. The cold-blooded system of the civilized world is undoubtedly the best: on the other hand, so long as our laws mercifully refrain from punishing with death the man who has destroyed his fellow-creature in a paroxysm of passion, we may justly claim for the Indian

that the same consideration may be extended to his guilt. And, moreover, if White men, fighting *in cold blood*, be declared by us to have "covered themselves with glory" by the scenes usually witnessed in European warfare, may not the savage tribes of America humbly sue, at least to Heaven, for comparative pardon for the excesses *they* have committed *in a fit of anger?*

With respect to their scalping system (which is not perpetrated by the Indians as a punishment, but on the principle on which our hunters proudly carry home with them, as a trophy, "the brush" of the fox they have run to death), it is of course horrible in the extreme: at the same time it may be said, that if war can authorise *us* to blow out the brains of our enemies,—run them through the body with our bayonets,—hash them with our swords,—riddle them with round-shot, grape, and canister, and if, while the wounded are lying on the ground, it is our habit, from necessity, to ride over them with our cavalry, and with our artillery and ball-cartridge carts to canter over them as if they were straw; if we can burn them with rockets, scald them with steam, and by the explosion of well-constructed mines blow them by hundreds into the air, surely we are not altogether authorized in so gravely declaring that, the civilized world having determined the precise point to which war ought to be carried, it is therefore undeniable that all who copy our fashions are "*calicutes*," and that whoever exceed it are "savages" and "brutes!" No doubt Achilles thought himself at the very height of the fashion when he dragged the body of Hector round the walls of Troy.

The Phœnicians no doubt thought it exquisitely fashionable to burn their children in sacrifice. Many of us can remember when the guillotine was in fashion; and, lastly, the alterations which have taken place in our own criminal laws show, that though the scales of Justice remain unaltered, the goddess's sword has, within the last few years, been deliberately shortened by us to at least a tenth of its ancient length.

In the few schools in which they have been educated by us, the Red children have evinced not only many estimable virtues, but considerable ability.

"'All the children of Indian schools,' says Dr. Morse, in his Report to the Secretary at War, 'make much greater progress than is common in our schools, and the Missionaries declare that the children are more modest and affectionate, and are more easily managed.'"

To the above statement we are enabled to add our own testimony; for in several seminaries which we have chanced to inspect, we have seen the Indian boys not only perform sums in Practice and in Vulgar Fractions with a surprising quickness; but, on our expressing our astonishment, we have been assured by one of their masters, who for many years had conducted a respectable school in England, that he was deliberately of opinion that the Red children learnt *quicker* than those of the same age at home.

The honesty of the Indian is sufficiently demonstrated by the universal custom of our fur-traders to sell to him almost all their goods upon credit. Beads, trinkets, and paint, gunpowder, whisky, and many other perishable

articles, are readily made over to him, under the mere promise that when the hunting-season is ended he will pay the number of skins that has been settled as their price. The Indian then darts away into his recesses, as the dolphin dives through the ocean from a vessel's side, and, before a month or two have elapsed, he is lost in space, beyond the control of anything but his own honour; nevertheless, as the "busy bee" faithfully returns to its hive, and as the eagle affectionately revisits its young, so does the Red debtor reappear before his creditor, silently to liquidate the debt of honour he had incurred.

The religion of the Red man in both continents of America consists universally of a belief in a Great and Good Spirit, and in a "Manito," or Evil Genius. They address themselves to both; and accordingly the young modest Indian girl, with her arms folded across her bosom, as fervently entreats the Fiend "to lead her not into temptation," as her parents, under every affliction, pray to the Great Spirit "to deliver them from evil."

The various nations have different notions of the origin of their race: it is nevertheless an extraordinary fact, vouched for by Mr. Catlin, that of all the tribes he visited there was no one which did not by some means or other connect their origin with "a big canoe," which was supposed to have rested on the summit of some hill or mountain in their neighbourhood. The Mandan Indians carry this vague Mount Ararat impression to a very remarkable extent; for Mr. Catlin found established among them an annual ceremony held round "a

great canoe," entitled in their language "the settling of the waters," which was held always on the day in which the willow trees of their country came into blossom. On asking why that tree out of all others was selected, Mr. Catlin was informed that it was because it was from it that the bird flew to them with a branch in its mouth; and when it was inquired *what* bird it was, the Indians pointed to the dove, which, it appears, was held so sacred among them, that neither man, woman, nor child would injure it; indeed, the Mandans declared that even their dogs instinctively respected that bird.

In a few of the tribes there exists a tradition that they are the descendants of people born across "the Great Salt Lake," but most believe that their race was originally created on their own continent. Some conceive that the Great Spirit made them out of the celebrated Red Stone, from which, out of a single quarry, from time immemorial, they have made their pipes. Others say they were all created from the dust of the earth; but those who have become acquainted with white people modestly add, "the Great Spirit must have made you out of the *fine* dust, for you know more than we."

In the year 1821, "Big Elk," chief of the O Mahars, and some other Sachems, who had come to Washington, were examined by Dr. Morse, to whose queries they gave the following replies:

"*Q.* Who made the Red and the White people? *A.* The same being who made the White people made the Red people, but the White people are better than the Red.

"*Q.* From whence did your fathers come?—*A.* We have a tradition among us that our ancestors came to this country across the Great Water; that *eight men* were originally made by the Great Spirit; and that mankind of all colours and nations sprang from these.

"*Q.* Do you believe that the Great Spirit is present, and that he sees and knows what you do?—*A.* Yes; when we pray and deliberate in council, it is not *we* that deliberate, but the Great Spirit."

The following is from the Report of an interview that took place in 1821, between Major Cummings, of the U. S. Army, and a nation of Indians formed by the union of the three tribes, Pottawattemies, Chippewas, and Ottawas:—

"*Q.* What ceremonies have you at the burial of your dead?—*A.* These vary. We bury by putting the body under ground in a case, or wrapped in skins; sometimes by placing it in trees, or standing it erect and enclosing it with a paling. This difference arises generally from the request of the man before he died, or from the dream of a relative. We place with the dead some part of their property, believing that as it was useful to them during their life, it may prove so to them when they are gone.

"*Q.* Do you believe that the soul lives after the body is dead? *A.* We do, but that it does not leave this world till its relatives and friends feast, and do brave actions, to obtain its safe support. *Q.* Do you believe there is a place of happiness and of misery? *A.* We do: the happy are employed in feasting and dancing; the miserable wander through the air. *Q.* What entitles a person to the place of happiness, and what condemns a person to the place of misery?—*A.* To be entitled to the place of happiness, a man must be a good hunter, and possess a generous heart. The miser, the envious

man, the liar, and the cheat are condemned to the place of misery."

In rocky regions, where it would be impossible to dig a grave, the Indians are in the habit of laying out their dead on the flat rock. The son places a bow and arrow, or even a rifle with powder and shot, by the corpse of his father, who, with his *mystery* or *medicine-bag* on his chest, is then covered over with loose stones, merely sufficient to keep off the wild beasts. We have more than once had occasion to sleep upon the ground, in the open air, among these simple sepulchres, which are so religiously respected by the Indians, that scarcely anything would induce them to violate their sanctity. A hunter starving from having exhausted his powder or shot, will occasionally, sooner than die, borrow ammunition from the dead.

> "He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned;
> But the glare of the sepulchral light
> Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight."

But though no human being has witnessed the act, the Red man's conscience tells him it was seen by the Great Spirit. His mind, therefore, is never at rest until, bending in solitude over the mouldering skeleton he has once again uncovered, he honourably repays to it, perhaps by moonlight, the debt he has incurred.

About a year or two ago, an English female tourist, whose name—though it does not deserve our protection—we are not disposed to mention, happening to pass some of these graves, uncovered one, and in the presence of two or three Indians, very coolly carried off the sleep-

ing tenant's skull, as if it had been a specimen of quartz or granite. The Red witnesses during the act looked at each other in solemn silence, but on imparting the extraordinary scene they had witnessed to their chief, councils were held,—the greatest possible excitement was created, and to this day, these simple people (or "savages," as we term them) speak with horror and repugnance of what they consider an uncalled-for and an unaccountable violation of the respect which *they* think is religiously due to the dead. For our parts, we have often felt that we would not be haunted by the possession of that skull, for all the blue-stockings that ever were knit, or for all the acclamations that phrenologists can bestow.

People who commit acts of this nature, little think of the serious consequences they may entail upon travellers who have the misfortune to follow them. The headless skeleton we have mentioned may yet be revenged, and certainly, if in the neighbourhood of his violated grave the body of a White man should be found,

> "Cold, and drenched with blood,
> His bosom gored with many a wound,
> Unknown the manner of his death,
> Gone his brand, both sword and sheath,"

it might reasonably be noted down, that he had, most probably, been made to pay the penalty of the deed of a thoughtless Englishwoman.

An Indian mourns for the loss of near relations from six to twelve months, by neglecting his personal appearance, and by blackening his face.

"A woman," says Dr. Morse, "will mourn for the loss of her husband at least twelve months, during which time she appears to be very solitary and sad, never speaking to any one, unless necessary, and always wishing to be alone. At the expiration of her mourning, she will paint and dress as formerly, and endeavour to get another husband."

We believe this process is not peculiar to Red-skins.

The "births" and "marriages," which, according to the fashionable regulations of the 'Morning Post,' ought to have been noticed by us before the "deaths," are very easily described.

The Red infant generally first opens his eyes, or rather, utters his first squall, in a very small, low hovel, or den, made expressly for the occasion of his birth, and, from feelings of delicacy and propriety, purposely removed some distance from the great wigwam of the family. In a very few hours after his arrival, his mother walks with him to her tribe, where he generally finds plenty of brothers, sisters, and young cousins ready to receive him.

On suddenly approaching an Indian family in summer, they are generally found grouped together under the shade of some great tree; and the first observation which strikes the white-faced stranger, is the wholesale superabundant stock of health which the children possess. At a glance, it is evident that their constitutions must be impervious to the elements; and there is a plumpness in their faces, a firmness in their flesh, and a deep ruddy bloom on their cheeks, which it is very pleasing to behold. While these children, gam-

bolling nearly naked, are proclaiming pretty plainly by their outlines what a quantity of soup and food they have just been enjoying, the elder ones with their parents are generally seen ruminating in silence, in a semicircle, in the centre of which are to be observed, also seated on the ground, the grandfathers, great-grandfathers, and great-grandmothers of the tribe. Nothing can be more patriarchal—more free from care or suffering of any kind—than the group we have delineated, which might justly be termed "a picture of health."

The naming of an Indian is a serious act, which is always purposely involved as much as possible in mystery. His name is to be the leading letter in the alphabet of his life, and, accordingly, as in the case of the Shandy family, it frequently happens that a considerable time is suffered to elapse before it can be agreed on. During this period of doubt, the child is often made to fast, until something has been observed or recollected in the elements which have assailed him, —in the difficulties he has overcome,—in the circumstances which attended his birth,—or in his disposition, to solve the problem, by suggesting an appropriate appellation, which is then solemnly bestowed. And yet, proud as an Indian is of his own name, it is nevertheless most singular, that he can never be induced to utter it! We have often pressed them to do so, but always in vain: in fact, they avert their minds from the question with the same curious attitude in which a dog turns his head away whenever a clean, empty

wine-glass is presented at him. "Oh no, we never mention him!" is the modest reply of his countenance, and the most an Indian will ever do, when hard pressed, is to look full into the face of some Red brother at his side, who, without the slightest reluctance, relieves him from his embarrassment, by smilingly pronouncing his comrade's name; although, if his *own* were to be asked of him, he would, in like manner, be suddenly confounded.

Among the Indians in both continents of America, marriage is considered as a civil contract, rather than as a religious ceremony. Polygamy is the exception rather than the rule, and it is generally confined to the chiefs, and to men whose situations entail upon them the necessity of entertaining a number of guests, and who, therefore, absolutely require more female assistance than he who has only his own family to provide for.

One of the prime objects which a young Indian hunter has in marrying is to obtain a person who will work for him; that is to say, who will cook his meals, make his clothes, repair his wigwam, gum his canoe, dress the skins he procures, etc. One of the great objects which an Indian girl, in marrying, has in view, is to obtain a friend who will protect her in war as well as in peace, and who will procure for her food and covering. The connection, therefore, is one not only of natural and mutual benefit and happiness, but almost of necessity; for, as there is no such thing known among them as a hired servant, the greatest warrior can only get his dinner by marrying a woman to cook

it; and, on the other hand, the young Indian girl (according to Mrs. Glasse's receipt of "first catch your hare") cannot become a professed cook until she has managed to engage a husband to procure for her the game.

Influenced by these two simple principles of attraction, they marry very early; the young men being generally about eighteen years of age, the girls from twelve to fourteen. If an Indian's possessions increase, he does not hesitate to add to them another wife, and, accordingly, men are occasionally found whose amount of property is testified by six or seven wives; in which case, we are very sorry indeed to say, the ladies usually rank in his affection inversely as the dates of their commissions!

That improvident marriages are occasionally contracted will be evident, from the following anecdote of a young Indian of about eighteen, whose picture is to be seen in Mr. Catlin's gallery.

The father of this lad having bequeathed to him nine horses and a wigwam, he naturally enough determined to marry; and in the operation of reconnoitring for a wife, he found so many who exactly suited him, that his nuptials were appointed without delay. On the tribe being assembled to witness the ceremony, an old Indian stepped forward, and, delivering over to the man of fortune his young blooming daughter, received from him in return a couple of horses. But before the ceremony could be proceeded with, three other Indians, with three other equally blooming daughters, successively presented

to the young bridegroom a wife, for each of whom they received, according to his previous promise, a couple of horses; and yet each of the four fathers, all having separately been bound to secrecy, had conceived that *his* daughter alone was to be the "wedded wife." While the improvident young man, whose patrimony had thus suddenly dwindled into nothing but one horse, four wives, and a wigwam, was quietly leading away his partners, two in each hand, to his tent, the spectators, left in the circle in which they had ranged themselves, remained for a few moments in mute reflection. However the act they had witnessed was so unexpected, so improvident, and so unusual, that, not knowing how to digest it, on our old "omne-ignotum-pro-magnifico" principle, they voted it a *mystery;* and accordingly at once pronouncing the bridegroom to be "a mystery, or medicine man,"

"They left him *alone* in his glory!"

As the anecdote just related does not sound very characteristic of the purity of Indian women, we feel it proper to observe that, degraded as their condition certainly is, wherever they have been contaminated by the vices of the Old World, yet in their natural state they are usually distinguished by an innate modesty, and by a propriety of conduct, to which even the traders among them have borne ample testimony. And thus, although these people are always furnished with trinkets, of inestimable value to the Indians, to be given to them as presents, for the sole object of conciliating the tribe, and though they have too often endeavoured to misapply these presents,

yet the traders do not hesitate to confess how constantly they have found themselves baffled.

While the Red woman in her wigwam is attending to her baby, making moccasins for her husband, preparing gum for his canoe, etc., he is infinitely more actively employed, either in the prairies, in pursuing the buffalo, or in the forest, in tracking the deer and the bear; but during the hunting-season the Indians usually wander, with their families, over an immense region of country, to many parts of which they must unavoidably be total strangers.

On leaving the wigwam in this new region which contains his children, and which, in the recesses of the interminable desert, can scarcely be seen twenty yards off, the hunter pursues his course in whatever direction he thinks most likely to lead him to game. After travelling for many hours, he at last comes up with footmarks, upon which, from their freshness, he determines to settle; he accordingly follows them throughout their eccentric course; wherever the animal has turned, he turns; and in this way, for a considerable time, and with his mind highly excited, he prosecutes his game, until he actually has it in view. With unerring aim he then fires his rifle or his arrow; and when his victim, having fallen, has been despatched by his knife, leaving the carcase on the ground, and without attempting to retrace his own footsteps, he instinctively dives into the forest, and proceeds to his wigwam, as straight as an arrow to the target!

This astonishing recollection, notwithstanding the excitement of the chase, of the *carte-du-pays* through which

he hunted, may be offered as another proof against the assertion that the Indians are our inferiors in mental power.

When a Red Man returning from hunting, as we have described, enters his wigwam, it is the custom of his wife to say nothing; she does not presume to ask what success he has had; for, anxious as she is, and as he has been, on the subject, she knows he is too tired to talk, and that he wants not conversation, but rest and refreshment. Accordingly she presents to him dry moccassins, and, as quickly as possible, his food, which, in dead silence, he pertinaciously devours. While he is thus engaged, it may easily be conceived that female curiosity is almost ready to burst the red skin that contains it. If the Indian happens to draw out his knife, the wife's dark eyes eagerly glance upon it, to see if she can discover welcome blood, or a single hair of an animal upon its blade. If he gives her his pouch, with an arbitrary motion of his hand to lay it aside, in obeying the silent mandate, she peeps into it, to see if the red tongue-string of the deer, which the hunter cuts out as a trophy, is there. She looks at the lock of his rifle, to ascertain if it has been often fired; or at his quiver, to count if any of his arrows are missing; in short, she endeavours, by every means in her power, to find out, just as fine London ladies do, what the husband has been doing when from home—at "the club," or elsewhere.

While the Indian is occupied at his meal, we may take the opportunity of observing that these people pride themselves in holding all sorts of food in very

nearly equal esteem. A Mohawk Chief told Dr. Morse, "that a *man* eats everything without distinction—bears, cats, dogs, snakes, frogs," etc.; adding, that "it was *womanish* to have any delicacy in the choice of food." They will take a turkey, pluck off the feathers, and then, without any further operation, roast it and eat it, just as we deal with oysters. In some tribes, there is no doubt they even eat the bodies of their prisoners. Colonel Schuyler told Dr. Morse, that during their war with the French, he was invited to eat broth with them, which was ready cooked. He did so; until, as they were stirring the ladle in the kettle, to give him some more, up rose to the surface a Frenchman's hand, which, as may easily be conceived, put a full stop to his appetite.

As soon as the hunter before us is refreshed and full, of his own accord he begins to relate to the partner of his wigwam where he has been, and what he has done. He tells us where he found his track, where it turned, and how it dodged. He crouches down, as he describes where he first got a view of his game, and apparently it is again within his savage grasp, as, starting from his seat, he exultingly shows the manner and the vital part in which he stabbed it.

When this domestic scene in the picture-gallery of an Indian's fireside is concluded, it is the duty of the wife to go and bring the dead animal home—an act which a thoroughbred hunter considers would degrade him. Accordingly from the description which has been given to her of the spot on which it fell, by retracing her husband's footsteps, wherever it is possible to do so, and

above all by attentively looking out to the right and left for the hanging twigs, which, she knows, in returning to the wigwam, he will have broken, to show her his path, she manages to arrive at the slaughtered game, of which, it may fairly be said, she earns her share, by bringing it on her shoulders to the den.

If our limits could admit them, endless are the sketches that might be offered to our readers of the simple habits and domestic scenes of the Red denizens of America; but it is necessary that we should now turn our thoughts to the more important and more painful consideration of the fatal results which their intercourse with the civilized world has already produced, and must inevitably, we fear, consummate.

It is melancholy to reflect in what different colours Columbus may be painted by the inhabitants of the New and Old World. His philosophical calculations,—his shrewd observations,—his accurate deductions from a few simple facts, which, by the dull multitude, had remained almost unnoticed,—his unalterable determination to bring his theory into practice,—his unflinching perseverance,—his victory over the ignorant prejudice and superstition which "like envious clouds seemed bent to dim his glory and check his bright course to the occident,"—his personal courage,—his tact in propelling his crew,—his artifices in supporting their drooping spirits,—the eventual accomplishment of his great object,—and the accurate fulfilment of his prophecy, combine in making *us* consider him as one of the most distinguished men that the Old World has ever pro-

duced. On the other hand, by the Red Aborigines he may justly be depicted as the personification of their *Manito*, or evil spirit,—in short, of that serpent which has brought "death into their world and all its woe." And thus, however *we* may bless the name of Columbus, most certainly accursed to *them* has been the hour when the White man's foot first landed on their shore, and when his pale hand, in friendship, first encountered their red grasp!

The vast Indian empires of Mexico and Peru have, as we all know, been as completely depopulated by the inhabitants of the Old World as the little cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were smothered by the lava and and cinders of Vesuvius. In less populous, though not less happy regions, by broadsides of artillery, by volleys of musketry, by the bayonet, by the terrific aid of horses, and even by the savage fury of dogs, the Christian world managed to extend the lodgment it had effected among a naked and inoffensive people.

In both hemispheres of America the same horrible system of violence and invasion are at this moment in operation. The most barbarous and unprovoked attempts to exterminate the mounted Indians in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres have lately been made. In the United States, upwards of thirty-six millions of dollars have been expended during the last four years in the vain attempt to drive the Seminoles from their hunting-grounds. What quantity of Indian blood has been shed by this money is involved in mystery. The American General in command, it is said, tendered his

resignation unless he were granted, in this dreadful war of extermination, the assistance of bloodhounds; and it has also been asserted that, on a motion being made, in one of the State Legislatures, for an inquiry into this allegation, the proposition was negatived and the investigation suppressed. At all events the aggression against the Seminoles still continues; a pack of bloodhounds *has* already been landed in the United States from the Island of Cuba; and while the Indian women, with blackened faces, are mourning over the bereavement of their husbands and their sons, and trembling at the idea of their infants being massacred by the dogs of war, which the authorities of the State of Florida have, it appears from the last American newspapers, determined to let loose, the Republic rejoices at the anticipated extension of its territory, and, as usual, smartly boasts that it is "going ahead!"

In the Old World, war, like every other pestilence, rages here and there only for a certain time; but the gradual extinction of the Indian race has unceasingly been in operation from the first moment of our discovery of America to the present hour; for whether we come in contact with our Red brethren as enemies or as friends, they everywhere melt before us like snow before the sun. Indeed it is difficult to say whether our friendship or our enmity has been most fatal.

The infectious disorders which, in moments of profound peace, we have unfortunately introduced, have proved infinitely more destructive and merciless than our engines of war. By the smallpox alone it has been

computed that half the Indian population of North America has been swept away. There is something particularly affecting in the idea of the inhabitants even of a solitary wigwam being suddenly attacked by an invisible, malignant agency from the Old World which, almost on the selfsame day, has rendered them all incapable of providing for each other, or even for themselves; and it is dreadful to consider in how many instances, by the simultaneous death of the adults, the young and helpless must have been left in the lone wilderness to starve!

But not only whole families, but whole tribes, have been almost extinguished by this single disease, which is supposed to have proved fatal to at least seven millions of Indians. The Pawnee nation have been reduced by it from 25,000 to 10,000. When Mr. Catlin lately visited the Mandan tribe, it consisted of 2000 people, particularly distinguished by their handsome appearance and by their high character for courage and probity. They received him with affectionate kindness, and not only admitted him to all their most secret mysteries, but installed him among the learned of their tribe, and afforded him every possible assistance. He had scarcely left them, when two of the fur-traders infected them with the smallpox, which *caused the death of the whole tribe!* Not an individual has survived; indeed had not Mr. Catlin felt deep and honourable interest in their fate, it is more than probable it never would have reached the coast of the Atlantic, or been recorded in history. And, thus, by a single calamity, has been swept away a whole nation, respecting whom it was proverbial among the

traders, who unintentionally exterminated them, "*that never had the Mandans been known to kill a white man!*"

Of our destruction of the Indians by the smallpox, it may at least be said that the affliction was soon over. There has been however another importation by which we have destroyed them, which has proved not only almost as fatal, but has been so by a lingering and most revolting process,—we allude to the introduction of ardent spirit, or, as it is generally called in America, of whisky.

In our own country we are all early taught, and we every day see before our eyes as a warning, the miserable effects of drunkenness; but the poor Indian has received no such lesson or experience; on the contrary, the white traders tell him the draught will increase his valour and add to his strength. He accordingly raises it to his lips, and from that moment he becomes, almost without metaphor, "a fallen man." The exhilarating effect which it at first produces he never forgets, and when he has been once intoxicated, there is nothing he possesses which is not within the easy grasp of the trader. The women and the children equally become victims to this thirst for poison; and it is melancholy to think that, exactly in proportion as the wigwam is denuded by the trader of the furs, skins, and coverings it contains, so inversely are its simple tenants made physically less competent than they were to resist the cold, the inclemencies, the hardships, and the vicissitudes of a savage life.

In populous, civilized communities, where, by the division of labour, each man's attention is directed to one minute object, the loss of health and strength is only of

comparative importance; but it is dreadful to reflect upon the situation of a poor Indian hunter, when he finds that his limbs are daily failing him in the chase, that his arrow ceases to go straight, and that his nerves, he knows not why, tremble before the wild animals it was but lately his pride to encounter!

The variety of demoralising effects produced in a wigwam, by selling a gallon or two of whisky to an Indian family of men, women, and children, could not with propriety be described, and must be witnessed to be conceived. It may easily however be imagined that they end in their sickness, in their infamy, in the destruction of their noble constitutions, and, eventually, in their death. By this liquid fire, whole families and whole nations have been, not as by a conflagration only consumed, but they have ended their days in the most squalid misery and woe,—in long-protracted anguish. The horrid system has not, however, we regret to say, shared the fate of those it has destroyed; on the contrary, every year it has become better organized, and, from the subtlety of the traders, it is now more impossible than ever to be prevented. For whatever object a body of Indians is assembled, whether for peace, for war, or even to listen to the doctrines of our revered religion, the traders like wolves come skulking around them, and, like eagles in the neighbourhood of a field of battle, hovering just out of the reach of gunshot, they are confident of the enjoyment of their prey. In the vast regions of the prairies alone, it has been accurately estimated that there are at this moment from six hundred to eight

hundred traders (many of whom have fled as outlaws from the civilized world, for the most horrible crimes) daily employed in deluging the poor Indians with whisky.

There is another mode in which the Red man is made to fade away before the withering progress of civilization; we allude to the rapid destruction of the game necessary for his subsistence. In proportion as the sword, smallpox, and whisky have depopulated the country of the Indians, the settlement of the whites has gradually and triumphantly advanced; and their demand for skins and furs has proportionately increased. In the splendid regions of the "far west," which lie between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, there are living at this moment on the prairies various tribes who, if left to themselves, would continue for ages to subsist on the buffalo which cover the plains. The skins of these animals however have become valuable to the Whites, and accordingly this beautiful verdant country, and these brave and independent people, have been invaded by white traders who, by paying to them a pint of whisky for each skin (or "robe," as they are termed in America), which sells at New York for ten or twelve dollars, induce them to slaughter these animals in immense numbers, leaving their flesh, the food of the Indian, to rot and putrefy on the ground. No admonition or caution can arrest for a moment the propelling power of the whisky; accordingly, in all directions, these poor, thoughtless beings are seen furiously riding under its influence in pursuit of their game, or, in other words, in the fatal exchange of food for poison. It has been

very attentively calculated by the traders, who manage to collect per annum from 150,000 to 200,000 buffalo skins, that at the rate at which these animals are now disposed of, in ten years they will be all killed off. Whenever that event happens, Mr. Catlin very justly prophesies that 250,000 Indians, now living in a plain of nearly three thousand miles in extent, must die of starvation, and become a prey to the wolves; or that they must attack the powerful neighbouring tribes of the Rocky Mountains; or, in the frenzy of despair, rush upon the White population on the forlorn hope of dislodging it. In the two latter alternatives there exists no chance of success; and we have therefore the appalling reflection before us, that these 250,000 Indians must soon be added to the dismal list of those who have already withered and disappeared, leaving their country to bloom and flourish in the possession of the progeny of another world!

Among the noblest of the tribes, whose melancholy fate has just been so painfully anticipated, are the "Crows," said by Mr. Catlin to be the handsomest Indians he ever visited. Their jet-black hair, as they stand, touches the ground, while in riding after the buffalo at full speed, it is seen streaming behind them in the most beautiful form. In their war-dress, the plume of eagles' feathers ornaments their brows, a lance fourteen feet in length giving a wild finish to the picture. Their wigwam villages are situated on the verglant prairies, the surface of which is, in some places, as flat as the ocean, in others diversified by undulating hills, which, covered

with pasture to their very summits, form a striking contrast with the bright shining snow that everlastingly caps the Rocky Mountains, and with the dark, deep blue sky which reigns above all.

The same system of destruction is at this moment going on in detail, but quite as fatally, throughout the whole continent of North America, including our British North American colonies, where the lands of the Indians are faithfully secured to them, and where every attempt to seduce them to ruin themselves has been, and still is, discountenanced. In all these regions, their eventual extinction, by almost starvation, appears unavoidable. Even in Canada, however strictly their hunting-grounds may be maintained inviolate, yet, in consequence of the white population settling around them on lands belonging to the British Crown, their supply of food is rapidly cut off, until the poor Indian finds, he knows not why, that it has become almost vain to go in search of it; for the game of America is not like that in England, the produce of the land on which it is found; but, migrating and wandering throughout the forest, it is not only easily scared from its haunts, but, by tree-cutting and cultivation, it is effectually arrested in its course.

The last of the means we shall mention by which white people have prosecuted, and are still prosecuting, their desolating march over the territory of the Indians, is either by persuading them to sell their lands, as the British Government has occasionally done, or by *forcing* them to do so, as we regret to say has been too often the case in other parts of America.

Of all the title-deeds recorded in "the chancery of heaven," there surely can be no one more indisputable than the right which the Red Man of America has to inhabit his own hunting-grounds; nevertheless, in Dr. Morse's Report to the Secretary at War, he states:—

"The relation which the Indians sustain to the Government of the United States is *peculiar* in its nature. Their independence, their rights, their title to the soil which they occupy, are all *imperfect* in their kind.

"Indians have no other property to the *soil* of their respective territories than that of mere occupancy. . . . The *complete* title to their lands rests in *the Government of the United States!*"

In support of this urgent decision, the Honourable John Quincey Adams expended the following string of fine words:—

"There are moralists who have questioned the right of the Europeans to intrude upon the possessions of the aboriginals in any case, and under any limitations whatsoever; but have they maturely considered the whole subject? The Indian right of possession itself stands, with regard to the greatest part of the country, upon a *questionable* foundation. Their cultivated fields, their constructed habitations, a space of ample sufficiency for their subsistence, and whatever they had annexed of themselves by personal labour, was undoubtedly, by the laws of Nature, theirs. But what is the right of a huntsman to the forest of a thousand miles, over which he has *accidentally* ranged in quest of prey? Shall the liberal bounties of Providence to the race of man be monopolized by one of ten thousand for whom they are created? Shall the exuberant bosom of the mother-country, amply adequate to the nourishment of millions, be claimed exclusively by a few hundreds of her offspring? Shall

the lordly savage not only disdain the virtues and enjoyments of civilization himself, but shall he control the civilization of the world? Shall he forbid the wilderness to blossom like the rose? Shall he forbid the oaks of the forest to fall before the axe of industry, and rise again, transformed into the habitations of ease and elegance? Shall he doom an immense region of the globe to perpetual desolation, and to hear the howlings of the tiger and the wolf silence for ever the voice of human gladness? Shall the fields and the valleys, which a beneficent God has framed to teem with the life of innumerable multitudes, be condemned to everlasting barrenness? Shall the mighty rivers, poured out by the hands of Nature, as channels of communication between numerous nations, roll their waters in sullen silence and eternal solitude to the deep? Have hundreds of commodious harbours, a thousand leagues of coast, and a boundless ocean, been spread in the front of this land, and shall every purpose of utility to which they could apply be prohibited by the tenant of the woods? No, *generous philanthropists!* Heaven has not been thus inconsistent in the works of its hands! Heaven has not thus placed its moral laws at irreconcilable strife with its physical creation!"

The award of the Supreme Court of the United States, on the subject of Indian titles, was as follows:—

"The majority of the Court is of opinion that the nature of the Indian title, which is certainly to be respected by all courts, *until it be legitimately extinguished*, is not such as to be absolutely repugnant to *seizin in fee* on the part of the State."!!!

Although the foregoing extracts may fail to explain satisfactorily to our readers the tenure of Indian lands, they will at least show the lamentable predicament in which the Red native landlord stands on his hunting-grounds in the United States. The poor creature is

between white law on the one side, and white whisky on the other; the one disputes his title, the other obliterates it by "dropping a tear on the word, and blotting it out for ever;" and thus, by the co-operation of both, without even the assistance of the bayonet, is the tenant finally ejected.

In several instances, however, the Indian tribes, instead of consenting to sell their lands and abandon the homes of their ancestors, have unburied the hatchet of war, and fought against the regular troops with a desperation and a courage which have proved so invincible, that it has lately been officially announced to Congress, that, notwithstanding the enormous expenses of the attack upon the Seminoles, no sensible effect has been produced. But these are rare cases; and even in these the ultimate result is quite clear. In many more instances, the Red landlords, seeing their inability to resist, have obediently consented to retire, in which case the Government of the United States has agreed to pay them one and a half cent (the hundredth part of a dollar) per acre for their lands, which lands have been often immediately re-sold by the State for a dollar or a dollar and a half per acre. But besides this profit, the said Government, which always takes very good care to exact from the White purchasers of its own lands *prompt payment in silver*, not only at best pays the Indians for *their* lands in paper money, or in goods, but, when it is convenient, claims as its right that the purchase-money need not be paid until thirty years, by which time the poor Indians, who reluctantly surrendered their territory, will probably

all be dead! In short, these sales of land amount so very nearly to an ejectment, that it may easily be conceived the Indians only consent to them where either the power of White man's law, or the strength of his whisky, proves greater than they can withstand.

Their attachment to their soil and to their own habits of life, have ever been affectingly evinced in their various answers to those whose official duty it has been to advocate the Government recommendation that they should contract their dominions.

About twenty years ago, the President recommended to a Pawnee chief who came to Washington on purpose to see him, that he and his tribe should, under the superintendence of missionaries, till their land like white people. The unlettered "savage," after having listened with the gravest attention, made the following speech, translated by a sworn reporter, and which we present to our readers as a fair specimen of the clear unpremeditated oratory of the Red Man:—

"*My great Father*, I have travelled a long distance to see you. I have seen you, and my heart rejoices: I have heard your words: they have entered one ear and shall not escape out of the other: I will carry them to my people as pure as they came from your mouth.

"*My great Father*, I am going to speak the truth; the Great Spirit looks down upon us, and I call him to witness all that may pass between us on this occasion. The Great Spirit made us all: He made my skin red and yours white. He placed us on this earth, and intended we should live differently from each other. He made the Whites to cultivate the earth and feed on tame animals; but he made us Red men to rove through the woods and plains, to feed on wild animals, and to dress in

their skins. He also intended that we should go to war to take scalps, steal horses, triumph over our enemies, promote peace at home, and the happiness of each other. I believe there are no people of any colour on this earth who do not believe in the Great Spirit in rewards and punishments. We worship Him, but not as you do. We differ from you in religion, as we differ in appearance, in manners, and in customs. We have no large houses, as you have, to worship the Great Spirit in. If we had them today, we should want others tomorrow, because we have not, like you, a fixed habitation; except our villages, where we remain but two moons out o twelve. We, like animals, roam over the country, while you Whites live between us and Heaven; but still, my Father, we love the Great Spirit.

"*My great Father*, some of your chiefs have proposed to send good people [Missionaries] among us to change our habits, to teach us to work, and live like the white people. I wil not tell you a lie. *You* love your country; *you* love your people: *you* love the manner in which they live, and *you* think your people brave. I am like you, my great Father! *I* love my country; *I* love my people: *I* love the life we lead, and think my warriors brave.

"Spare me then, my Father. Let me enjoy my country, let me pursue the buffalo, the beaver, and the other wild animals, and I will trade the skins with your people. It is too soon, my great Father, to send your good men among us. Let us exhaust our present resources before you interrupt our happiness and make us toil. Let me continue to live as I have lived, and after I have passed from the wilderness of my present life to the Good or Evil Spirit, my children may need and embrace the offered assistance of your good people.

"Here, *my great Father*, is a pipe which I offer you, as I am accustomed to present pipes to all Red skins who are in peace with us. I know that these robes, leggings, moccasins, bears'-claws, etc., are of little value to *you*; but we wish the

to be deposited and preserved, so that when we are gone, and the earth turned over upon our bones, our children, should they ever visit this place, as we do now, may see and recognize the deposits of their fathers, and reflect on the times that are past."

It will readily be conceived, that if the Indian Sachems were not afraid to avow to "their great father" their disinclination to remove from their lands, they would with less hesitation express the same reluctance to subordinate authorities. By every possible argument, on hundreds of occasions, the officers of the United States' Indian Department have zealously endeavoured to persuade the tribes to evacuate their lands; and the following extract from a speech of Dr. Morse himself to the Ottawas at L'Arbre Croche, on the 6th of July, 1820, will sufficiently show in what proportion truth, sophistry, and well-disguised threats, have been mixed in these sort of official appeals to the doubts, hopes, and fears of the Indian race.

Their attention to the important subject of his communication was thus invoked:—

"*Children*, your father, the President, thinks that a great change in the situation of his Red children has become necessary, in order to save them from ruin and to make them happy.

"*Children*, listen attentively to what I am now about to say to you. It is for your life, and the life of your posterity."

The title of the Whites to the lands they had already cultivated, the especial favour shown to them from heaven, the inferiority of the Red Man, and the desperate dilemma in which he is placed, were thus explained:—

"*Children*, your fathers once possessed all the country, east and south, to the great waters. They were very numerous and

powerful, and lived chiefly by hunting and fishing. They had brave warriors, and orators eloquent in council.

"Two hundred years ago, a mortal pestilence spread wide among the Indians on the coast of the great ocean to the east, and swept away a great part of them. In some villages all died not one was left. Just after this great desolation, the white people began to come across the great waters. They settled first on lands where no Indians lived where they all had died. Other white people, about the same time, settled at the south.

"These white people came not as enemies, but as friends of the Indians. They purchased of them a little land, to support them and their children by agriculture. They wanted but little while they were few in number. God prospered the white people. They have since increased and multiplied, and become a great and powerful nation. They are now spread over a wide extent of the country of your fathers; and are spreading still more and faster over other parts of it, purchasing millions of acres of your good land, leaving for you and your children reservations here and there, small indeed, compared with the extensive hunting grounds you once possessed. What your brothers, the Osages, said to one of our missionaries is true:—'*Wherever White Man sets down his foot, he never takes it up again. It grows fast and spreads wide.*' You have been obliged either to go back into the wilderness, and seek new hunting grounds and dwelling places, or to live on your small reservations, surrounded with white people. Indians cannot associate with the white people as their equals. While they retain their present language and dress and habits of life, they will feel their inferiority to the white people. Where they have no game to hunt, to furnish them with furs for trade, and with food to eat, they become poor, and wretched, and spirit less, dependent on the white people for their support. They will give themselves up to idleness, ignorance, and drunken ness; and will waste away, and by and-by have no posterity

on the face of the earth. Already, many tribes who live among the whites can never more gain renown in war or in the chase. If this course continues, it will soon be so with the whole body of Indians within the territories of the United States. Indians cannot go to the west, for the great ocean would stop them; nor turn to the north or south, for in either course are the hunting grounds and dwelling-places of other tribes of your red brethren; no, nor can you go to any other country, for all the countries on the globe, where Indians can live as they now live, are already inhabited."

Among many very estimable people in the United States, it has been a subject of constant regret with what heartless disrespect the ancient burial-places of the Aborigines have been treated, and with what shameless unconcern the skulls and bones of their ancestors are every day to be still seen turning over and over under the American plough. We cannot admire the crocodile's tears which the paternal *agent* condescended to drop on *that* subject:—

"*Children*, things being so, the wisest men among Indians know not what to advise, or what to do. They imagine that the Great Spirit, of whose character and government they have but very imperfect ideas, is angry with the red people, and is destroying them, while He prospers the white people. Aged and wise men among Indians, with whom I have conversed, think and talk of these things, till their countenances become sad. *Our countenances are also sad*, when we think and talk of them. Hereafter, when these things shall have come to pass, Christian white people, who loved Indians, and wished and endeavoured to save them, will visit their deserted graves, and with weeping eyes exclaim, 'Here Indians once lived yonder were their hunting-grounds. Here they died—

in these mounds of earth the bones of many generations lie buried together. No Indian remains to watch over the bones of his fathers—where are they?—*alas! poor Indians!*' But I forbear to pursue these sad reflections. The prospect must fill your minds with sad apprehensions for yourselves and your children, and sink your spirits, *as it does my own.*" !!!

The hearts of the auditory having been sufficiently depressed, the only means of relief was at last pointed out to them:—

"*Children*, I would not have presented this painful prospect before you, had I not another to present, that I hope will cheer your hearts, raise your spirits, and brighten your countenances. I have made you sorry, I will now endeavour to make you glad.

"*Children, be of good cheer.* Though your situation and prospects are now gloomy, they may change for the better. If you desire to be happy, you may be happy. The means exist. They are freely offered to you. Suffer them to be used.

"*Children*, listen. I will tell you in few words what your great Father, and the Christian white people, desire of you. *We impose nothing on you.* We only lay before you our opinions for you to consider. We do not dictate, as your superiors, but advise you as your friends. Consider our advice.

"Your father, the President, wishes Indians to partake, with his white children, in all the blessings which they enjoy; to have one country, one government, the same laws, equal rights and privileges, and to be in all respects on an equal footing with them.

"To accomplish these good purposes, your great father, the President, and your Christian fathers, will send among you, *at their own expense*, good white men and women, to instruct you and your children in everything that pertains to the civilized and Christian life."

The case and the predicament in which they stood having been pretty clearly stated, the poor Indians were finally summoned to surrender in the following significant words:—

"*Children*, other tribes are listening to these offers, and, we expect, will accept them. All who accept them will be in the way to be saved, and raised to respectability and usefulness in life. Those who persist in rejecting them must, according to all past experience, gradually waste away till all are gone. This we fully believe. *Civilization or ruin are now the only alternatives of Indians!*"

The alternatives thus offered may be illustrated by the following anecdote. Once upon a time a white man and an Indian, who had agreed that, while hunting together, they would share the game, found at night that the bag contained a fine turkey and a carrion buzzard. "Well!" said the white man to the red one, "we must now divide what we have taken; and therefore, if you please, *I* will take the turkey, and *you* shall take the buzzard; or else, *you* may take the buzzard, and *I* will take the turkey!" "Ah!" replied the native hunter, shaking his black, shaggy head, "you no say *turkey* for poor Indian ONCE!"

The cruel manner in which the unsuspecting Indians have invariably been overreached has, at last, to a small degree, planted in their bosoms suspicions which are not indigenous to their nature. "Your hearts seem good *outside now*," said an Indian to a party of white people who were making to his tribe violent professions of friendship; "but we wish to try them three years, and then we shall know whether they are good *inside*."

Dr. Morse, in his report to the Secretary at War, says, "Distrust unfortunately exists among the Indians. In repeated interviews with them, after detailing to them what good things their great father the President was ready to bestow on them, if they were willing to receive them, the chiefs significantly shook their heads and said, "*It may be so, or it may be not; we doubt it;* WE KNOW NOT WHAT TO BELIEVE!"

Now, surely there is something very shocking as well as very humiliating in the idea of our having ourselves implanted this feeling against our race, in the minds of men who, when any treaty among themselves has been once ratified, by the delivery of a mere string of wampum shells, will trust their lives and the lives of their families to its faithful execution!

In order to assist the officers of the Indian Department in their arduous duty of persuading remote tribes to quit their lands, it has often been found advisable to incur the expense of inviting one or two of their chiefs 3000 or 4000 miles to Washington, in order that they should see with their own eyes, and report to their tribes the irresistible power of the nation with whom they were arguing. This speculation has, it is said, in all instances, more or less effected its object; and among Mr. Catlin's pictures is the portrait of a Sachem, whose history and fate may be worth recording.

For the reasons and for the object above stated, it was determined that this Chief should be invited from his remote country to Washington; and accordingly in due time he appeared there. After the troops had been

made to manœuvre before him; after thundering volleys of artillery had almost deafened him; and after every department had displayed to him all that was likely to add to the terror and astonishment he had already experienced, the President, in lieu of the Indian's clothes, presented him with a colonel's uniform, in which, and with many other presents, the bewildered Sachem took his departure.

In a pair of white kid gloves,—tight blue coat, with gilt buttons,—gold epaulettes,—red sash,—cloth trousers with straps,—high-heeled boots,—cocked hat surmounted by a scarlet feather,—with a cigar in his mouth,—a green umbrella in one hand, a yellow fan in the other,—and with the neck of a whisky-bottle protruding out of each of the two tail-pockets of his regimental coat,—this "monkey that had seen the world" suddenly appeared before the chiefs and warriors of his tribe; and as, straight as a ramrod, he stood before them, in a high state of perspiration, caused by the tightness of his finery, while the cool fresh air of heaven blew over the unrestrained naked limbs of his spectators, it might, perhaps, not unjustly have been said of the two costumes, "*Which is the SAVAGE?*"

In return for the presents he had received, and with a desire to impart as much information as possible to his tribe, he undertook to deliver to them a course of lectures, in which he graphically described all that he had witnessed. For awhile he was listened to with attention; but as soon as the minds of his audience had received as much as they could hold, they began to evince

symptoms of disbelieving him. Nothing daunted, however, the traveller still proceeded. He told them about wigwams, in which 1000 people could at one time pray together to the Great Spirit; of others five stories high, built in lines, facing each other, and extending over an enormous space: he told them of war-canoes that could hold 1200 warriors. For some time he was treated merely with ridicule and contempt; but when, resolutely continuing to recount his adventures, he told them that he had seen White people in a canoe attached to a great ball, rise into the clouds and travel through the heavens,—the medicine, mystery, or learned men of his tribe pronounced him to be an impostor, and the multitude vociferously declaring "*that he was too great a liar to live*," a young warrior, in a paroxysm of anger, levelled a rifle at his head and blew his brains out.

Before, however, the civilized world passes its hasty sentence upon this wild tribe for their incredulity, injustice, and cruelty, we feel it but justice to these Red men merely to *whisper* the name of JAMES BRUCE, of KINNAIRD!

Although we do not approve either of the extent to which, or of the manner in which, the Indian tribes have been forced to quit their lands in the Republican States of America, yet, in spite of all our regard for this noble and injured race, we cannot but admit that, to a certain degree, the Government even of this country ought to effect their removal. We have painfully and practically reflected on the subject; and to those who may object to our opinions, we can truly say, that they cannot be more

anxious than we have been to arrive at an opposite conclusion: but our judgment has reluctantly surrendered to facts which it found to be irresistible, and to impending circumstances, which, when considered upon the spot, appeared to be inevitable.

Where the White inhabitants of both continents of America are in possession of infinitely more land than they can cultivate, it is of course an act of unnecessary cruelty, and of greedy injustice, to provide and speculate for the future by taking forcible possession of remote Indian territory, upon which the Aborigines are happily existing. But, from rapid settlement caused by emigration from the Old World, it occasionally happens that a considerable tract of Indian land, which has long been in the immediate neighbourhood of Whites, becomes absolutely surrounded, or, in military language, invested by agriculturists; in which case it is as much a stumbling-block to civilization as an ancient rock would be, if left standing in the middle of the Queen's highway. At what rate, and under what laws, civilization *ought* to advance, it might be possible to prescribe; but, wherever the banks which arrested it have given way, and wherever the torrent, under such circumstances, has rushed forwards, whether it be right or whether it be wrong, it becomes practically impossible to maintain anything *in the rear*.

In the instances to which we have alluded, we have seen the agricultural interests of a vast territory completely benumbed by the intervention between it and the capital, of an Indian hunting-ground, which, like

a tourniquet, has stopped the circulation that should naturally have nourished it.

This large expanse of rich land is occasionally found to be inhabited by, perhaps, only a hundred, or a hundred and twenty Indians, the children of whom are, without a single exception, half-castes; the women dirty, profligate, and abandoned; the men miserable victims of intemperance and vice. A considerable portion of them are half-breeds; but even those whose red faces, shaggy locks, beardless chins, and small beautiful feet, prove them to be Indians, are so only in name; for the spirit of the wild man has fled from them, and, unworthy guardians of the tombs of their ancestors, they wander among them,—

> "like Grecian ghosts
> That in battle were slain, and unburied remain
> Inglorious on the plain."

But besides their moral degradation, they are often found almost starving from hunger, in consequence of their game having, in all directions, been cut off. In fact, their country, like themselves, has, apparently, lost its character; and, however we may have failed to describe it, nothing can be more miserable, and more affecting than the real scene. In the meanwhile, the murmur of discontent uttered by the White population against the miasmatical existence of such a stagnant evil, is yearly so increasing in tone and in anger, that, unless their cry of "*Off, off!*" be attended to, there can be little doubt that acts of violence will be committed; and yet, in spite of all these existing and

impending calamities, it is often almost impossible to persuade the Indians to consent to move away; for the more their minds are degraded, the greater is the natural apathy they display: besides which, they are almost invariably under a secret intangible influence, which, for some self-interested object or other, successfully induces them most obstinately to decline changing their existence. Under these distressing circumstances, it therefore must eventually become necessary for the Government to exert itself in effecting the removal of a set of beings whose game has *legitimately* been cut off by the surrounding "clearances" of European emigrants,—who will neither till the ground themselves, nor allow others, by the sweat of their brow, to do so.

To pay down to a squalid, degraded, miserable set of half-castes—who are evidently in the clutches of designing men, and from whom anything paid to them could be abstracted by whisky—as much money as their country is worth to White people for the purpose of cultivation;—to heap upon them the value of all the water-power, minerals, etc., it may possess,—appears not only unnecessary, but absurd. On the other hand, it would be ungenerous to pay them no more, after all the game has been cut off from their country, than under such circumstances it is actually worth to *them*. Between these two extremes, it is, we humbly conceive, the duty of a powerful nation and of a just government, parentally to make such arrangements as shall materially better the condition of the remnant of any tribe that, under the circumstances detailed, it may be

absolutely necessary to remove; and if this point be honourably effected, their migration will be certainly one of those results of the White man's progress of which they will have the least reason to complain.

We have now concluded our imperfect outline or chart of the main roads in both hemispheres of America, upon which the civilized world has been, and still is, gradually, recklessly, and culpably pursuing "its course to the Occident;" and certainly it must be impossible for any just man to witness the setting sun rest for a moment upon the country known in America by the appellation of "the Far-West," without feeling that its blood-red brightness which, in effulgent beams, is seen imparting its colour to every cloud around it, is but an appropriate emblem of the Indian race, which, rapidly sinking from our view, will be soon involved in impenetrable darkness: and, yet, he might as well endeavour to make the declining planet stand still upon the summit of the Rocky Mountains before him, as attempt to arrest the final extermination of the Indian race; for if, while the White population of North America, before it has swelled into fourteen millions, has, as has actually been the case reduced an Indian population of nearly fourteen millions to three millions, what must be the progressive destruction of the remnant of these unfortunate people now that the dreadful engine, which, like the car of Juggernaut, crushes all that lies before it, has got its "*steam up*," and consequently, that its power, as well as its propensity to advance, has almost indefinitely increased? From the Pacific Ocean towards

the East, the same irresistible power is in operation. Along both the continents, which are bordered by the Pacific, the White man's face is directed towards those of his own race, who, as we have seen, are rapidly advancing towards him from the regions of the Atlantic; and whenever the triumphant moment of their collision shall arrive, whether the hands of the White men meet in friendship or in war, WHERE, we ask, WILL BE THE INDIAN RACE? WHAT WILL HAVE BECOME OF

"THE RED MAN"?

END OF VOLUME I.

JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, PRINTER,
LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.